October · 1929

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

Sophie Kerr
Louis Bromfield
Faith Baldwin
Achmed Abdullah
Sam Hellman
Bruce Barton

"Hollywood—Hollywoodn't" by Fannie Hurst

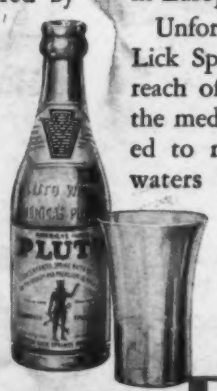
The Romantic Adventure of "King's Crew" by Frank R. Adams

America's greatest Spa

brought to you in your own home!

EACH year thousands of not-really-sick-but-not-really-well people make the pilgrimage to French Lick Springs, to drink the health-impregnated waters that abound here. Yearly the same people return to their homes, health and vitality restored by the magic of Nature's own medicine.

For hundreds of years this famous spa has been the rendezvous of the ailing. The Indians knew French Lick before the white man came. Then the early settlers discovered the properties of the waters, and they, too, spread the fame of French Lick far and wide. In recent years French Lick has become known throughout the world as America's greatest health resort—a spa comparable to those at Aix, Vichy, Baden, Carlsbad, in Europe.



If Nature Won't, Pluto Will

Unfortunately, a trip to French Lick Springs is not within the reach of all. And so, years ago, the medical staff at the spa decided to make the health-giving waters available to everyone. The solution was a simple one. It involved fortifying and bottling the water of the most famous of the French Lick Springs — Pluto. Here it is fortified, placed in sterilized bottles, and shipped out to drug stores in every section of the country.

Pluto Water is recommended by physicians, because it gently but thoroughly *washes* the eliminative tract clean of the waste substances that are the underlying cause of ill health. It acts quickly—thirty minutes to two hours—yet it cannot gripe, cannot harm delicate tissues. And since it is a pure, *natural* mineral water, it is non-habit-forming. Its action is that of a *wash*—not an intestinal stimulant.

Pluto Mineral Water, bottled at French Lick, Indiana, is sold at drug stores everywhere, and at fountains.

PLUTO WATER

America's Laxative Mineral Water

Don't stay behind the Tooth Paste *times!*

Protect your gums while you clean your teeth. Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"—Use IPANA TOOTH PASTE

THE old ideas of dental care and oral health have changed! And Ipana, more than any other tooth paste, has helped to change them.

For Ipana and massage have revolutionized the care of the teeth and gums. With Ipana your teeth are white. Your mouth has a sense of cleanliness possible with no other tooth paste. Your gums become firm and healthy—free from the menace of gum disorders.

Don't trifle with "Pink Tooth Brush"

As your own dentist will tell you, gum troubles are widely prevalent.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a sign that a tiny soft spot—or several—exists on the walls of your gums.

Not too dangerous in itself—it may yet lead to troubles far more important—gingivitis—Vincent's disease—even the dread pyorrhea.

The soft foods you eat—the creamy sauces—rob the gums of exercise and stimulation. There's the cause and there's the danger.

But Ipana and massage will rouse your gums and send the fresh, healthy blood coursing through the tiny veins. Thousands of dentists preach the benefits of massage—thousands of them urge the use of Ipana.

For Ipana is purposely compounded to tone the gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by the profession in treating gum troubles at the chair.

Ipana, then, has a double protection for you. Even if your tooth brush rarely shows "pink," you need it. For it's easy to use, pleasant to taste.

Let Ipana protect your gums

A few cents saved on tooth paste is small reward for giving up the two-fold security of Ipana. For Ipana not only fulfills the expected function of a fine tooth paste—to keep the teeth thoroughly clean and white—but it also insures you hard and healthy gums.

So start today with Ipana—don't wait for the sample. Buy a tube at your nearest drug store. Tonight—begin a full month's test of this modern tooth paste. Whiter, brighter teeth; harder, firmer gums will be your reward!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-109
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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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IPANA Tooth Paste

The happiest homes are the cleanest—*almost always*

Woodwork that gleams like new again, and curtains once more crisply white or colorful . . . *of course* these help home happiness!

The effect on the family is exactly like bright sunshine after days of cloudiness.

In *your* home, why not make a room-by-room *schedule* of all those cleaning matters that so often get put off? It's too easy, otherwise, for weeks of dinginess to slip into long months . . . with something priceless lost in the way of family cheerfulness.

Windows are our daytime lamps

Windows *are* like lamps . . . and it's important that we keep them giving their best and happiest light, all the time.

Shades as well as curtains can stand frequent brightening, and many now are washable.

As for window-pane "fog", soap and water cuts this just as easily as it washes dishes. (Nor should we overlook the same untidy smudging on mirrors, picture-glass, cupboard doors, electric light bulbs, etc.)

Regarding woodwork . . . and furniture

Woodwork at this season shows the dust collected through open windows during summer. What *it* needs, also, is a little soap-and-water scrubbing.

And how much nicer and *newer* painted furniture looks when the grime is removed!

Keeping colors gay in every room

In the happy home there are cheerful colors in every room: rugs, curtains, tapestries, slip-covers, spreads, paint, furniture, china and glass, linen, linoleum, porcelain, enamel.

Guard this cheerfulness well! *Keep* these colors gay! Soap and water, when applied regularly enough, conquers dirt's dingy film easily.

Among other things that frequently get neglected are piano keys, book ends, bric-a-brac, lamps, desk fittings, door knobs, door mats, shower curtains, bath mats, radiators. The time these take is little enough, however, compared with the total effect their new brightness has.

The effect on the children

The most successful way to teach children the importance of cleanliness, psychologists are agreed, is by example . . . for mother and father themselves to be particular about hands, faces, bodies, clothes.

But living in a home that *sparkles*, every day, proves to all of us the added happiness there is in real and worked-for cleanliness.

Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, *45 East 17th Street, New York.*

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WHAT is the reason for the astonishing growth of the Alexander Hamilton Institute?

Advertising didn't do it. Advertising, alone and unaided, could not possibly account for such a phenomenal success.

Salesmanship didn't do it. Even the corps of trained advisers who represent the Institute could not have succeeded if there was not a fundamental need for the service they offer.

If there is one outstanding reason for the Institute's remarkable success, it is this: Men who have benefitted by this training become its voluntary salesmen, and continue to tell their acquaintances about it for the rest of their lives. Here is an incident that is characteristic:

A few weeks ago we received a letter from Walter E. Johnson of Minneapolis, a man who had already become a millionaire at the early age of 39.

Mr. Johnson, who is Vice-President of the Burma-Shave Corporation, is not an Institute subscriber. He has no need for Institute training, for last summer he attended the Harvard Graduate Business School at Cambridge. (If every man could leave his business and do this, the Institute would not exist. The Institute was founded to make university business training available to men *who haven't time to go back to school.*)

"I was talking the other day," Mr. Johnson's letter reads, "to Morris T. Baker, who is President of the Morris T. Baker Company, and the outstanding real estate operator in Minneapolis.

An airplane snapshot of the valuable Baker properties in Minneapolis. Mr. Baker is still in his thirties; four years ago he was a salesman. Read what he says of the Institute Course.

"Mr. Baker told me that he is one of your graduates. He gives the Institute credit for a great deal of information which he otherwise would never have had. In fact, he told me that he keeps a set of Institute texts on his desk and even now refers to them frequently.

"Mr. Baker is a young man in his thirties, and one who reflects real credit on your Institute. I take this opportunity to congratulate you, and to say that I make use of every opportunity to recommend your training to progressive men of my acquaintance."

In this double success story, men who read this page will note some unusual facts. Both of these men are millionaires; both are under 40. Only one of them is an Institute subscriber — but *both are trained men.*

Do you want to have the joy of succeeding while you are still young enough to enjoy the good things of life? For years the Alexander Hamilton Institute has specialized in the single task of training men for the higher executive positions of business.

Into its Courses have been built the experience and the methods which have made many of today's business leaders successful.

Its subscribers appropriate the knowledge of other men, and profit by other men's mistakes and successes. They learn in months what ordinarily takes years.

Send for the Facts

Any man who is sincerely interested in his future will clip the coupon at the bottom of this page. The book which the coupon will bring is "Forging Ahead in Business" — an interesting book that tells how the Institute has helped so many men to find success while they are still young. It includes the facts about the Institute's much-talked-of new Courses in Production Management, Marketing Management and Finance Management. There is no obligation of any kind; send for your copy now.

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MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR

The Red Book Magazine

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WILLIAM BYRON MOWERY

who was born and brought up beyond the borders of what we call "civilization," has written a rugged and sensational novel of his land of far distances and few people.

It is a story of today, in a region where men —and women—confronted by desperate emergencies must look to themselves alone. Mowery is a product of such conditions; the people are his own. Read in the next, the November, issue:

"Heart of the North"

THE McCALL COMPANY, 230 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., Publisher, The Red Book Magazine

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Leadership and the American College Tradition

William A. Maddox, Ph. D., LL.D
Past-President of Federation of Illinois Colleges

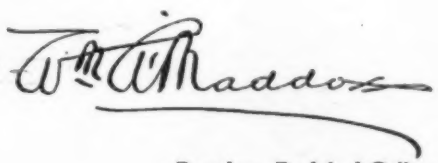
OUR independent four-year liberal arts college has evolved from the experience of men in a New World and has been the unique training ground for leadership in our democracy. These privately endowed colleges are receiving more financial support than the combined appropriations to all our state colleges. The junior college, originating with an extension of the high school course, is a natural sequence in the growth of American education. But the junior college idea does not threaten the existence of the adaptable independent four-year college. The new age will demand a more thoroughgoing orientation in the physical sciences, philosophy, psychology, and the social sciences in their relation to life than two years afford, if we are to have the quality of intelligent leadership in public affairs that our changing civilization seems to demand. And there will be those who will seek this training in the atmosphere of the older colleges.

Democracy, of course, needs its trained technical leaders, but it rests even more on its ability to select and prepare adequately its more gifted youth for commissions in the social army. True friends of democracy will not see in this a plea for aristocracy of learning. Thomas Jefferson, prophet of democracy, suggested in 1779: "Twenty of the best geniuses will be raked from the rubbish annually and be instructed at public expense . . . one-half of these shall go to William and Mary (college) . . . (thus) culling from every condition of our people the natural aristocracy of talent and virtue and preparing it . . . for the care of public interests." Before the days of intelligence tests Mr. Jefferson knew that democracy is conditioned upon the inequality of minds and that its continuance depends upon the quality of intellectual leadership its schools can supply

From experience, it would appear that the four-year independent liberal arts college will continue to attract those interested in ideas and to offer potential leaders a curriculum that will bring them into a fuller comprehension of the problems of human society and the factors that have brought about the new age. There will of necessity be a shifting from outworn college disciplines to a socialized curriculum articulated with the lower schools. This is already on the way. Law and medicine ask for not less but more general education; engineers and architects of the future will require a lengthening period of undergraduate preparation for their professions.

There is no mystical value in the number four, but there is value to a well-ordered democracy in bringing together in a mature atmosphere of strenuous intellectual work those capable of working with ideas. The small four-year college we have evolved still supplies the value of the "primary group." It has tradition and its intimate atmosphere and stress on the individual have marked our leaders in public affairs. But we have yet to learn the results of attempting to train these leaders of the social army *en masse*. The state universities may rescue their liberal arts courses from the pressure of research and specialization.

The new junior college will persist, the weaker colleges of stereotyped offerings no doubt, will fail. Our "small college," however, with a contribution to make to the New Order will continue to receive a full measure of public support. That is why in a changing world we speak with confidence, even with a certain eloquence, of the liberal arts college of the American tradition.



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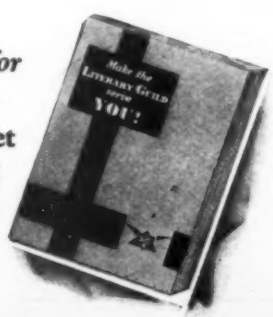

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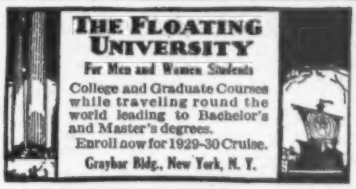

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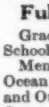

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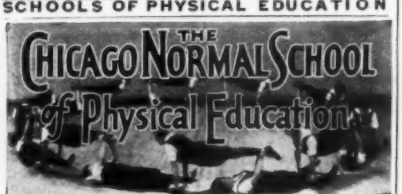

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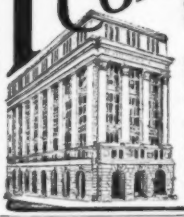

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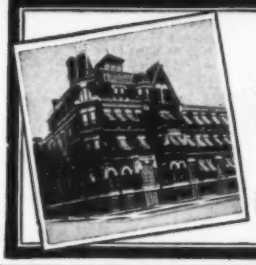

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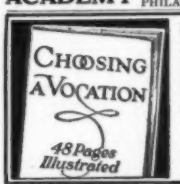

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Professional Schools continued on Page 18

The Man with the "Grasshopper Mind"

"I guess I'll take up Selling"
"Ought to put over that Money-making Idea"
"Think I'll try to make my Evenings worth Something"
"Believe I'll do some Good Reading"
"Some Day I'm going to Start Out for Myself!"
"Think I'll change my Job"

YOU know this man as well as you know **YOURSELF**. His mind nibbles at **EVERYTHING** and masters **NOTHING**.

At home in the evening he tunes in the radio—gets tired of it—then glances through a **MAGAZINE**—can't get interested. Finally, unable to **CONCENTRATE** on anything, he either goes to the **MOVIES** or **FALLS ASLEEP** in his chair.

At the **OFFICE** he always takes up the **EASIEST** thing first, puts it down when it gets **HARD**, and starts something else. **JUMPS** from **ONE THING TO ANOTHER** all the time!

There are thousands of these **PEOPLE WITH GRASSHOPPER MINDS** in the world. In fact they are the very people who do the world's **MOST TIRESOME TASKS**—and get but a **PITTANCE** for their work.

They do the world's **CLERICAL WORK**, and routine drudgery. Day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year—**ENDLESSLY**—they **HANG ON** to the jobs that are smallest-salaried, longest-houred, least interesting, and poorest-futured!

If **YOU** have a "grasshopper mind" you know that this is **TRUE**. And you know **WHY** it is true. Even the **BLAZING SUN** can't burn a hole in a little piece of **TISSUE PAPER** unless its rays are focussed and concentrated **ON ONE SPOT**!

A BRAIN THAT BALKS at sticking to **ONE THING FOR MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES** surely cannot be depended upon to get you anywhere in your **YEARS** of life!

The **TRAGEDY** of it all is this: you know that **RIGHT NOW** you are merely jumping **HERE AND THERE**. Yet you also know that you have **WITHIN YOU** the intelligence, the earnestness, and the ability that can take you right to the high place you want to reach in life!

What is **WRONG**? **WHAT'S** holding you back?

Just one fact—one **SCIENTIFIC** fact. That is all. And when you know what it **IS**, then you can easily learn how to apply it; make it carry you **STEADILY, POSITIVELY, AND DIRECTLY** to prosperity and independence.

That fact is one which has been **PROVEN** and stated by the world's foremost scientists and psychologists. You are only **ONE-TENTH** as successful as you **COULD** be! Why? **BECAUSE**, as Science says, you are using only **ONE-TENTH** of your real **BRAIN-POWER**!

TEN per cent of his brain is all the **AVERAGE** person uses. He is paid for **ONE-TENTH** of what he really possesses because that is all he actually **USES**. The remainder lies dormant. The longer it is unused, the harder it becomes to use it. For the mind is like a muscle. It grows in power through exercise and use. It weakens and deteriorates with idleness.

What can you **DO** about it? That is the question you are asking yourself. Here is a suggestion.

Spend 2c for a postage stamp. Send in the coupon below for a copy of "Scientific Mind Training." There is no further obligation whatever. You need not spend another penny.

This little book will tell you the secret of self-confidence, of a strong will, of a powerful memory, of unflagging concentration. It tells you how to acquire directive powers, how to train your imagination (the greatest force in the world), how to make quick, accurate decisions, how to reason logically—in short, how to make your brain an instrument of all-around **POWER**. It tells you how to banish the negative qualities like forgetfulness, brain fag, inertia, indecision, self-consciousness, lack of ideas, mind wandering, lack of system, procrastination, timidity.

Men like Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Sir Harry Lauder, Prince Charles of Sweden, Jerome K. Jerome, the famous novelist; Frank P. Walsh, Chairman of the National War Labor Board, and hundreds of others equally famous, praise the simple method of increasing brain power and thought power described in this free book. **OVER 650,000 OTHERS PRAISE IT.**

You have only **TWO CENTS** to lose by writing for your copy. You may **GAIN** thousands of dollars, peace of mind, happiness, independence!

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The thousands who are open minded—who are willing to learn something to their advantage—will **ACT** on their impulse to send the coupon. They will be better, stronger minded for having **TAKEN SOME ACTION** about their lives, even if they do nothing more than to **READ** a booklet about the inner workings of the mind. For your own sake—and for the sake of your loved ones, don't continue to **GAMBLE** that your future will be bright whether or not you **DO** anything about it! Mail the coupon today —**NOW**.

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Are Your Opportunities Slipping By?

THE years roll by faster and faster seemingly. More and more frequently come those moments when we regret the opportunities we allowed to slip by. When we realize that we have made little or no progress; that we have acquired no new mental equipment, and no increased capacity for business or social life.

You must *do* something if you expect to accomplish anything worthwhile. But you will need perseverance and study.

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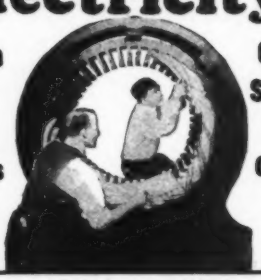

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Miscellaneous Schools Continued on Page 146

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You may send me the first two lessons of Hugo's FRENCH-AT-SIGHT absolutely free. If I decide to continue the course I will send $1.85 within a week and $2 per month for four consecutive months. If I do not want to continue the course I will keep the first lessons without charge.

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This Coupon Brings You *Your First Two* French Lessons FREE!

ACCEPT this sample of Hugo's Famous French-At-Sight with the publishers' compliments. Read it in your leisure and keep it for all time without cost.

We want you to *know* how easy it is to master the French language in your own home without a teacher. We want you to see for yourself—from the very lessons themselves—how easily and quickly you can acquire a usable knowledge of the most valuable second language in the world.

We want you to see how interesting, how *entertaining* the study of French has been made by the Hugo method. Now, you can learn *without cost* just how thousands of English and American business and professional men and women have added a working knowledge of French to their equipment for success.

Speak French Like a Native in a Few Days!

Thousands have acquired a facile, working knowledge of French through this easy, rapid method. Thousands have paid the original price—much more than is now asked—for the complete twenty-four lesson course.

The success and world-wide fame of Hugo's FRENCH-AT-SIGHT have been attained because of its *naturalness* and the ease of its mastery. Instead of starting your study with conjugations and tedious rules of grammar, you begin from the first page of LESSON ONE to speak perfect, usable French sentences with the proper native accent.

Settle, once and for all, in your own mind, whether *you* can take this short cut to usable French. Send the coupon above for the sample lessons.

A knowledge of French has become so much a part of cultured life here in America that one need not be planning a trip abroad to see many immediate uses for that knowledge. Traveling, of course, it becomes an utter necessity. In business it is an invaluable asset. The man or woman, today, who can speak, read and write French enjoys unlimited opportunities for tremendous business and social successes. If you speak French you are adequately equipped to meet the most cultured people or to fill a better-paying position anywhere in the world!

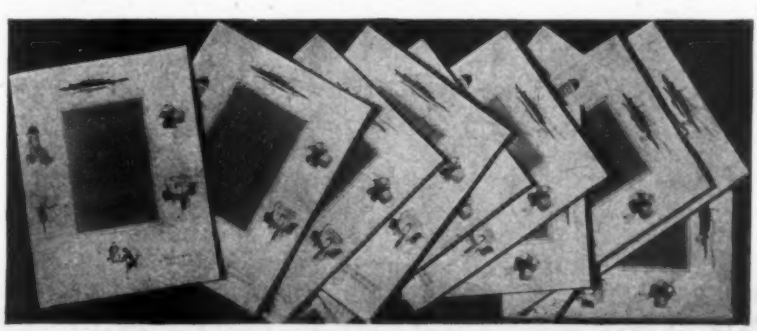
You Finish the Course or Not—Just as You Prefer

Test these first two lessons any way you see fit. The simplicity, naturalness and ease of the Hugo method will convince you at once. See how much like a game it is. Then after you have had plenty of time to see its value for yourself, decide if you wish to finish the balance of the course or not. We will withhold shipment of the balance until one week after you have received the first two lessons. This will give you plenty of time to advise us if you do not wish to continue the study.

Mail the coupon now for your free sample lessons. Enjoy the fun of learning without effort. Try the key to pronunciation—see how many French words you already know. Then, after five days, if you do not wish to continue the course the experiment has cost you nothing.

If you *do* wish to finish the rest of the twenty-four lessons, you send only $1.85 first payment and $2 per month—while you are learning—for four consecutive months. If you prefer to pay cash in full after you have seen the sample lessons you can *save one dollar* by remitting $8.85 in full payment.

The coupon above will bring you the first two lessons *complete,* absolutely FREE: Mail it tonight!



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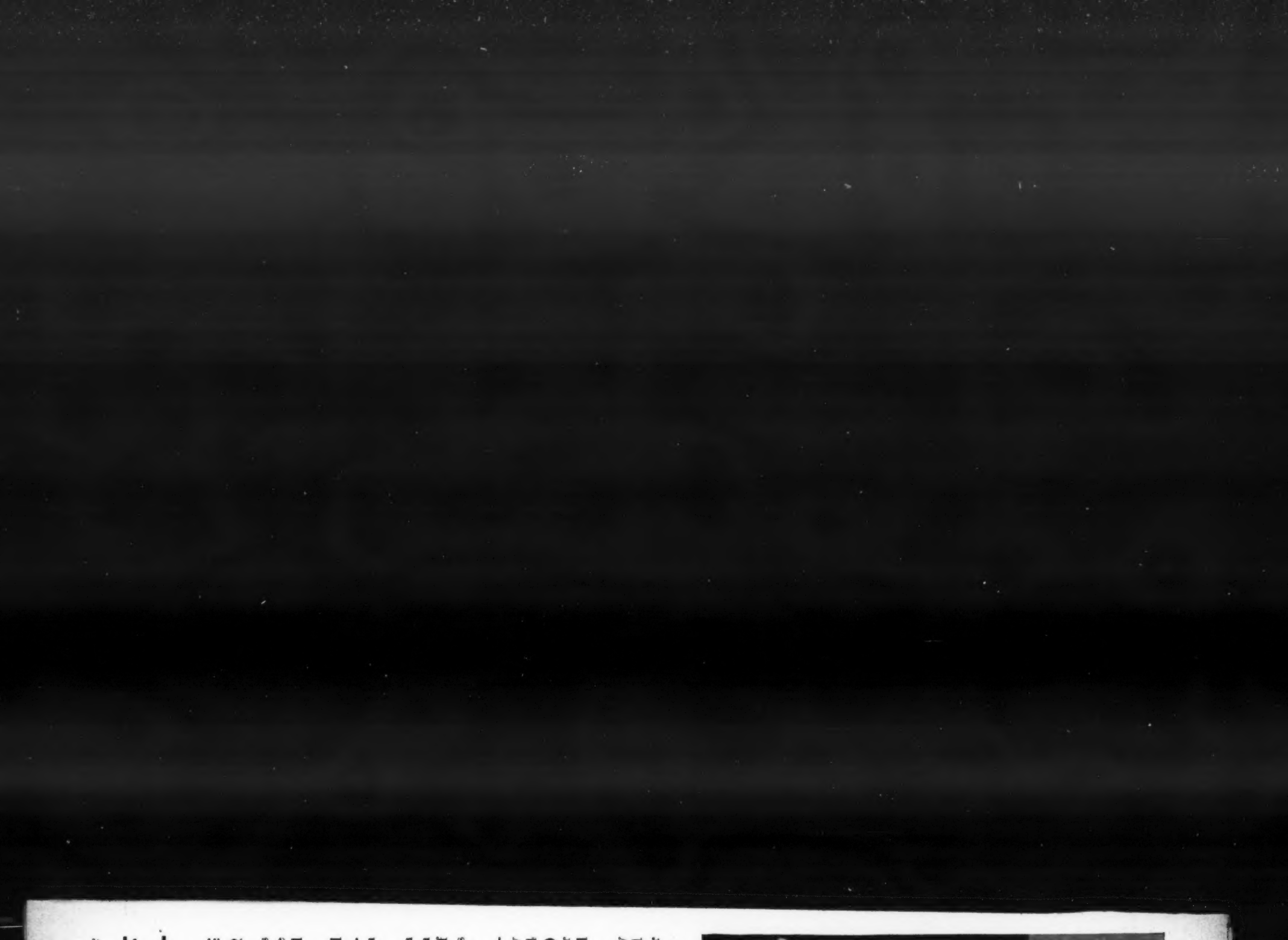
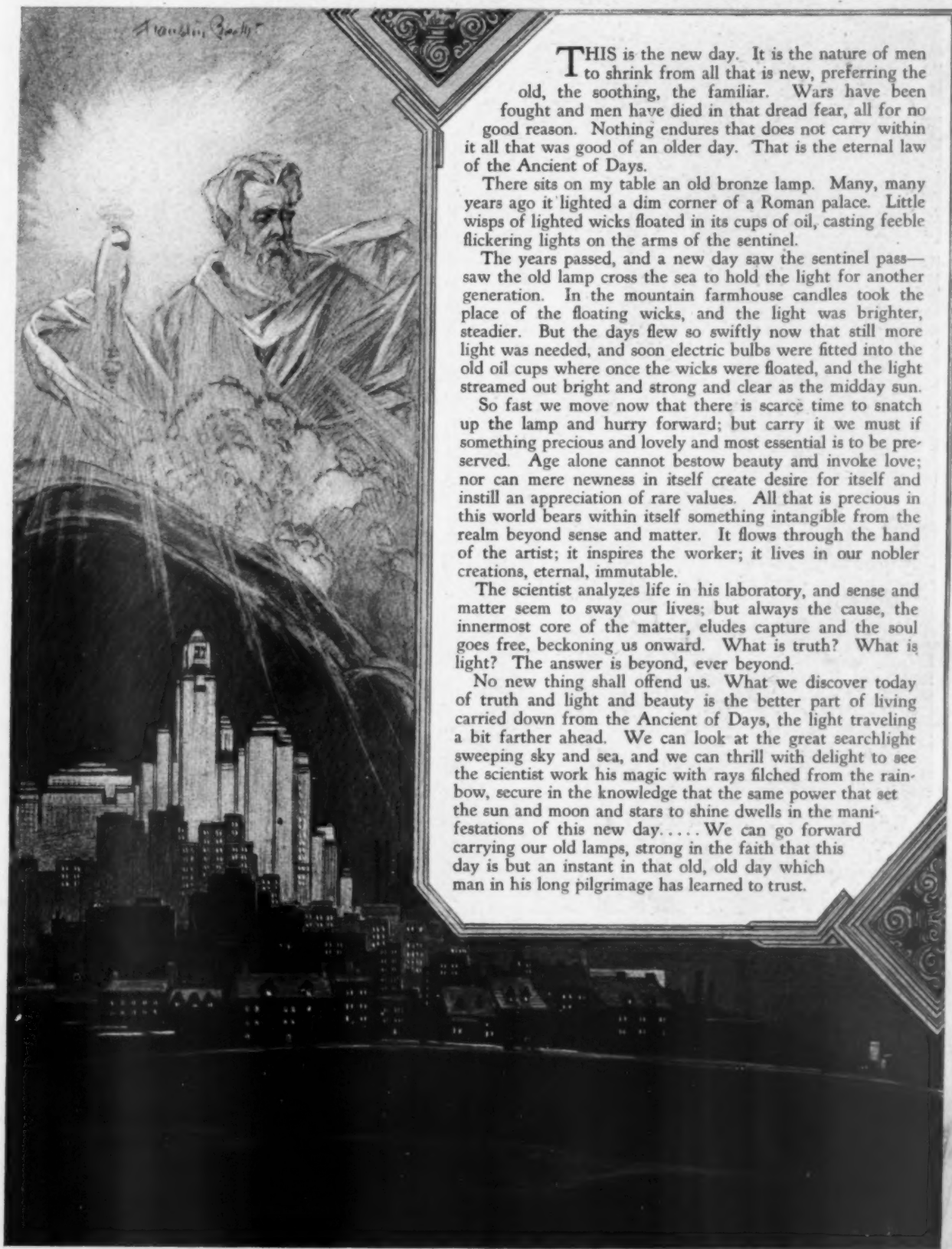


The ANCIENT OF DAYS

By Angelo Patri — Decoration by Franklin Booth



THIS is the new day. It is the nature of men to shrink from all that is new, preferring the old, the soothing, the familiar. Wars have been fought and men have died in that dread fear, all for no good reason. Nothing endures that does not carry within it all that was good of an older day. That is the eternal law of the Ancient of Days.

There sits on my table an old bronze lamp. Many, many years ago it lighted a dim corner of a Roman palace. Little wisps of lighted wicks floated in its cups of oil, casting feeble flickering lights on the arms of the sentinel.

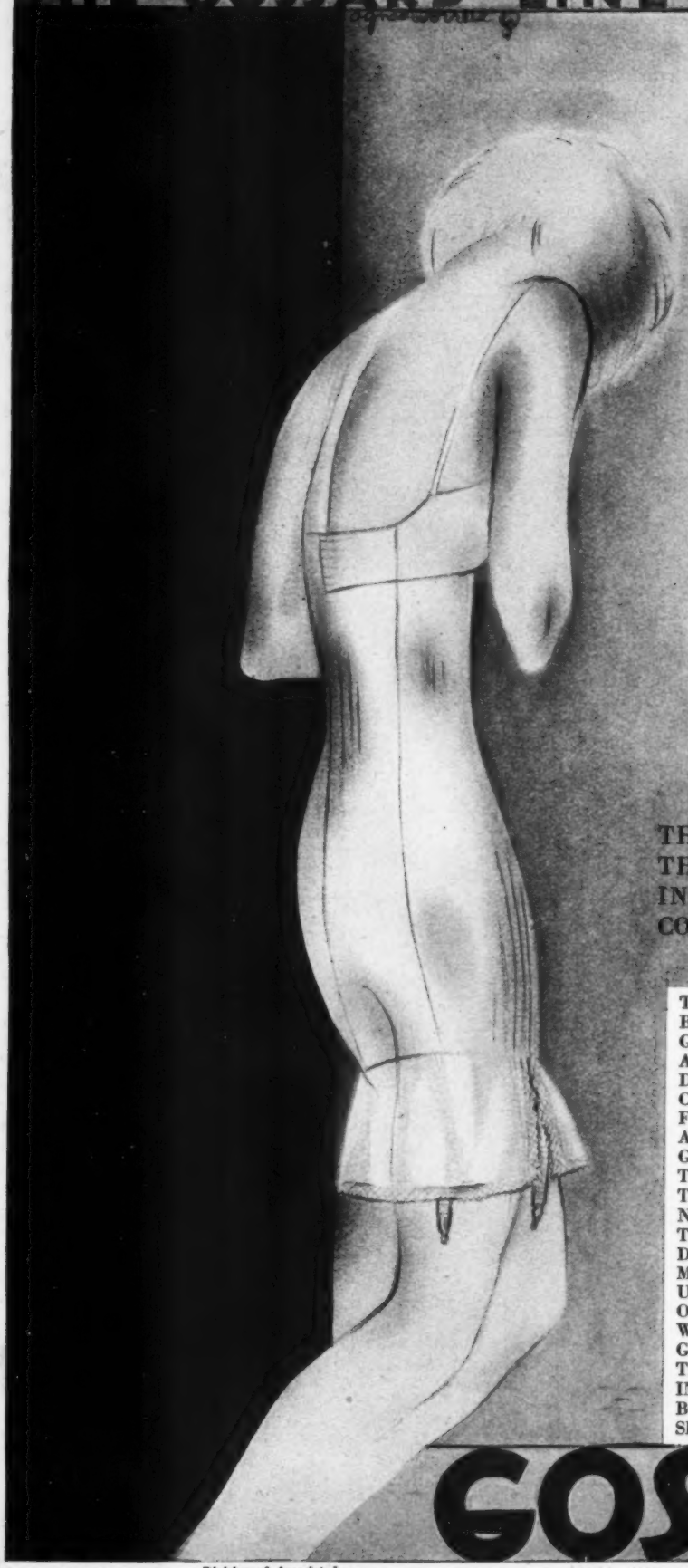
The years passed, and a new day saw the sentinel pass—saw the old lamp cross the sea to hold the light for another generation. In the mountain farmhouse candles took the place of the floating wicks, and the light was brighter, steadier. But the days flew so swiftly now that still more light was needed, and soon electric bulbs were fitted into the old oil cups where once the wicks were floated, and the light streamed out bright and strong and clear as the midday sun.

So fast we move now that there is scarce time to snatch up the lamp and hurry forward; but carry it we must if something precious and lovely and most essential is to be preserved. Age alone cannot bestow beauty and invoke love; nor can mere newness in itself create desire for itself and instill an appreciation of rare values. All that is precious in this world bears within itself something intangible from the realm beyond sense and matter. It flows through the hand of the artist; it inspires the worker; it lives in our nobler creations, eternal, immutable.

The scientist analyzes life in his laboratory, and sense and matter seem to sway our lives; but always the cause, the innermost core of the matter, eludes capture and the soul goes free, beckoning us onward. What is truth? What is light? The answer is beyond, ever beyond.

No new thing shall offend us. What we discover today of truth and light and beauty is the better part of living carried down from the Ancient of Days, the light traveling a bit farther ahead. We can look at the great searchlight sweeping sky and sea, and we can thrill with delight to see the scientist work his magic with rays filched from the rainbow, secure in the knowledge that the same power that set the sun and moon and stars to shine dwells in the manifestations of this new day..... We can go forward carrying our old lamps, strong in the faith that this day is but an instant in that old, old day which man in his long pilgrimage has learned to trust.

THE GOSSARD LINE OF BEAUTY



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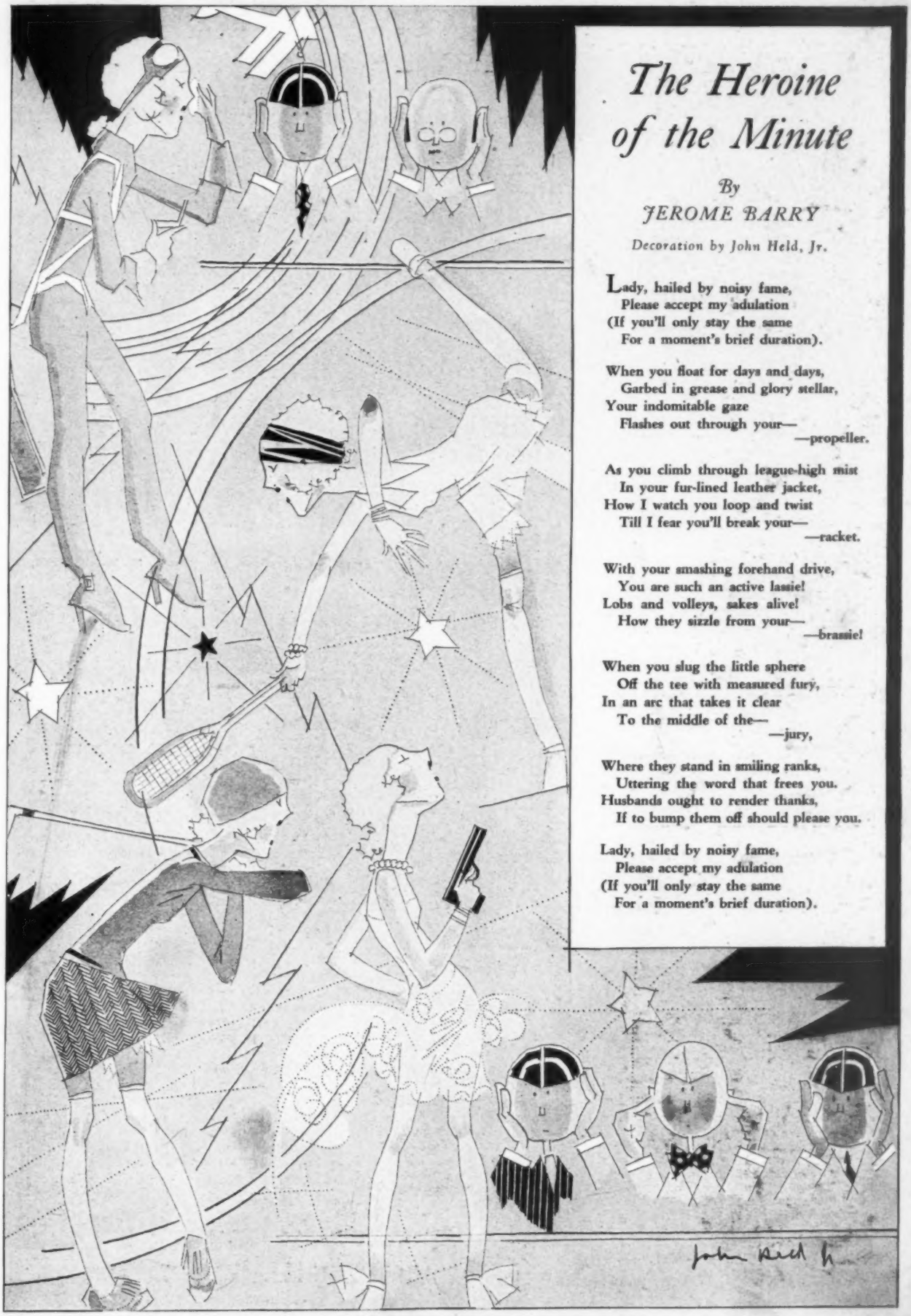


The Heroine of the Minute

By

JEROME BARRY

Decoration by John Held, Jr.

Lady, hailed by noisy fame,
Please accept my adulation
(If you'll only stay the same
For a moment's brief duration).

When you float for days and days,
Garbed in grease and glory stellar,
Your indomitable gaze
Flashes out through your—
—propeller.

As you climb through league-high mist
In your fur-lined leather jacket,
How I watch you loop and twist
Till I fear you'll break your—
—racket.

With your smashing forehand drive,
You are such an active lassie!
Lobs and volleys, sakes alive!
How they sizzle from your—
—brassie!

When you slug the little sphere
Off the tee with measured fury,
In an arc that takes it clear
To the middle of the—
—jury,

Where they stand in smiling ranks,
Uttering the word that frees you.
Husbands ought to render thanks,
If to bump them off should please you.

Lady, hailed by noisy fame,
Please accept my adulation
(If you'll only stay the same
For a moment's brief duration).

JOAN BLAINE: This favorite model of Mr. Ryan was born at Fort Dodge, Iowa, and is the great-granddaughter of the famous politician and almost-President James G. Blaine. With this unique background it might be reasonably suggested that she should do well in politics—maybe some day she will. Fired with an ambition to act, she came to Chicago when her schooling was over, and became a member of the Theater Guild. Her three years with that organization gave her so splendid a dramatic training that when she arrived in New York a few seasons ago, she readily was given an opportunity by one of the big producing houses, first in minor rôles and latterly in leading parts. Her attractiveness and decided talent for things theatric will obviously hold her to the path of a stage career. With artists vying with one another for her assistance, she could very easily devote all her hours to posing; and she generously gives what spare time she has to the cause of art. Which is most particularly appreciated by Mr. Ryan.

DOUGLAS RYAN: Cowboys, wranglers, ranchers, rowdies, renegades—we non-Southwesterners know from our Nick Carterclassics that Missouri and Texas abound with them; but we have not hitherto given these States great credit for their crops of artists. As these chronicles have proved, that region is furnishing more than its share of stars in the realm of pictorial entertainment. Douglas Ryan, born in Missouri, raised in Texas, is another point in the artistic score of Missouri and Texas. May it not be that the romance of the old Southwest, natural heritage of its present-day sons and daughters, will through them be made more articulate in words and pictures than ever before? When Mr. Ryan finished his public school course in Missouri, he came to Seattle to attend the University of Washington. Upon his graduation he decided to go in for art, journeyed to Chicago, and enrolled as a student in the Art Institute there. A couple of years of that, and he was ready for, and underwent, a polishing-off at the Art Students League in New York. He now shares a studio with his brother Edward on the borderland of Greenwich Village.

Photo by
De Mirjian Studios
New York

YNGVE EDWARD SODERBERG

The bearer of this typical Viking nomenclature is the product of that great melting-pot Chicago. Making a living at commercial art, and at the same time laying by enough money from his earnings to obtain a thorough art-school training, is in itself an achievement. Probably because every penny expended in training himself for the future was a hard-earned penny, he was inspired to ceaseless effort, which brought the gratifying reward of a year's scholarship at the Art Students League, New York. Here too he managed, by dint of much burning of midnight oil, to earn enough money to carry him to France, and sustain him there for a year after completing his course at the League. Back now in New York, his main occupation is illustration; but etching has become his important side-line. Indeed, he has scored some enviable successes with his prints of the sea, for which, being of Norse lineage, he has a profound love.

VENITA VILEY: If you were a Southern young lady ambitious for a professional career, it is unlikely that society, with its teas, bridge-parties and dances, would definitely detain you. That is what Miss Viley, who is a daughter of Georgia, felt, as she emerged a graduate from the portals of a fashionable school in Atlanta. Dancing appealed to her most strongly, and so she promptly migrated to the headquarters of Terpsichore—New York. The companionship of students of the dance and drama, and of artists (who never cease being students) is natural, and accounts for their frequent collaboration. Moreover, posing affords an intelligent, amusing outlet for a free spirit, that no particular study can entirely claim. So Miss Viley came to the ken of the studios, and quickly won fame as a model. Mr. Soderberg, perhaps more than any other artist, has represented Miss Viley's beauty in illustration.

JAMES E. ALLEN: Barren though they seemed of artistic contacts, the first seventeen years of Mr. Allen's life, spent on a Montana ranch, gave him an indelible impression of Western things, gave him a great store of first-hand information, and stirred him to the lively determination some day to perpetuate pictorially the environment of his youth. Always handy with a pencil, he did astonishingly well in making a graphic record of outdoor life; and when he presently entered the Art Institute in Chicago, he found little difficulty in mastering the academic side of the manuals in art. His several years of school-work were interlarded with numerous trips that he felt would be important to him later on. When he believed his priming to be complete, he made the inevitable jump to New York, and immediately continued to add to his store of knowledge. Painters, illustrators, sculptors, art schools—anyone who had something worth imparting—contributed to the aspiring James, and did it gladly. Although he has now an amazing fund of "inside stuff" on a multitude of subjects, which, indeed, is apparent in his work, Mr. Allen still pursues his studies. Really, if he has an out-and-out hobby, it is that. Yet there are times when he may go in for a little tennis, or maybe even a friendly game of poker. He lives and works in Interlaken, N. J.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood New York

KORNELIA McPHERSON: When Mr. Allen discovered his favorite model, she was a student at the Art Students League in New York. She came from Tennessee with an absorbing ambition to engage in some vocation artistic. Music, acting and painting all appealed to her, and to all of them she devoted her time, until she concluded that of the three she loved best the art of limning. So there she was, at work at her easel; and Mr. Allen, engaged upon a canvas a few feet away, could not help but observe her, and note that she was the very one to pose for the Southern heroine in a series of illustrations he had then under way in his studio. With the ready good-will of artists toward one another, Miss McPherson, appealed to by Mr. Allen, consented to pose for him. Since then she has been the model for many a magazine cover and illustration, and has found the work both enjoyable and instructive.

Photo by Woodbury New York

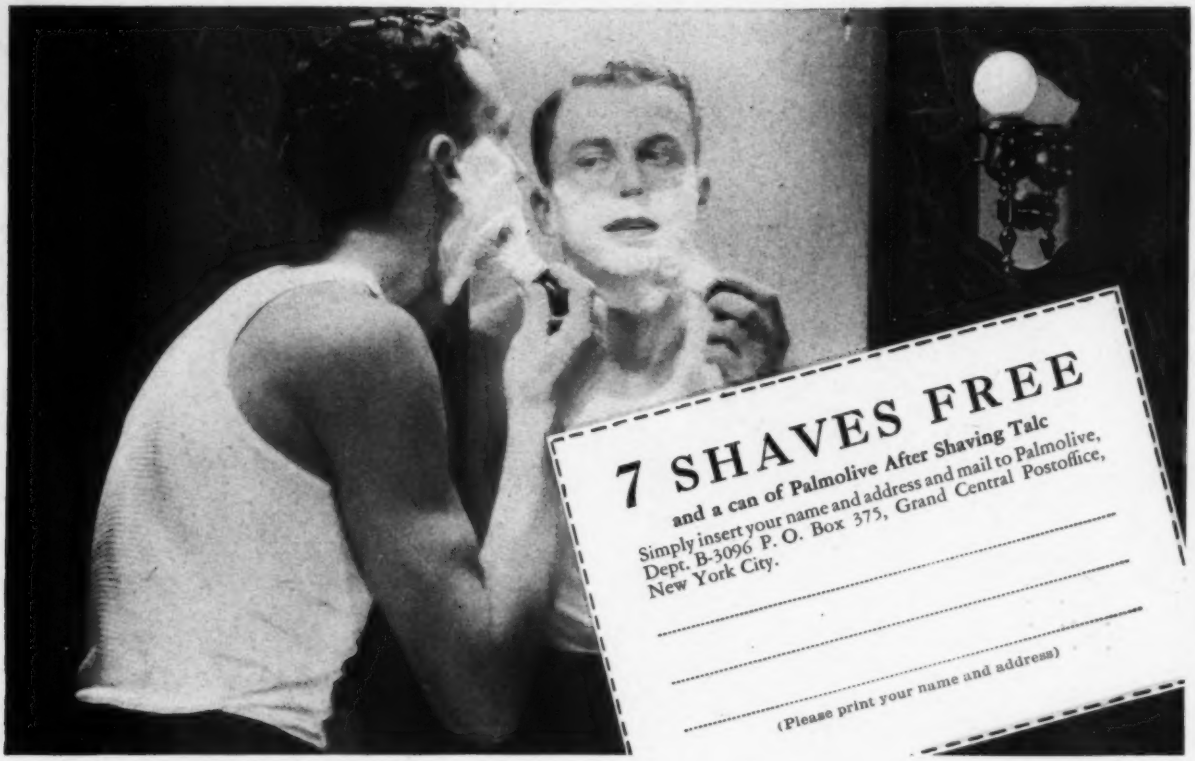
W. RIENECKE:

In Jersey City, the town where Mr. Rienecke came into the world, he started his artistic career in the studio of a local engraving establishment. There he toiled until his attention was drawn to lithography, and he diverted his efforts to that branch of commercial art. He felt that art departments were a field too meager for a man with ambitions, and resolved to try his luck in the big city across the river, first by submitting to a rigid academic training at the Art Students League. In due time his wares found favor before the eyes of picture buyers and today he has forsaken New Jersey for good, which is to say, for Connecticut. There, in the town of Silvermine, like its rival Westport, a nesting place of the accomplished as well as the up and coming in art, he lives and works.

Photo by Apeda, New York

HERMIA BROWN:

From her home in the Sacramento Valley came Miss Hermia, by way of many detours. When sixteen she toured the Golden State in a musical comedy; after that she finished her high-school course in a Berkeley academy, then went to Sacramento, where she taught dancing, and next she joined the movie-famed Marion Morgan dancers in Los Angeles. Presently Miss Hermia reached New York—and artistic circles where importunities to pose soon came, with Mr. Rienecke the favored artist. But pleasant as the profession of model has proven to Miss Brown, it has not supplanted her intention of being an entertainer. With her sister, the gifted Kay Halperin, she has already gained popularity as a radio singer.


7 SHAVES FREE
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc
Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. B-3096 P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Postoffice, New York City.
(Please print your name and address)

This Coupon is our ad

Words, we know, will never win you. So we stand or fall on 7-days' trial. Yet this simple test has made Palmolive Shaving Cream a leader quickly

GENTLEMEN: All any advertising can accomplish is to secure a trial of the product. After that the article itself must do its own selling.

So great is our confidence in Palmolive Shaving Cream that we do not ask you to buy; rather, to try it at our expense. For we find that 86% of men who try it, buy it. And its great success is based on the fact that it sells itself every time you use it.

So we print our coupon conspicuously, for your convenience. When you mail it to us, half our job is done. Will you send it now?

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Palmolive Shaving Cream was created to suit dissatisfied shavers. 1,000 men pointed out the things they'd sought. Our great laboratories experimented. Finally the 130th formula brought success. For in one remarkable shaving cream these 5 important features are combined:

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
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Whether or not you are suited, try Palmolive Shaving Cream. For seven days know its supreme luxury. You stand to win—at least, you take no risk. Please mail the coupon.

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To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream.

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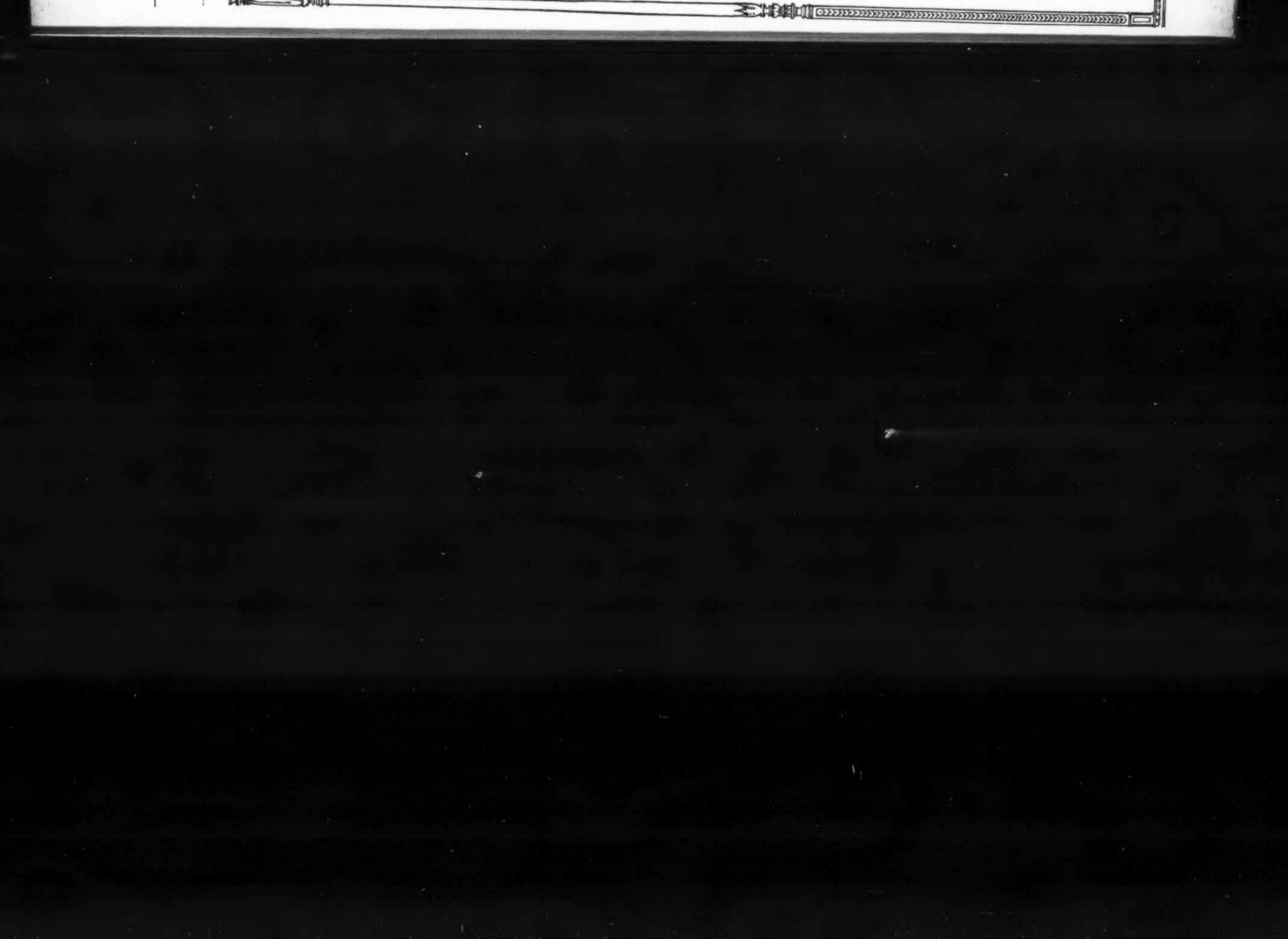


October 1929 The RED BOOK Magazine Volume LIII Number 6

EDWIN BALMER, *Editor*
DONALD KENNICOTT, *Associate*

A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

Kicking Mozart

By
BRUCE BARTON

I HEARD Walter Damrosch at a little private function give one of his inimitable talks about music.

He said that Mozart was sometimes commanded to present his compositions before the proud Archbishop of Salzburg. On such occasions he ate with the servants, being only a genius, and hence inferior to the men who had inherited money, or stolen it.

One night when his concert had been received with special applause, he plucked up courage to ask if he might have his meals with the stewards. Whereupon the Archbishop of Salzburg kicked him downstairs.

"The only claim which the Archbishop has to immortality," said Mr. Damrosch, "is that he once kicked Mozart downstairs."

A certain Dr. Radcliffe was master of Pembroke College, Oxford, when Samuel Johnson came to visit.

"Radcliffe received him coldly," Boswell reports. "Johnson at least expected that the master would order a copy of his dictionary, now near publication; but the master did not choose to speak on the subject, never asked Johnson to dine, nor even to visit him while he stayed in Oxford."

Doubtless Doctor Radcliffe thought that his high position would cause him to be remembered forever. He is remembered, but only as a priggish gentleman who snubbed Samuel Johnson.

Most of us will never get our names into the histories at all. And when I consider how short a time is covered by human histories, and how long a time lies ahead of the human race, I doubt if even the names that do get in will stay in very long.

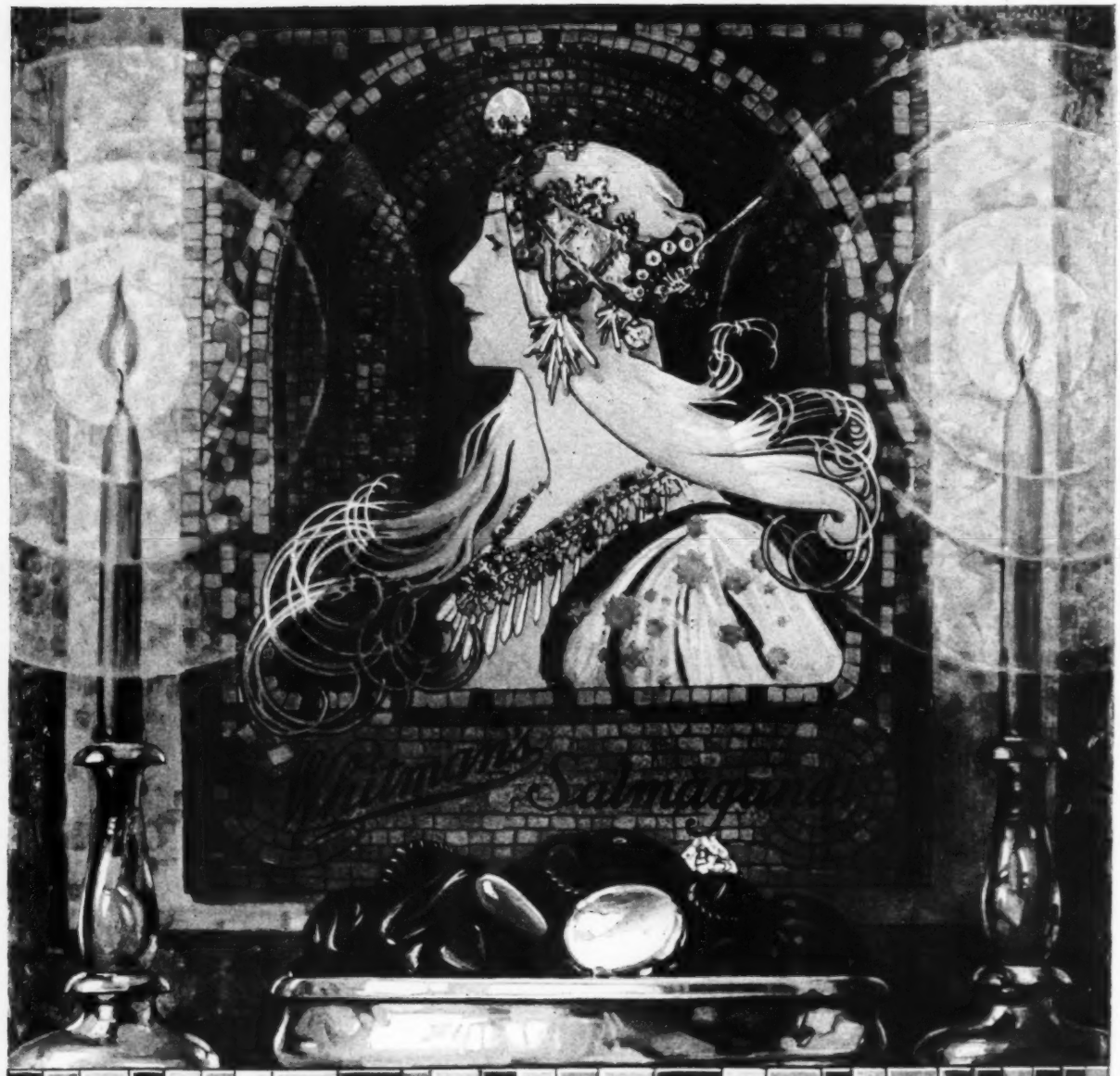
Only two thousand years have passed, and already Julius Cæsar is reduced to a few paragraphs. How much space will he occupy—or Roosevelt or Hoover—when twenty thousand years have passed?

Fame is an illusion, and living with the hope of impressing posterity is foolish. But every day each of us does impress posterity in a measure.

Every day we come into contact with some young man or woman, some boy or girl, who may be lifted up or cast down by a very little word or act.

It is easy to form the habit of being encouraging and helpful. It is equally easy to drop into the habit of being unsympathetic.

What a great reward if some one to whom we have been gracious should turn out very well! What an awful thing to be remembered as having kicked a Mozart!



Chocolates that have won a definite place for themselves. Salmagundi is a special assortment selected by a critical lover of chocolates. Identified by the charming metal box with design by Mucha, the queenly figure shown above.

If you do not know Salmagundi, get acquainted at the nearest Whitman agency. The store that shows the Whitman sign receives Whitman's candies *direct* from the makers and guarantees satisfaction.

Whitman's Chocolates

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Montezuma

Decoration by Frederick J. Garner

THE most majestic figure upon the North American continent, at that dramatic and tragic moment when white men landed with horses and guns, steel armor and swords, was Montezuma.

The Spaniards spoke of him as Emperor; his own people called him, "Chief of Men!" For he was war-lord of the "Assyrians of America"—the fierce fighting tribes of the Aztecs, Tezcucans and Tlacopans, who from their capital Tenochtitlan (Mexico City) had conquered and held under tribute almost the entire Mexican land.

The Spaniards came to the Mexican coast under strange and almost miraculously favorable auspices.

The chief of the gods of the fierce and warlike Indians was the terrible Huitzilopochtli, a fantastic monster who demanded war and human sacrifice, and whose altars reeked with blood.

Beside him—and opposed to him, in the native belief—stood a kind and beneficent god, Quetzalcoatl, god of the air, who during his residence on earth instructed the natives in the use of metals, in agriculture and in the arts of government. Under him, the earth was full of fruits and flowers, with no need of cultivation. For some cause, not explained, Quetzalcoatl abandoned the country, embarked on the great ocean to the east in a magic boat; but he had promised to return.

He was said to have been tall, with a white skin, long dark hair and a beard. The Mexicans were longing for the return of this kind benefactor when from the sea to the east, in great, mysterious ships, appeared tall white men with black hair and beards, and possessing magic weapons and accompanied by strange beasts (horses) which obeyed them.

Small wonder that Cortez and his followers were mistaken for Quetzalcoatl and his godly retinue!

Cortez was quick to grasp the advantages of the situation. When conflict arose with the Indians, the armor of the Spaniards made them appear immortal to the Mexicans; and the white men marched to Tenochtitlan, where Montezuma received them with ceremony and assigned them quarters in the city.

Biding his time, Cortez boldly seized Montezuma and detained the Chief of Men as a "guest" in the Spanish quarter. This *coup* paralyzed action by the Indians, who could make war only at command of the Chief of Men, and who could not elect another leader while he lived.

At last, however, the warriors rose. Cortez brought out Montezuma to address his people.

"In order to give the greater effect to his presence, he put on his imperial robes. His mantle of white and blue flowed over his shoulders; his feet were shod with golden sandals, and his brows covered with the Mexican diadem. . . . . He ascended the central turret of the palace."

Below, a chief of high rank bent a bow; "in an instant a cloud of stones and arrows" struck the Chief of Men!

So passed the man who had attained the greatest place in native North America; a man who stood, in the scale of civilization, "at least as near to Agamemnon as to Powhatan."

The native culture ceased to advance or was crushed. It had, of itself, attained a height which established the Pueblos of Mexico at least as near the palaces of Mycenæ and Troy as they were to the Long Houses of the Iroquois.

By

Frank R. Adams

Here is an epic of light hearts and bold young hands. Here are young people blessed with such excellent health and spirits, and with so much good fortune, that they have to find out what bad luck can do. Liking a fair fight, they find it—and more. Indeed, suddenly they are surprised by a strange and desperate adventure from which there is no retreat, with honor. But humor and the high heart never fail this delightful and reckless crew.

Illustrated by

James Montgomery Flagg

GIVE way to the right!
Give way to the left!
Gangway!
Stay off from the road!
Keep out of the air!
Gangway!
We rolls our guns to the bars of the blue;
They opens up and we rolls 'em through.
"Halt!" says St. Peter. "Who are you?"
"Boy," says we, "one side for the Crew!"
GANGWAY!
GANGWAY!
GANGWAY!

(From the Adolescent Canticles of the Crew.)

KING'S C

KING'S CREW was so called in honor of a man who held no rank above that of American citizen and whose name was not really King, although many people thought it was.

The day that the short and simple annals of the Crew began to be written by newspaper reporters was a sunny Saturday in March, which in California made it an elegant day for picnics, love-making, golf or any sport suitable to one's age and circumstances.

George Porter, for instance, later to become an important member of King's Crew, greeted the dawn in a boarding-house over on East Sixth Street. At the time his alarm went off, he had never met anybody by the name of King, and he didn't care whether he ever did or not.

His mind was concerned solely with getting plenty of breakfast and arriving at the Los Angeles Immediate Motor Delivery warehouse in time to take out the rather disreputable package transfer truck with which it was his privilege to help obstruct traffic six days per week from eight A. M. until whenever the last package had arrived at its destination.

George on this date, Saturday, March twenty-third, had been just about old enough to vote for Hoover on the preceding November sixth and was large for his age, about fifty per cent larger

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George would have been completely clawed up if the other man had not interfered. "Easy, Duveen," he said. "This is my affair, you know."

CREW

than the average, roughly six feet one in his pajamas, and something like forty-five inches around just under the arms.

But he was no mental giant, as may be deduced from the fact that he had only just struggled through to a high-school diploma the year before, although he had the elementary courses in education pretty well cemented in his mind by having taken each of them twice.

George aroused his room-mate, who had not heard the alarm-clock. "Heads up!" he said, shaking the other man by the shoulder.

"Ugh!" the sleeper grunted. "Lemme alone."

"Can't do it, Pete. Breakfast!"

The object of George's solicitude opened one eye and then the other. "All right," he said, to prove that he was awake. "But I don't want any breakfast."

"What's the matter? Sick?"

"No. Not exactly."

"Hang-over?"

"No. Nothing like that."

"Humph. Another girl turned you down last night, I suppose."

Pete Plunkett was too depressed to deny the accusation.

"You lucky stiff!" congratulated George. "I only wish it would happen to me just once. You've got no idea how much trouble you keep out of, my boy, just by not having a load of *It* that the women can't resist."

"For God's sake, shut up," admonished Pete.

"This is for your own good," countered George, and he continued partly by virtue of superior physical strength. Most people had to listen to anything George really wanted to say, especially if they were within reaching distance of his vise-like grip.

"Think of all the coin you save by being unpopular," George continued. "Any guy that don't know how to dance or behave himself in mixed company, is a sap to learn. Gee, you ought to be glad you don't have to make any special effort to have a dame give you the air. A man like you can have a little time to himself once in a while, and—"

"I suppose you never got throwed down," interrupted Pete with a slight suspicion of a sneer.

"Not that I can remember," answered George, ruminatively, putting on his final shoe and standing up before the cracked mirror to give his blond hair a slap to discourage its tendency to curl. "I have to brush one of 'em off my lap whenever I want to sit down and do any serious thinking."

Pete groaned. "I hope to God you get it good one of these days, and that it kills you."

"Not a chance. You can't drown a duck."

George was wrong on every count, but he was young then, only about half as old as he would be two or three days later when the Fates took the thread of his life and wove it along with others into an ominous red-and-gold pattern that was so thrillingly grave and gay by turns that if he had ever had a chance to look back at it, he would have plunged in again just as carelessly headlong as he did this time.

A little late from having absorbed an extra four or five wheat-cakes, George punched the time-clock and reported to a scowling yard superintendent.

"My truck is gone, Mr. Corcoran."

"I know it. The company sold it for junk. And it looked like it—the way you've been usin' it to bump street-cars off the track with, and—"

"I never did that but once," George pointed out, "and then I had the right of way."

"And proved it by lickin' the motorman and the conductor and then tacklin' the Los Angeles Police Department immediately thereafter."

Mr. Corcoran was not so displeased as he sounded at recalling that incident. Unofficially he loved a good fight as much as anybody,—maybe a little more,—and besides, George was his nephew, the son of his dead sister, whom he had idolized when they were children together back in the days when families were more like clans.

"However," continued Corcoran admonitorily, "from today henceforward and hereafter, the fightin' is out. If anybody claims the right of way, you get down from your driver's seat and dust it off for 'em—that is, if you'd care to be drivin' that new Schwank and Schaefer tenton baby I've got waitin' for you over there."

George looked at the big gasoline locomotive that towered above everything else in the yard. He had noticed it as he came in, but only casually and to marvel enviously at its splendor. Now he eyed more critically its staked and chained body, as sturdy as that of a railroad gondola, its long powerful engine hood, its mighty gray-green cab built something like the conning-tower of a submarine, and lastly its shining black fenders molded crown fashion like those of the most expensive pleasure-cars.

George had never seen a truck to compare with it, either for appearance or sturdiness. Neither had anyone else. The Schwank and Schaefer trucks were new, and this was the first one in Los Angeles.

"Do you think you can handle her?" asked Corcoran.

"Can I? Just give me a chance." George's voice was husky with admiration. He had fallen in love at last. That was his first time for that day.

"That's what I'm goin' to do—give you a chance." The superintendent stated his proposition like a father laying down the terms to a prospective son-in-law. "One chance you get. Drive her today, and if you bring her in without a scratch on her, she's yours for a regular run. But if there's as much as a deep finger-print on them fenders, you're out. Understand what I mean?"

"I do," George acknowledged with the reverent solemnity of a bridegroom in that last reckless moment before a minister.

"O. K." Corcoran dismissed the proposition as closed. "As you can probably guess, you aint goin' to deliver hairpins and spools of thread in that baby-carriage. Your first load is waitin' for you down at the Superior Cement Works. There's a couple of ton of concrete blocks to be taken out to Santa Monica. Telephone me from out there to see if I've got a return cargo for you. Remember, one scratch and you're out."

George lifted the hood, inspected the oil, opened the radiator and checked the water-supply. Then he climbed gayly to the driver's seat and pressed tentatively with his foot on the starter.

She growled satisfactorily for a moment and then settled down to a powerful throb that you could feel rather than hear, music comparable in masculine ears only to the twanging of muted celestial harps playing the St. Louis Blues.

He threw in the clutch. The world slid out from under. The adventure had begun. . . . .

Freight on board, they rolled high, wide and handsome down Sunset Boulevard, the skipper alert on his quarter-deck nursing the wheel carefully in order not to jar or jostle the fragile cargo

of concrete blocks. The two tons only occupied part of the truck-bed, and the motor pulled the load with no more effort than if a butterfly had casually alighted on the empty body.

He looked scornfully at the cars that scuttered along on the highway. With a turn of the wheel and a slight pressure on the accelerator he could squash one of them like a potato-bug under his foot.

"What are you doing here?" David was arguing. "I thought we had decided not to see each other again." "But I need you, tonight—this is serious," Hélène said.

"Four-eleven! Baby, that means us. We roll," he chanted to himself, picturing a scene something like the Red Sea parting itself in the middle to let him ride to the other shore. This truck was a four-wheeled dragon, and he was a very wonderful demigod directing its tremendous glistening destiny through a distinctly inferior world. It was swell to be young and have that much power at your fingertips. The world had better get out of the way.

George did not slouch in his seat as some truck-drivers did. Neither did he look toward the sidewalks to catch the eyes of passing janes who might be admiring him. He knew they were doing it anyway, and all he wanted from them was mass homage. Let them huzza and kneel as he passed by; he did not care to know of their existence as individuals.

George was very much a boy at heart that morning, a great overgrown kindergartner crying to all the world: "Come and see what a very big man I've become! Watch me, and when I stand up, I'll pull down the moon and a basketful of stars for you."

Red street-cars of the Pacific Electric clanged by going in the other direction; he had to watch out for them. And he passed a good many ice-trucks, coal-wagons and even laundry delivery-cars headed the same way that he was.

But it was not necessary to look much to the right or left. The sides of the road rolled swiftly and smoothly back. The boulevard was reserved for through traffic, and there were permanent "Stop" signs on all side-streets debouching into it. Automobiles crossing the main stream or turning into it did so at their own risk. It was not necessary for George to keep an eye on the crossroads.

Of course, George did not realize that there are people who sometimes forget the rules and others whose natures are such that they cannot be curbed by regulations. In other words, that there are wild citizens of this world who, on occasion, crash right through stop-signs, across contrary traffic, cut corners and even, in some cases, drive on the wrong side of the road.

George couldn't know that.

Out of the tail of his eye he had noticed the runabout headed south on San Lupez Avenue, but of course he had taken it for granted that it would pull up on its haunches and snort in quivering terror while he went majestically by.

But this was a different kind of a flivver. It had quite a deep bass horn and an overdeveloped ego. By some freak of reincarnation it was possessed of the serene and fearless soul of a Holt tractor.

And probably no brakes.

At any rate, it gave a warning bellow, which George very properly disregarded, and then plunged across the boulevard just in time to lock front fenders with the leviathan.

George, up in the turret, scarcely felt the shock, although he got a little jolt from applying the very efficient brakes a trifle suddenly.

But there was quite a lot of noise, and George knew that something had happened when he looked down over his radiator and saw what was clinging, like a busted barnacle, to his previously bright shining black right front fender.

His heart sank. Not that the truck was really damaged any,—not a concrete block had shifted a thousandth of an inch,—but that fender would never look like a new patent-leather dancing pump again. It wasn't dented or bent any, but it was scratched horribly where the runabout had been cutting its wisdom teeth

on it, and there was one place where the enamel had chipped off entirely.

George pulled the truck over to the side of the boulevard, the flivver still clinging bulldog fashion to its throat.

Then, exploding in every pore, he climbed down to express his emotions in the language of his forefathers.

There were three occupants of the runabout, and they were still sitting in it, laughing.

Laughing!

That, if nothing else, would have made George see red. Laughing with that scratched fender before their very eyes!

"Get out of that car, you—scum!" ordered George. "What's the cock-eyed idea—running through a stop-sign?"

The automobile party dismounted, the driver first. He was a rather small and quite young man dressed in a white polo shirt, a black sleeveless pull-over sweater, white duck riding breeches and black dull polished boots. George immediately hated him a little more for wearing an outfit like that.

The next passenger was dressed the same way and looked like him—rather obviously a twin.

But the third person to come over the side was something different again.

He was a big chap—not so tall as George himself, and by no means thick through the way George was, but a lithe, black-haired sort of a panther with a lot of his size coiled up in springs inside. He wore riding-clothes, too, but they were all dark blue, except the shirt, which was an old army O. D.

The young driver stepped up to George and said: "Were you by any chance speaking to me when you opened that big trap in your face?"

George looked at the bantam, slightly surprised. He had not expected opposition and belligerency from that quarter.

"Yes, I was talking to all of you, you puny little sissies in pants. Look what you've done to the finest ten-ton truck in Los Angeles County."

"And look what your old threshing-machine has done to one of the finest hand-painted flivs in the world! You've knocked all the wisecracks off from the engine hood and made a pretzel out of my front axle. Who the hell let you out of an academy for morons and stuck you up on that driver's seat? Let's see your license."

"See my license? Where's yours? And don't try to spring your father's on me, either, in case you aint old enough for long pants, which I suspect is why you wear those B. V. D.'s."

The larger man stepped toward George.

"Here, let me talk to this lad, Stanley," he said.

"Not on your life, Dave," Stanley replied. "He insulted me first, and it's my privilege to bust his nose for him. Besides, it's my car, aint it?"

George laughed at the idea of this slight, boyish boaster being able to reach his nose, let alone damage it.

Stanley knew why he laughed, too, and it stung him to fresh anger.

"Afraid to fight, are you? Take that." He punched George rather scientifically just under the heart.

"Ugh," George grunted. "Boy," he said, "there's nothing in all the world that I'd like better than a good fight, feeling the way I do, but there's one thing I don't do and that is swat little Sunday-school students on their way home from Bible-class; and the other is that I don't fight anybody, even Jack Dempsey, in the public streets where the police can interfere before I get all through and bury my opponents."

"You'll be surprised, wont you," taunted Stanley, "when you find out what I look like, from the ground staring up just before your eyes close for the last time in *rigor mortis*."

"Oh, Gawd," implored George, "why aint he bigger? I'll tell you what. You come around to a vacant lot on one of the side streets, and I'll scrap all three of you at once. I got to express my emotions some way. Do you think that would be fair enough?"

David King interfered once more and took the burden of issuing directions out of George's hands. "You've said a lot of things, stranger, that nobody around here is going to eat except yourself. We'll just hunt up that back lot you speak of. The details can be settled after we get there."

"O. K." George was feeling somewhat better now that there was a prospect of relieving his emotions by violence. "Lift that rusty tomato-can off my fender, and I'll show you where we can go."

All together they managed to disengage the flivver, and for a wonder it stood up. Its posture was somewhat similar to that of a dog which is injured in one of his front paws.

She listened to his heart. "Sounds as strong as a pneumatic ri

"I'll tow you around to where we're going," said George magnanimously.

"Tow me?" exclaimed Stanley. "You navigate your own carload of junk, and I'll follow."

George laughed. "You don't mean to say that you think that tin accordion of yours will run, do you?"

"Of course it'll run. When better automobile wrecks are pulled off, this car will be in 'em." He stepped swiftly to the front of the ancient roadster and deftly twisted the crank.

The engine roared—twice as loudly as the truck—roared and shook with eagerness to do something, to proceed forward or backward or straight up as the case might be or as the inclination of its master indicated.

The three, with infinite confidence in the capacity of their craft, climbed into the seat. The flivver actually started.

George mounted to his turret, slipped in the clutch, drove past them and led the way up the next street, past two apartment houses and into a lovely open lot all overgrown with iceplant and poppies, like that place in Flanders Field you've heard so much about.

The vehicles were parked side by side looking a little like the symbols of the Republican and Democratic parties emulating

pneumatic riveter. I guess he'll be all right as soon as the dent gets out of his skull."

the lion and the lamb. The drivers and passengers dismounted.

George took off his vest and the others removed their pull-over sweaters. George rolled up his sleeves to match the freedom of the polo shirts of the enemy.

"Well, let's go," said George.

The younger, slighter man of the party stepped forward.

"I said all of you at once," declared George.

"We don't fight that way," returned Stanley. "You think you're pretty big, don't you? But that only makes old man gravity fight all the harder on my side."

George turned helplessly to the other two. "You're not going to let this baby tackle me all alone, are you?"

David, the big one, replied. "It is his privilege, according to our understanding of fair play. It was his car, and he challenged you first."

"And besides that," continued Stanley, "I'd have to fight you now after what you just called me. It isn't done, you know, not by people who live afterward. I may be small,—dammit, I know that,—but don't let that fool you. It's only fair to tell you that I was the amateur light-weight champion of the University of Southern California for three years. So put up your fists."

George hesitated:

Stanley reached up and poked him on the chin. "Put 'em up, I said."

George did. With a howl of rage he swung at his midget opponent. The latter jumped out of the way, and then, burrowing in again under George's guard, tapped him with all his strength on the solar plexus. It didn't hurt George much, but it certainly gave him every reason to be cautious.

George was ordinarily a slow fighter, slow but terrible, and as methodical as a steel hammer. Usually he employed a rough-and-tumble style that was all his own, but very effective because he could take any amount of punishment that was necessary before closing in to chop his opponent to pieces.

But this lad Stanley, or whatever his name was, gave George a lot of mental trouble. He used tricks, feints, short-arm jolts that stung George into a fury that he would never have attained in a mere mauling match. Partly this was because he did not know how to fight back on that basis. Instinctive chivalry towards a much smaller opponent made him pull his punches and box rather than slug.

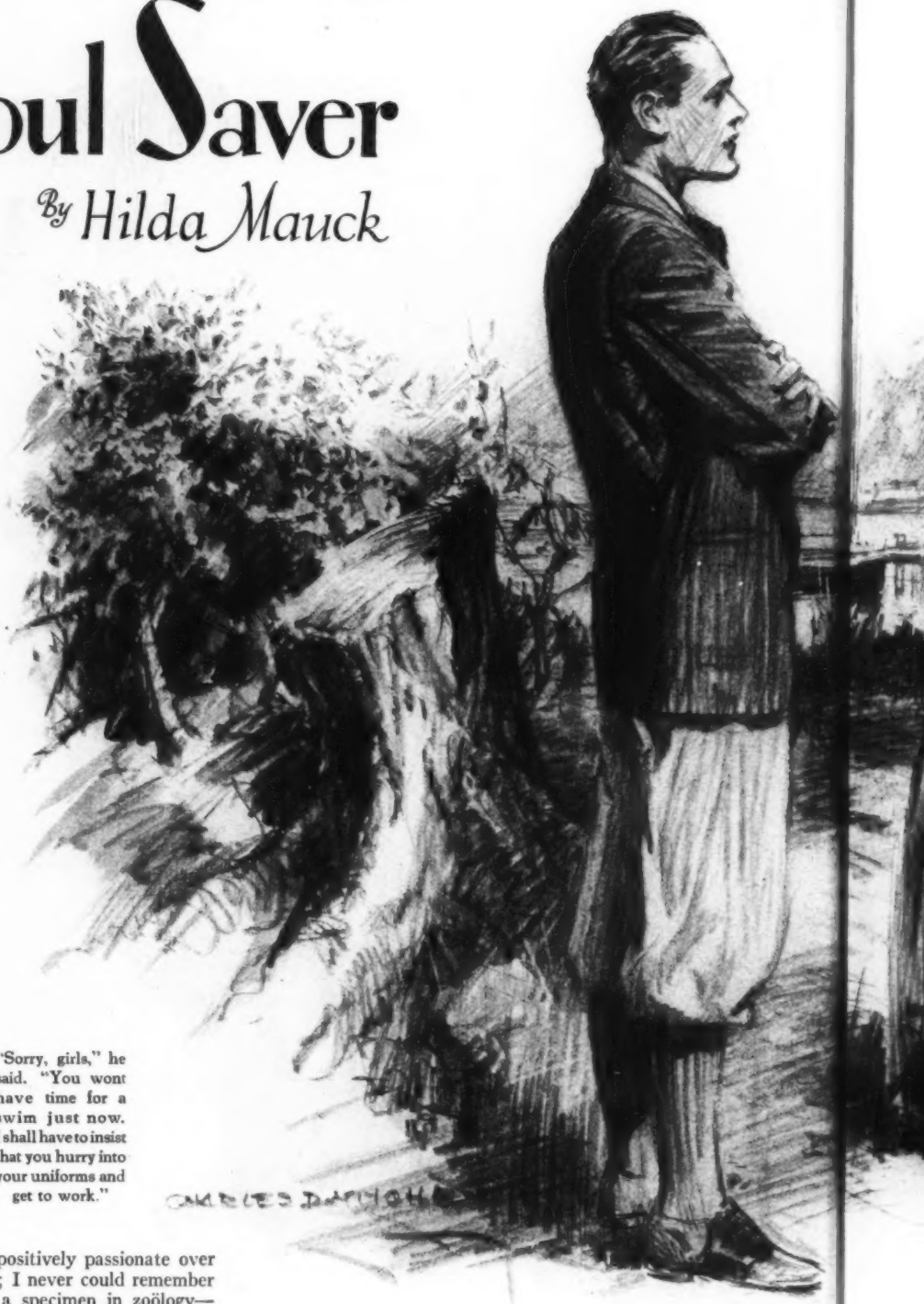
Stanley had him at a disadvantage there, because he knew more tricks than George could ever *(Please turn to page 130)*

The Soul Saver

By Hilda Mauck

Two very modern young ladies go out looking for a lark and stumble into a snare set for them.

Illustrated by
C. D. Mitchell



"Sorry, girls," he said. "You wont have time for a swim just now. I shall have to insist that you hurry into your uniforms and get to work."

IT may have been our souls Johnny B. was trying to save, as Lacy said. Personally, it was my legs that felt it the most.

There we were, Lacy and I, settled down for a summer in Minnesota, with her family in California and mine in Europe, and a cottage full of Phi Gams right across the lake. Not a parent, not a dean of women, not a chaperon on the horizon to worry about our morals or what time we got in. And yet, believe it or not, an invitation to a Phi Gam party given expressly in our honor roused us to nothing but a moan of pain. First blood to Johnny B.!

Johnny B. had arrived on the Marland campus at the beginning of the second semester, and Lacy and I took one look at him and went straight over and registered for his three-hour course in Labor Problems: two hours recitation and one hour private conferencc—which might just as well have been public.

"Rather an iceberg, isn't he?" Lacy said at the end of the first week, trying to look bored.

"Iceberg!" I shivered. "He's the whole glacial period!"

He looked the way every girl wants her best boy friend to look when he grows up, but he turned out to be an earnest young man with ideals and a noble brow. He'd have bled and died to solve a labor problem, and he could get positively passionate over a minimum wage law—or maximum; I never could remember which. But a co-ed was just like a specimen in zoölogy—interesting, but out of his line.

Lacy took it hard. She, one of the Virginia Warrens and heiress to Eli Warren shoes, had stooped to conquer. And Johnny B., all wrapped up in the common, grubby laboring-classes, not only refused to be conquered, but remained upsettingly unaware that she had stooped!

Naturally, having been roped into the course under false pretenses,—by a false face, you might say,—neither of us went so far as to do any studying or anything like that. Even after she got engaged to Bill Thurman, Lacy went on taking a nap in Labor Problems with insulting regularity.

You couldn't blame him for flunking her at the end of the year, but it did seem a little hard of him to include me, just because I happened to be a good friend of hers. One simply can't be too careful of the company one keeps!

We went over to see him about a make-up exam, but he cut us off with a cold finality. "I do not believe in make-up examinations," he said. "Your flippant attitude toward the question regarding trade unionism, Miss Warren, seemed to me inexcusable."

There was something funny about those two—they flew at each other's throats automatically, every time they got in the same room.

"Really, Mr. Burton," Lacy drawled, "I can't quite believe in trade unions."

Now, telling Johnny B. you didn't believe in trade unions put him in the same peaceful state of mind that a red rag does a bull. "Do you believe, Miss Warren,"—he made a manful effort to control himself,—"in the twelve-hour day?"

Lacy lifted languid eyebrows. "What," she inquired, "is the matter with the twelve-hour day?"

"I know of nothing I would enjoy more," said Johnny B., eying

her thirstily, "than to see you give the twelve-hour day a personal trial."

She patted a yawn into place with two fingers. "Nonsense," she shrugged. "People of that class can stand a lot—they're used to it."

That was the trouble with Lacy. Unless you could trace your grandfathers to the ship that showed the *Mayflower* the way across, you belonged to a different species altogether. She'd have given her last cent to a D. A. R. in distress, but she was the kind of person who thinks poor people are really happier if left alone, in the poverty to which they are accustomed.

"My dear Miss Warren," said Johnny B., "the average factory girl can stand a lot, not because she is physically better able to do so than you, but because she is a far better sport. At the end of one day of actual labor you'd be whining like a sick kitten. The factory girl is a self-reliant personality—while the very limit of your initiative in a difficult situation is to wire home for money!"

He was really letting himself go for the first time, and having a marvelous time at it. "Both you and Miss Malone have had more than the ordinary advantages. Yet you are still useless nonentities—self-centered little snobs, nursing a humorously exaggerated idea of your own importance and attractiveness.

"The purpose of this course was not to cram a certain number of facts into your heads, but to arouse you to a certain degree of interest in your fellow-man—perhaps to shame you, by the contrast of your own lives against the workingman's realities, into some faint stirrings of ambition. Giving you a make-up examination would be only camouflaging the tragic failure the course has been in your case."

Lacy has a fatal faculty for looking suddenly soft and young and innocent. "Why, Mr. Burton,"—she almost choked over the tears in her voice,—"I think you're awfully unjust. I know I seem stupid in class, sometimes; but honestly, the course has meant a lot to me. Why, I've set myself two distinct goals I'm going to try to reach before I come back to school next fall. I don't go around talking about it much, but I'm spending the summer with Phyllis here up at Levering, Minnesota, and I'm—well, I'm practically dedicating my whole summer to my fellow-man!"

"Indeed?" said Johnny B., suspicious, but obviously intrigued in spite of himself by the vision of Lacy soothing some fevered brow from June to September. "May I ask what your plans are?"

A good many people had drifted in to see him by that time, and everybody listened breathlessly.

"First," said Lacy, with rapt, shining eyes, "I'm going to practice and practice, until I can dance straight through a whole night till sunrise, without stopping once! And second, no matter how many times I have to get absolutely plastered, I've simply got to learn to carry my liquor!"

Everybody howled—except Johnny B. "And your fellow-man?" he inquired grimly.

"That's Bill," she beamed, sweetly exalted. "He's going to be up there too—I'm doing it all for him, you know. I think a man ought to be able to be proud of his wife, don't you, Mr. Burton? You know Bill Thurman—the boy you saw kissing me last night, out on the south campus?"

Johnny B. knit his brow. Then he remembered. "Oh,"—he brightened,—"you mean the boy whom I saw *you* kissing!"

Everybody howled again, louder than ever. I thought Lacy was going to burst a blood-vessel, trying to remember she was a Warren and a lady. I started to drag her away, realizing that any chance we had had at a make-up exam had been t h o r o u g h l y blighted in the bud.

But Johnny B. stopped us at the door. "On second thought," he said, "I am willing to give you a second opportunity, after all, to make up the work in Labor Problems."

I stared at him, for turning the other cheek really wasn't his style.

"Doubtless you have heard of the college girls who have been sent to Chicago and New York the last few summers to earn their own living by factory work? If you will go to Chicago with a maximum of fifteen dollars each in your pockets, find yourselves industrial jobs, live strictly on your own e a r n i n g s for two months, and make an adequate, intelligent report to me of your experiences, I shall be more than glad to lift the *F* I have given you to at least a *C*."

For a second or two I grinned like an idiot. The colossal nerve of sending a Warren out into the grime and toil of the world, to rub shoulders with the peepul! Lacy, who was a Colonel's lady and never forgot it! She could graciously pretend to be a Judy O'Grady—all in a spirit of fun, you understand!—but you didn't dare treat her like one.

Then that "fifteen d o l l a r s each" registered, and I realized with a horrid shock that the fine old family of Malones was mixed up in this too.

I couldn't quite see us, free, white and going on twenty-one, toiling through a summer in Chicago. But Lacy stood firmly on my foot, feeling awfully substantial for such a fragile-looking person, and I remembered what a trap we were in.

She swayed and crumpled to the floor. . . . . Johnny B. was kneeling beside her, groaning: "Oh, my God, Lacy, I've killed you. It's all my fault, Lacy!"

It was bad enough for me, because I simply had to have the credit. But it was worse for Lacy. Her family was already upset over Bill—just like a family, raising such a row about her being engaged, without even finding out whether she intended to marry him or not! And her father had set his foot down at the beginning of the year, and said that if she flunked a single course, she'd have to stay home the next year and dust the family parlor. Or words to that effect. And while going to school at Marland may not be the last word in whoopee, neither is dusting the family parlor!

Johnny B. was saying· "My suggestion would be that you stay at one of the working-girls' clubs. I can give you the address of one or two—"

"Thanks, we'll manage," Lacy said distantly. "You wish a written report of the summer?" she added in a businesslike voice.

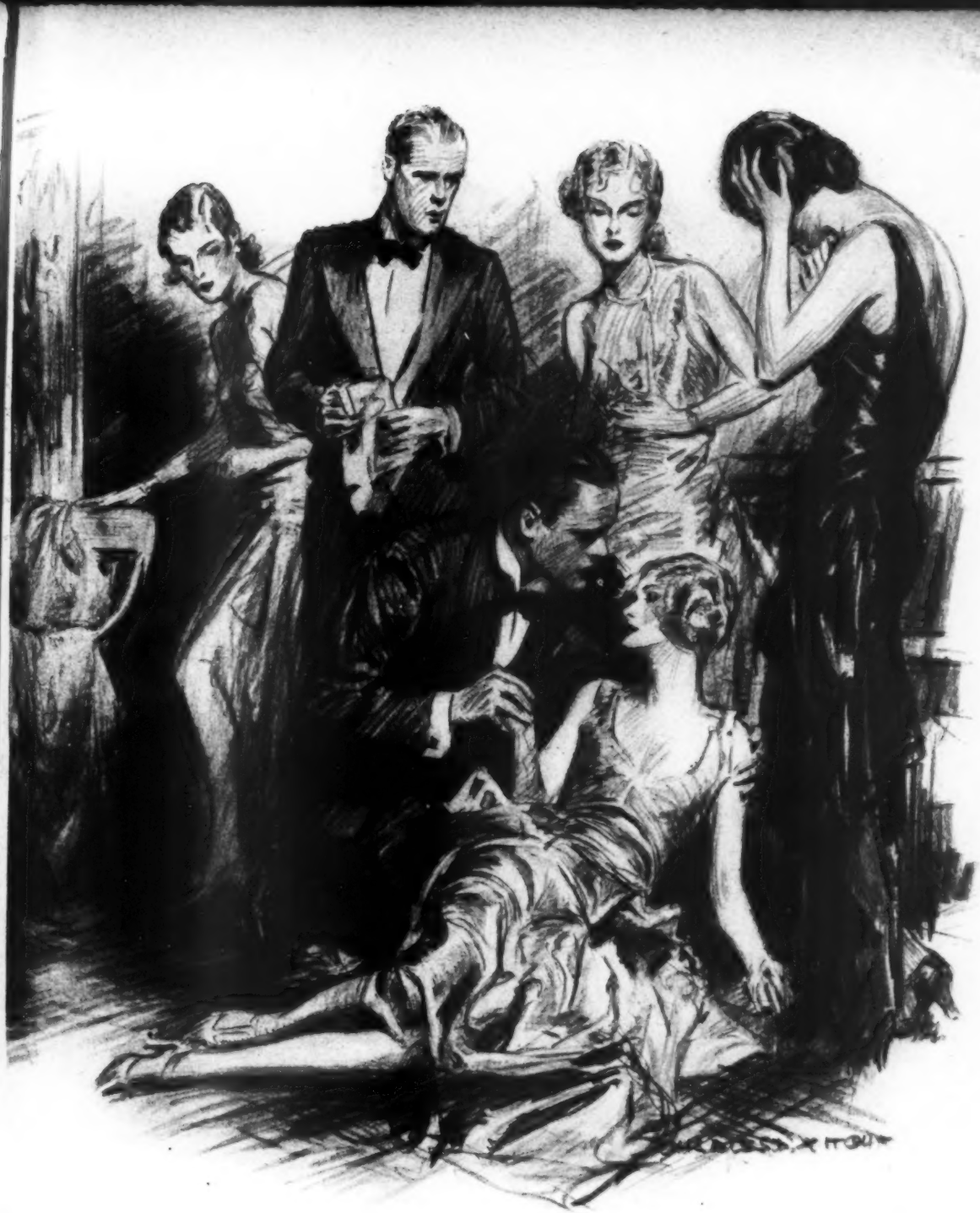
"Well, no." Johnny B. cleared his throat and looked a little embarrassed. "It so happens that I am to be in Chicago myself, this summer, taking work at the University. My thought was that at regular intervals you should make oral—very informal—reports to me as you go along."

There was something about the way he brought that out— If he had been anybody else, I'd have wagged my head and said *"Cherchez la femme!"* But what *femme?* Certainly not Lacy, who all but gave him the rabies every time they held a conversation. And then, suddenly, I went absolutely limp with surprise. He was crazy about *me,* and wouldn't admit it, probably not even to himself! After a semester of trying to make him remember my name, here he was wanting to arrange a standing date with me for a whole summer! In spite of the fact that it would require regular interviews with Lacy too!

The pathetic part about it was that the conquest left me cold. After all, no man is worth a summer on the rock-pile. And the prospect of a weekly chat with Johnny B., while I hated to admit it, meant hanging the final crape on the whole summer.

Evidently Lacy felt the same way. "So sorry," she drawled, slowly and fastidiously looking him up and down. "I believe I prefer to write my report."

"Of course we're not going," she announced when we got out-



side. "Dad is a trustee, you know, and a particular pet of President Wayne's. President Wayne is away now, but all I need to do when we get back in the fall is whisper in his ear how dreadfully hurt Dad will be, and all I need is one more chance, and he'll make Johnny B. give us a make-up exam whether he believes in them or not."

"Then why," I blinked, "let Johnny B. think he's getting away with this?"

"For the sake of a subtler, more humiliating revenge, darling," she pointed out. "All summer long he'll gloat to himself over the grimy taste we're having of labor problems, *au naturelle*. He'll tell the whole Economics Department about the experiment he's making. He'll probably haunt the factory districts, hoping to run into us. And when he gets back in the fall, he'll discover—in public, if possible—that we spent the entire summer with Bill, lolling on the beach in front of your cottage. In other words, that he's been made a fool of."

"Just one flaw," I mentioned. "The Malone family, including the dutiful daughter, is doing Europe this summer, and the cottage is already rented. Anyway," I added tactfully, "how you could stand a whole summer of your dear fiancé is more than I know."

"He's one of the Kentucky Thurmans," she defended. "And he'll be such a marvelous rest-cure after Johnny B."

I could see what she meant by that. Bill thought labor problems meant whether his mother's second maid had Thursday or Sunday nights out.

"We've got to go," she insisted. "The thing that will humiliate Johnny B. the most will be that after pulling the wool over his eyes we went serenely on with our original plans. Haven't you any friends up there we could stay with?"

"Nobody but Aunt Mary Allen,—not really an aunt,—who's been running Sunset Lodge up there for twenty years. She'd probably love to have us come up and visit her. She's an old lamb as long as you can keep her from showing you baby pictures of her nephew—and she goes to bed at nine o'clock. But why"—and I caught myself up firmly—"should I be finding us a place to stay? Don't I know that lake and the simple life that abounds there? Not one of the crowd will be there this year. Who's Bill visiting?"

He wasn't visiting, it seemed. He was to stay at a Phi Gam cottage right across the lake from ours. Some of the boys would be there all summer, and others would come up from Minneapolis for week-ends.

I sat up straight. "Not the boy that Bill had down here at the midyear formal?" I breathed.

"You mean Vance West? Why, he and Bill are rooming together this summer."

"Well, for the love of Mike," I graciously reneged, "why didn't you say so in the first place?"

It sounded considerably better to me than being treated like a child all over Europe.

So that's how it happened that I dashed off a letter to Aunt Mary that same afternoon, telling her that I had been studying too hard that year at school, and while I didn't like to worry the family by saying anything about it, I really didn't feel up to doing Europe, but yearned to be out of doors all summer, basking on a Minnesota beach. And didn't she have a spare corner where she could stick me, and a girl friend who had heard so much about Aunt Mary she was crazy to meet her?

She did. A guileless, rambling letter arrived the day I got home from school. I skipped a few paragraphs about the nephew, and discovered that she would be lonesome without any of the Malones on hand, and couldn't they let her have me, while they went gallivanting around Europe? If I felt things would be too dull, perhaps I could persuade some other young girl to come with me.

LACY and I, in Lacy's roadster, drew up in front of the Lodge about ten-thirty one night a week later, with the rumble-seat piled full of boxes we had accumulated on the way up.

"I suppose,"—I looked back at them pensively,—"that we ought to have brought a few books along and studied some this summer for that exam in Labor Problems."

"One would imagine, to hear you talk, that you'd never taken a make-up before," Lacy observed. "Who ever heard of anybody studying for a make-up? Are we, or are we not, leaving our academic past behind us?"

"We are," I said meekly, and we climbed out and went in to look for Aunt Mary.

Fleeing as we were from our academic past, you can imagine how it felt to meet it face to face, big as life and twice as natural, leaning against Aunt Mary's desk.

Lacy and I simply stood and stared—fairly frozen to the floor. He was talking and laughing with a couple of stout old men, and actually sounded almost human. Then he turned and saw us, and after taking his time about looking us over, he swept us an ironic bow.

"Welcome to Chicago!" he said, and went on talking to the old men.

And suddenly a whole procession of baby pictures sped through my head—the nephew!

Aunt Mary was nowhere in sight. A crisp, spick-and-span young person came out from behind her desk. "Miss Malone?" she said briskly. "Mrs. Allen is away. I'll be glad to show you to your cottage." And the next I knew we were trailing her out of the Lodge to the cottages in the rear.

"This," I said haughtily, pausing on the porch of a whitewashed shack, "is where the 'help' stay."

She lifted her eyebrows. "I can only follow my instructions," she said in a chilly voice.

I was in no mood to cope with a person of that type. She seemed to have just stepped out of a bathtub, and we had three hundred miles of dust on us. But Lacy's eyes were making a shocked tour of the bare whitewashed walls, and the bowl and pitcher which were our only bathroom.

"There is obviously some mistake," I felt behooved to announce. "Aunt Mary will be back tomorrow?"

"Oh, no," the crisp person said calmly. "Mrs. Allen was called away and may not return until the end of the summer. Mr. Burton might possibly give you her address."

Personally, I couldn't see Mr. Burton giving us anything. Lacy and I sat on the bed when she was gone and stared silently at each other.

"Oh, well, it must be about time for him to go on to Chicago," I said at last. But it was whistling in the dark, and we both knew it. There was something nightmarish about the whole place.

After I was half asleep, Lacy prodded me with a small, anxious voice:

"Phyl," she worried, "do you suppose he thinks we were simply lying to him about going to Chicago?"

"Oh, how *could* he?" said I, but she wouldn't laugh.

SOMETIME in the middle of the night somebody came along shouting "Six o'clock!" pounding on the doors of all the cottages in our row, and, evidently not being able to tell from the outside that our cottage sheltered a Warren instead of a waitress, pounded on our door too. Lacy and I opened an eye apiece, looked at each other dimly and rolled over. But in a little while the waitresses began hurrying past on their way up to the kitchen, giggling and talking, and neither Lacy nor I could go back to sleep. Finally I sat up in bed and said:

"Darling, do you smell that air? Let's dash down for an early swim."

You know how the mornings are in Minnesota—cold and clear and crisp. Every breath you take is a million-dollar one, and the lake looks like blue frosting trimmed with rhinestones. We were prancing down to the lake, simply bubbling over with innocent pleasure in God's great out-of-doors, when we ran into Johnny B.

"Sorry, girls," he said. "You wont have time for a swim just now. You've been due in the dining-room for ten minutes."

I could feel Lacy stiffening at his tone, and I said soothingly: "Oh, no, Mr. Burton, you surely haven't been here very long. The dining-room stays open until nine-thirty."

"Yes, I know, but the early birds will soon be coming down; I'm afraid I shall have to insist that you hurry into your uniforms and get to work."

"*Uniforms?*" said I.

"*Work?*" said Lacy, every inch a Warren.

"Aprons, you know," he said helpfully. "Work in the dining-room. We can use you very nicely as combination girls—half waiting tables, and half cleaning cottages. Forty dollars a month, and board and room, and—er—gratuities."

Can you see a Warren taking tips? Neither, one gathered from her face, could Lacy. She looked at me and waited.

My knees were feeling a little queer. "Aunt Mary left you in charge here, I take it? Then," I said firmly, "she must have told you before she left that she had invited us up for the summer."

Johnny B. looked politely incredulous. "No," he regretted, looking me in the eye as if he didn't know that I knew he was lying, "she didn't mention you, to tell the truth. But your letter was very distinct—I ran across it soon after I came."

"May I see that letter?" asked Lacy in measured tones.

That, apparently, was what he had been waiting for.

"Dear Aunt Mary," my note started off cozily, "couldn't you use an extra pair of hostesses or lifeguards or waitresses or chambermaids or something?" And then it launched into a plaintive description of the condition my arduous labors at college had left me in, and mentioned my friend Lacy Warren, who, like me, yearned to be out-of-doors, and so forth.

Lacy looked at me, and I felt a great craving not to be left alone with her soon.

"It's a small world, isn't it?" Johnny B. volunteered. "Fancy running across each other up here! I came, at Aunt Mary's insistence, to make her a short visit on my way to Chicago. Then she was called away, and had no one to leave in charge but me."

"Called away?" Lacy echoed, in a voice that indicated a suspicion of foul play.

"My mother is Aunt Mary's only sister," he explained. "It seemed to me they needed a good visit. Aunt Mary really isn't very well, but she would never have left if she hadn't thought some one needed her. So I had my mother telegraph for her."

"May I ask whether it was before or after you saw Miss Malone's letter that you realized how much they needed each other?"

"Immediately after," he said blandly.

I WAS beginning to feel flattered in spite of myself. He might have a ruthless way of displaying his devotion, but you had to admit he was persistent. Failing to take us to Chicago with him, he had calmly changed his own plans and come to Minnesota with us! After all, not every woman can bring an iceberg to life!

"The situation is this," said Lacy, who seemed to have taken charge of it: "Our families are quite out of reach, and in spite of the fact that-the—ah—associations are a great disappointment, I am afraid we shall have to insist upon taking advantage of Mrs. Allen's invitation."

"We shall be so happy to have you,"—he bowed,—"at the usual rates."

The very word *rates* sent a shudder through my pocketbook. Miss Kinder, our girl-friend of the night before, called him to the telephone just then, and Lacy and I went into a huddle.

He knew what our allowances were, for once he had made us compare them with a group of working- *(Please turn to page 159)*

Herbert Brenon, producer, Winifred Westover in the title rôle, and Fannie Hurst, in a rehearsal for her recent talking film, "Lummox."

Hollywood-Hollywoodn't

By Fannie Hurst

Illustrated by George French

How, really, are the Talkies made? What is actually happening in Hollywood? And what is going to happen next? Fannie Hurst tells you.

ONCE upon a time, early in this twentieth century, a new art was born.

By virtue, or vice if you will, of her personality, she was destined to be the sort of young lady who easily acquires a nickname.

Some are like that. There are Gertrudes who remain Gertrude all through a lifetime. There are other Gertrudes who seem to have been born Gerts.

Yes indeed, there are certain young ladies, and Presidents and even prize-fighters, to whom one would never venture to apply a nickname; and then again—

Mr. Coolidge.	Teddy.
Mrs. Fiske.	Al Jolson.
Major Bowes.	Roxy.
John Milton.	Bill Shakespeare.
Winthrop Ames.	Al Woods.
William Jennings Bryan.	Will Rogers.

The youngest Art, born of ancient parentage and after a shocking interval, immediately became known to the amusement-hungry world that took her vociferously to its breast, as Movie.

Curious child, this Movie, precocious and yet so paradoxically backward.

Shooting up into vigorous young womanhood in incredibly short time, it was not until along about her seventeenth year that, opening her celluloid lips one day, Movie began to speak!

A world as startled as if the Sphinx had suddenly found voice, cried, should this be so? Was not our beautiful Movie somehow nearer and dearer when she was beautiful but dumb? Is our lovely Movie, after all, supposed to have a voice?

"No," cried Charley Chaplin, who can no doubt look it so much more poignantly than he can say it. "No," "No," "No," cried the terrified silent queens with accents Russian, Third Avenue and American. "No," cried the audiences who like to sleep through the quiet of their motion pictures. "No," cried Emil Jannings, who didn't want to go back to Germany. "No," cried the exhibitor who couldn't afford to install the talking apparatus. "No," cried the directors without stage experience. "No," cried all the beautiful young men who depended upon their profiles, and all the beautiful young ladies with voices like nutmeg-graters. "No!"

The newest wrinkle in film-making is the "skeleton set," upon which scenes are rehearsed to perfection before being brought to the "sound" stage and "action photographed and microphoned." Herbert Brenon, originator of skeleton-set rehearsals, is shown rehearsing Winifred Westover in "Lummox" while the author, Miss Hurst, looks on. Karl Struss at the camera.

"Yes," said the box-office in soft golden clinking tones, "our lovely Movie *is* supposed to have a voice."

And of course Box Office, who is mightier even than Czar Chaplin, or the czarinas Pickford, Swanson, Bow or Davies, won.

Anyone who doubts that, for the important moment at least, the talking picture has not revolutionized the entire motion-picture industry in America, needs only to take a trip out to that gold coast of today, Hollywood, in order to check up indubitably on the fact, that whether you will or no, the Talking Picture is here!

If there are at this writing more than one per cent of one per cent of silent pictures being made in these United States, then this observer, who has just returned from the scene of motion-picture activities and articulations, was unable to ferret them out.

Paradoxically but truthfully, one may say that the gold-coast of Hollywood has been stricken dumb with amazement at the appallingly sudden invasion of the Talkie.

There is scarcely a phase of the vast art-industry which has not had its equilibrium knocked higher than the proverbial kite.

Already, out there in the land of all front and no back, a miss is no longer as good as her smile, but as good as her voice; and so far as its practicability for present purposes is concerned, the technique of the silent picture belongs to an age as remote as the glacial period.

Hollywood, whose anatomy from the teeth out has heretofore mattered most, is now lifting its diaphragm, placing its voice, salaaming before the microphone; and by that gesture practically every individual connected with the making of motion pictures, from the set-dresser who finds that glazed chintz is not acoustically desirable, to the property man who must supply for the dinner-table scene soda crackers with a noiseless crunch to them, is caught in the revolution.

There hangs down into the center of the motion picture "set" these days a small black instrument made of the same substance as a telephone receiver, no larger than one, either, its yawning little black maw dangling so that the slightest sound hits its inincredibly, and often embarrassingly, sensitive palate. *Presto,* it swallows your sigh and sighs it out again! *Presto,* it swallows that crunching of the soda biscuit that has hitherto been so privately discernible only to the inside of your own head, and ruins a dinner-table scene! *Presto,* it imitates the sound of a door closing, or the luckless sneeze of one of the set hands during the shooting of a luckless scene! *Presto,*—oh, tragedy of tragedies,—it swallows the small still voice of that erstwhile darling of the silent screen, and lisps it out again in all its small, cruelly still inadequacies!

Along with the tollings of the bells that are ushering out an old motion-picture technique, there is a knelling bell: the knell of many a yesterday's darling who has not the voice nor the diction, nor the aplomb, to meet the merciless requirements of the microphone.

> Of all sad words of tongue or microphone,
> The saddest are, her voice wont Vitaphone.

Did I say that practically every individual connected with the making of pictures has been caught in the revolution? Even that is to ignore a contingent army that has sprung up from nowhere, like hot-dog stands around the circus tent, or service stations along the highway.

Overnight, as it were, the alarum has spread.

Tottie Coughdrop needs a voice. Roland Rio Janiero must have an accent ironed out. Peter O'Dell drops his *g's.* There is a suspicion of "Toid Avenue," now that she has parted lovely painted lips to speak, in the diction of Odette Esmerelda.

Help!

Overnight in Hollywood, the card engravers must have begun to work on commissions like this:

> Madame Irita Avalina
> Voice Culture
> By appointment.
>
> ---
>
> Professor Harjes Merkle
> Diction and Voice
> Italian Method.
>
> ---

Mlle. Estelle Duval—Voice
Formerly of Fontainebleau Institute, Paris

Peabody Institute of Voice and Diction.

Miss Estes. Voice.
Formerly Metropolitan Opera Co.

Paul Blandish
Diction. Articulation.
Formerly Stage Director Acton Stock Co.

Don't let the new medium defeat you. Quick! Hurry! Make haste before the experienced speaking artists crowd you out. Learn how to use your voice. Twenty dollars a lesson. Mary Pickford endorses our method. May Acton, star of "Doll Babies," the current talking-picture success, endorses our method. Make haste!

Help, cries Hollywood. We need actors and actresses with speaking voices. We need stage directors who know the technique of the spoken drama. Help!

And Broadway, three thousand miles away, turns its wary face toward Hollywood.

Jangle, jangle, Broadway! We can pay. We need actors. We need directors. We need dialogue writers. *Jangle, jangle,* Broadway.

And to the sound of the golden jangle, Broadway turns its cagy face more intently; and finally across the country, via the transcontinentals, there pushes this strange army of succor. Wisecrackers with narrow, sophisticated, Algonquinese eyes. Stage directors with their eyes on large pots of gold dangling from the end of a rainbow that stretches from coast to coast. Oldish actors with baritone voices and new lamps of hope in their eyes. Broadway queens going west to talk for a king's ransom.

Here is a gold-rush taking place as literally as if the pots of wealth were actually dangling from the California end of that cross-country rainbow. Some of this storied cinema gold is about to find its way into new pockets.

The young playwrights who affect to despise it all, but whose eyes have seen the gilded glory of the coming of the motion-picture dollar hastening Hollywoodward, there to sneer and yet there to remain while the gold-rain lasts. Stage directors who have long felt the ground of the theater slipping from under them, climbing aboard the Hollywood lugger. The oldish actress with diction and that lifted look to her cheeks; the oldish actor with resonance to his voice and that turned look to his collar, facing westward-ho.

Next time you sit before a talking picture, think you of all that is pouring and has poured into its making. The tears of the beautiful-but-dumb, whose attempt at talkies turned them into squawkies. The high hopes of the gold-rushers. The fears of the old-time movie directors. The arrogance of the invading stage-directors. The death-rattle of the title-writers. The hymn to the dawn of the dialogue writers. The renaissance of the old actors. The rehabilitation of the voice teachers. The gaspings of the wounded-unto-death speaking theater.

Where is the movie world of yesteryear? Generally speaking, it is generally speaking.

And last but not least, behind the kicked-up dust of revolution, there stands a lynx-eyed army of young men who from their laboratories, their glassed-in, sound-proof balconies, and "play-back" rooms, survey the situation as a general surveys his maps.

They are the "Sound Department."

They are the new, the terrible, the powerful dynasty that has dawned upon, and believe it or not, super-arrogated the power that only yesterday was the director's.

"Take that scene over," barks the Sound Department to the director. "Miss G. swallows her vowels, and you cannot have your love-scene played at that acute angle to the microphone."

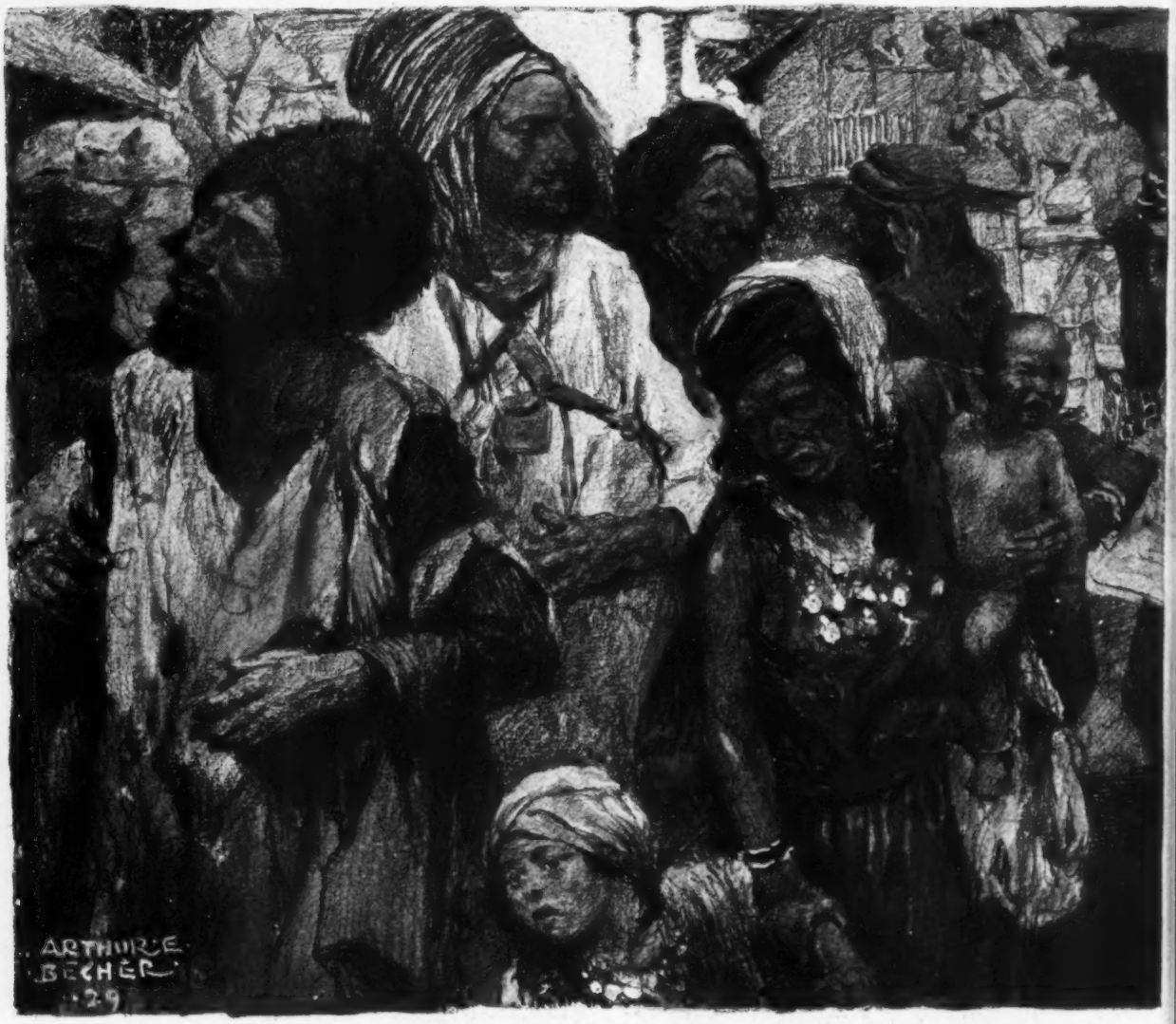
The director, who has been czar, emperor, pontiff and maharajah over all he surveys for many a movie year, and who has probably been the most yes-ed individual in the history of that noun and verb in all its languages, gulps down his sense of outrage and—re-takes.

Behold in the following episode of "The Thousand-dollar Fish Soufflé," how the good old days of the silent drama have gone their way, those allegedly good old days when you rehearsed your scene in pantomime a few times before the camera and "shot," instead of rehearsing for weeks to the letter-perfect stage before you bring your speaking product before the combined forces of the camera and the Sound Department.

There is about to be taken, on the sound stage, a scene from a picture which is to be called "Hermione of Leaderpence." The scene when completed will consume one minute of screen time. The actors, after many preparatory weeks of re-

(Please turn to page 161)

Next time you sit before a talking picture, think of all that has poured into its making. The tears of the beautiful-but-dumb, the arrogance of invading stage directors!



Throngs milled and moiled everywhere: men swaggering and strutting—itinerant preachers

NOR WERE HER LIPS

A fiery, poetic Afghan left his native Asia and went to Paris, where he quickly picked up languages of the west; so, in our own tongue, Achmed Abdullah tells us the strange, stirring stories of his own people.

WHEN Mehmet el-Kabuli—he who, because of his flame-bright beard, was known as Mehmet the Red in the seven hills and the seven plains—returned to his native Afghanistan, he was in such a hurry that, leaping across the cairn which marked the border, he lost one of his deer-skin brogans. Indeed he was only a jump ahead of the fuming, swearing Persian patrol—was less than a jump ahead of a tossed dagger that missed him by a hair.

"Robbery and felonious assault" were the terse words used by the Shah's magistrate in entering the case on his official records for future reference—which meant the Afghan's punishment by a sole-slashing bastinado, if ever again he showed his ruddy, hawkish face west of the frontier.

But Mehmet himself had a different tale to tell—different, that is, as to cause; not as to effect. For later on, mentioning the matter to a friend, he said, speaking the truth as he saw it: "A girl was to blame."

"Who was she?"

"I cannot remember—except that at the time she was the soul of my soul. All my money I spent on her, sold my jewels, pawned even my clothes. *Wah*—is it not true that women eat gold as a goat licks salt? Then, when I was poor, she ran away with a dirt-fed, flat-nosed Tartar—may that happen to his ignoble back which happens to the drum on feast days!—while I looked with favor upon another crusher of hearts. Her name, too, I have forgotten—though her too I loved deeply. But how could I approach her, dressed as I was like a vagabond? Can you imagine a peacock without his tail? I needed fine raiment. I looked everywhere—"

"Surely Persia has the pick of the world's proud bazaars!"

"What good a bazaar to me—with less than the smell of a single coin in my pocket and everywhere the Shah's police snooping about and putting steel between a lusty man and his desires? I avoided the bazaars—"

"And sought the highways instead?"

"Yes. And one day, on a lonely road near the border, I saw a silken robe on the shoulders of a greasy, paunchy Greek—may Allah curse him and all his race! Voluminous it was, elegantly cut, in color like the amber bloom of grapes—the very shade to set off this handsome beard of mine—and cunningly embroidered with butterflies and tiny rosebuds. I saw it, and my mouth watered. and—"

chanting the glories of Allah; the love-making of the Orient, which is frank and a trifle indelicate.

UNWILLING

By Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by Arthur E. Becher

"You robbed the Greek?"

"No, no! I addressed him courteously, suggesting that his cloak would be an acceptable gift to my father's only son. Rudely he refused, calling me a variety of exceedingly foul names. Then—as who would not?—I grew angry. There was my sword. There was his face. They met. And presently he lay prone on the ground, too cowardly to fight, but not too cowardly to yell for help—and a Persian patrol came running. And so I went away from there."

So hastily he went away that, as we have seen, he lost one of his brogans in his final leap to safety, though he held on to the purloined coat—a gorgeous thing, if somewhat torn by brambles and rocks where, in his flight, he had taken quick turns.

But just then, the sharp stones lacerating his bare right foot, he would have swapped the coat for a plain sandal; and he mumbled imprecations against all Greeks, all Persians, all women, as he limped along, without his usual strut and swagger, but still a notable figure of a man, with a chest like a barrel and legs like columns of granite, seven daggers of various lengths and thicknesses stuck in his waist-shawl, and in his right hand a great straight naked sword which he used as a walking-stick.

Yet, limping or not, he made fair headway so that by evening he reached the higher peaks where scrub oak met pine, and pine met snow, and snow—as we have it in our language—met the lonely heart of Allah.

Farther to the north the Raven's Range, as it was called, towered stark and hooded and grim, like the gigantic eyebrow of some ancient heathenish god, a god mourning the clank and riot of the pagan days before the Moslems had pushed into Central Asia and whipped it into the somber faith of Islam. And Mehmet, who had passed here once on a rowdy adventure the tale of which may yet be told, knew that he was in the land of the Babari clansmen; knew, furthermore, that they were rough mountaineers who had no liking for strangers, be they Persians or Tartars or brother-Afghans, and who often, in former years, had drawn steel even against the officials of the Amir, their sovereign lord, sending them on their way home to Kabul with broken heads and flayed backs.

Men they were not without a handful of savage, defiant virtues, but as ill to meddle with as any nest of wasps. . . . . And so Mehmet the Red stepped warily, with a glance to left and a glance to right and ever a fidget in his sword-arm.

But he was not wary enough.

For suddenly there was a loud command, "Halt, O creature!"—and a Babari stepped forth from behind a rock.

If Mehmet was tall, the other topped him by inches. If Mehmet was as broad as a bull, the other was as broad as a buffalo. If Mehmet's blade measured two ells from point to pommel, the other's was a bragging two ells and a half—an enormous weapon, held in a huge fist that was steady, but no more steady than the

man's mocking black eyes; a curved weapon, but no more curved than the man's nose. A scar slashed across this nose—slashed, too, across one cheek; and dark, beetle-browed, thin-lipped, his chest, seen through the open leather shirt, like a wolf's for shaggy hair, this Babari was altogether as desperate-looking a gallows-bird as you might find between the snows of the Himalayas and the steppes of High Tartary.

"Ah," thought Mehmet, "but here is the burly one!"

He looked the mountaineer up and down, from head to heel, looked twice at the heel—smiled as he saw it covered, with the rest of the foot, by a stout shoe.

And when the Babari, in roaring, bullying accents, ordered him to return the way he had come, Mehmet said: "Presently, perhaps, I shall go—since all roads are alike to me. But first I must have what I want—and need."

"Food, mayhap?" sneered the other. "Mutton and milk and bread? Begone, O nephew to a cockroach! We do not give to beggars."

"Not even a shoe?" came Mehmet's slow question.

The clansman gaped in amazement.

"A shoe?" he echoed.

"Aye. A right shoe. Neither more nor less. *Your* shoe, in fact! For look,"—sticking out a bare foot,—"my sole is bleeding, and the stones are cruel!"

He laughed. So did the mountaineer.

"By the teeth of the True Prophet," remarked the latter, advancing ominously, "but it is not by my will that you will take my fine shoe. Nor will it be by your will that I shall take your life!"

Thus he boasted, being an Afghan; and Mehmet, being as much of an Afghan, boasted as freely.

"Pah!" he announced. "Since this seems to be your day for risking your neck, I might as well break it before anybody else attends to the trifling business."

"Come on, then! Steel out, my little cockerel!"

"Steel out, O buffalo of my heart!"

And steel out it was, and they began to circle about each other, like two great cats, while above the Raven's Range the sunset sky dropped a bloodstained curtain. With venom in their strokes they fought, and shrewdness in their parry; the Babari, weighted down by two hundred pounds of generous brawn, a little more ponderously, and Mehmet, being the shorter man with the shorter blade, more lightly and subtly—on the defensive at first, gliding away from the tribesman's savage charge, watching his chance, using his sword with the instinct of an eyelash; then, presently, attacking with staccato lunge, seeking lustily to bring death to his opponent by thrust as well as by edge—while the other laughed, quite good-naturedly.

"A pretty style of fencing—for children!" he commented, catching Mehmet's point on the guard of his hilt, his own scimitar, at the same moment, jerking out with a hiss and glitter and missing his enemy's head by the shadow of a thought. He grunted with the effort. *"Hai—bageddin belagardan!"* he appealed to his patron saint as again his weapon descended like lightning, in a slanting direction.

Mehmet parried and side-stepped.

"I must make an end to this," he mocked. "Or we shall be at the steel-crossing until we are gray-beards!"

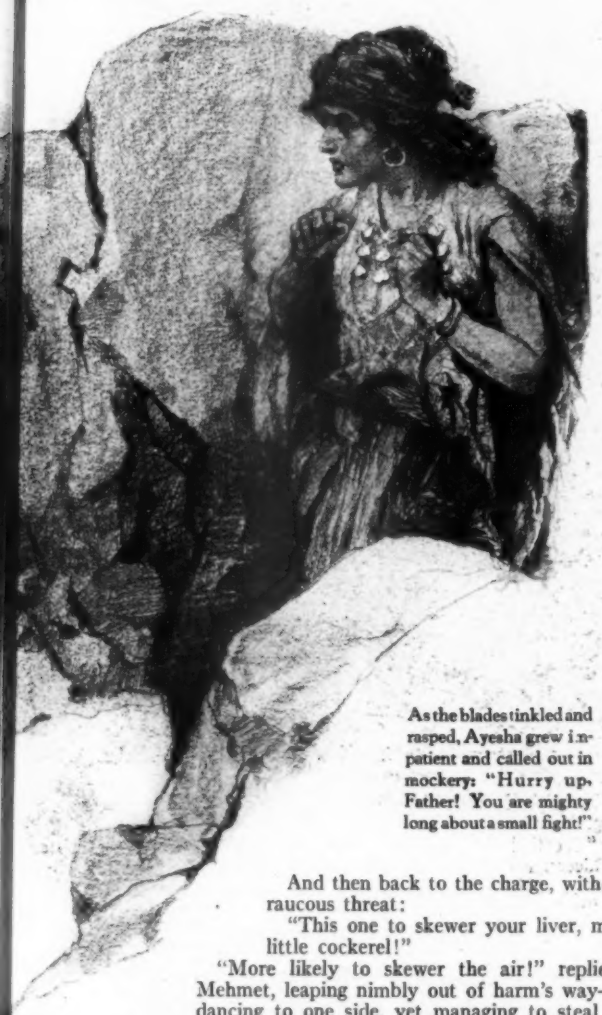
And another lunge and thrust. Another counter-lunge and counter-thrust. The blades tinkled and rasped. The pommels

rang. A leg was pinked here, an arm there. But no dangerous wound. . . . . And then, all at once, into the midst of this murderous song, there trespassed, incongruous and startling, a girl's clear voice:

"Father! It is getting late—and supper is on the table—and Mother is waiting, and Grandmother!"

The Babari did not turn. Over his shoulder he said to his daughter—who had come up from the village, was standing there, a handsome peasant lass, gray-eyed, red-lipped, brown-haired, full-breasted—over his shoulder he said:

"Run along, Ayesha! Here are we two hardy men to the fore—and let the women wait!"



As the blades tinkled and rasped, Ayesha grew impatient and called out in mockery: "Hurry up, Father! You are mighty long about a small fight!"

And then back to the charge, with a raucous threat:

"This one to skewer your liver, my little cockerel!"

"More likely to skewer the air!" replied Mehmet, leaping nimbly out of harm's way—dancing to one side, yet managing to steal a glance at the girl and telling himself: "By Allah and by Allah, but it is she has the morning on her forehead and the stars in her eyes!"

Indeed they were starry eyes—merry, laughing eyes. She was not frightened. For was not she too of the Afghans? And was not her father's name as a sworder wide-blown from hill to hill?

So she watched, excited, exultant, yelling "Ho!" and "Hai!" and "Hah!" as again the pommels rang and the blades tinkled and rasped.

But the minutes passed; and Ayesha remembered her mother and grandmother—neither so gentle of tongue—and the good supper waiting; and she grew impatient and called out in mockery:

"Hurry up, Father! Ah—you are mighty long about a small fight!"

"A lovely voice!" thought Mehmet—thought: "I must steal another look at her!"

He did, and almost it cost him his life.

For at once, seeing him turn a little, the Babari was upon him with a pounce and a roar—dropping his scimitar, which because of its length would be useless in a body-to-body struggle; his left hand seizing Mehmet's right wrist, twisting it cruelly, forcing the fingers to spread and the sword to clatter on the ground, his right hand reaching for the short black knife where it was strapped in a leathern scabbard below his knee.

"Now is the proper moment to say your prayers!" he declared triumphantly.

Mehmet did not resist. He seemed to go limp in the clansman's hard grip, then pulled away and fell flat on his back, making no attempt to rise or to defend himself, as if he were motionless with fear.

So Ayesha thought.

"Coward!" she cried contemptuously. "Off with the man's apparel—and on with the skirt, the apron, the ribbons, the woman's garb! Coward!"

"Coward!" echoed her father. "*Wah*—the land is full of laughter at your disgrace!"

With legs broadly straddled, he stood above the other. He was in no hurry, savoring the foretaste of his red deed. He rolled up his sleeves, flexed his hairy, muscle-packed arms, drew the edge of his dagger across his thumb-nail to make sure of its sharpness.

And then, as the point came down—slowly, too slowly—all at once, viciously, Mehmet bunched his shoulders and lashed up and out with both his feet, sending them with all his strength into his enemy's chest just below the heart.

The Babari yelped with pain. His body sailed through the air in a great arc of flesh and brawn and bones. The back of his head struck a rock—and he lay there unconscious, an expression of ridiculous amazement on his face.

In two steps Mehmet was by his side. He tore off the prostrate man's shoes; helped himself, as an afterthought, to a handsome silver bracelet that clasped the other's stout wrist; turned and ducked just in time to avoid the jagged stone which Ayesha had thrown.

He laughed. He stared at her.

"By my honor," he exclaimed, "there is none lovelier than you in the white moon or in the full, blue day!"

Suddenly his arms were about her, crushing her against his breast, bending her backward so that her long tresses swept the ground. He kissed her; then quickly released her, as she gave the full-throated call of her clan—the call of alarm, the call for help:

"Babari! Babari ho! Come running!"

"Running—eh?" smiled Mehmet. "Pah—running not more swiftly than I!"

And while already there was a patter of feet and a stir of voices and a crackle of steel, he was off, with a tossed word in parting to Ayesha:

"Some day I shall return, O heart of three roses!"

And away he was, down the hill, through a laurel wold, along a narrow trail that led to a valley, across the valley hot-foot and hot-foot up the farther slope—while behind him he heard the view-halloo of the man-hunt.

On the crest of a hill a great feudal castle towered with an abandon of square granite blocks and bold masonry. Straight he made for it, as ever the savage yells of the pursuers grew and bloated and came nearer.

His heart thudded. His lungs throbbed and hurt. But he kept on.

Evening came. It was now dark. He stumbled—bumped against trees and rocks in his breathless passage. Still he kept on, toward the castle, his only hope. He saw a cluster of people atop its broad gate.

So he ran, ran, ran—the purloined cloak standing out in the wind like a battle-flag, the purloined brogans bobbing up and down from their thongs clutched in his left fist. And it was like this man that, in spite of the dread in his soul, he should be seized, as he sped, with a notion of the ludicrous figure he must present, with the sword in his right hand and the shoes in his left; and it was like him, too, that he should laugh at the thought how belike these same shoes might be too large for him after all.

But a knife, whistling past his ear and burying three-fourths of its length in the grass, abruptly spoiled his sense of comedy. He quickened his pace, reached the gate, and to the watchers on top, called:

"Open up!"

They asked him his name, his clan and his business; and he cursed them for fools, adding:

"This is a time for short ceremony! For here am I as keen to see the inside of your wall as those at my heel are keen to see the inside of my skin! Let me in!"

Boldly he preceded Habeebah through the garden, boldly announced: "Here is the Heaven-born—the

A moment later, on somebody's command, the gate swung a little on its hinges; and Mehmet leaped in just as the tribesmen rushed out on the crest of the hill.

They stood there enraged, baffled. They might have assaulted the gate and battered it in. But they did not. For jealous of their own rights, they respected another man's. Their rule ended at the threshold of the stronghold where its owner's rule began; and so they contented themselves with loud insults and returned anon to their villages, while Mehmet salaamed before the man who was lord over the castle and the many broad acres that filled the valley to the south.

His name was Mogul Khan. He was an elderly Tartar chief with a soft smile and a huge paunch, a descendant of copper-faced Central Asian freebooters who once had conquered and scarred the land from Pekin to Moscow, from the Arctic to the Pamirs.

But Mogul Khan was unlike his ancestors. He had forgotten their haughty, cruel prowess in the pleasures of the cook-pots, the wine-jugs, the silken divans. Quick at forgiving he was, easily moved to laughter, fond of a jest and a salty tale. . . . . And who was there like Mehmet the Red to tell both jests and tales?

So, presently, over heaped platters and a fine array of bottles, Tartar lord and Afghan ruffian were like old friends, smiting each other on the back, calling each other "O darling!" and "O heart of my heart!" and "O king!"—again quaffing deeply, exchanging light confidences; then, as the golden Persian wine stirred potently in their brains, exchanging confidences more grave and sentimental. Thus Mehmet related his most recent adventure, adding that a girl was to blame, while Mogul Khan commented:

"Aye! A girl is always to blame."

He sighed; and his guest inquired with real sympathy:

"You too have loved?"

"Greatly! Ah,"—the Tartar made a noise between a sob and a hiccough that caused his immense stomach to quiver like jelly,—"only, unlike you, I have remained true to one woman."

"Impossible!"

"Yet a fact! A woman—Allah—who has never been mine!"

"Again—impossible!"

"Again—a fact. Our families were enemies. Habeebah was forced to marry somebody else, a courtier at Kabul."

Mehmet stood up. He swayed a little.

"Say the word," he bellowed, "and I shall slash his gullet from ear to ear!"

"No need."

"Eh?"

"He died a few months ago."

"Then why not—"

"Marry Habeebah now?"

"Yes."

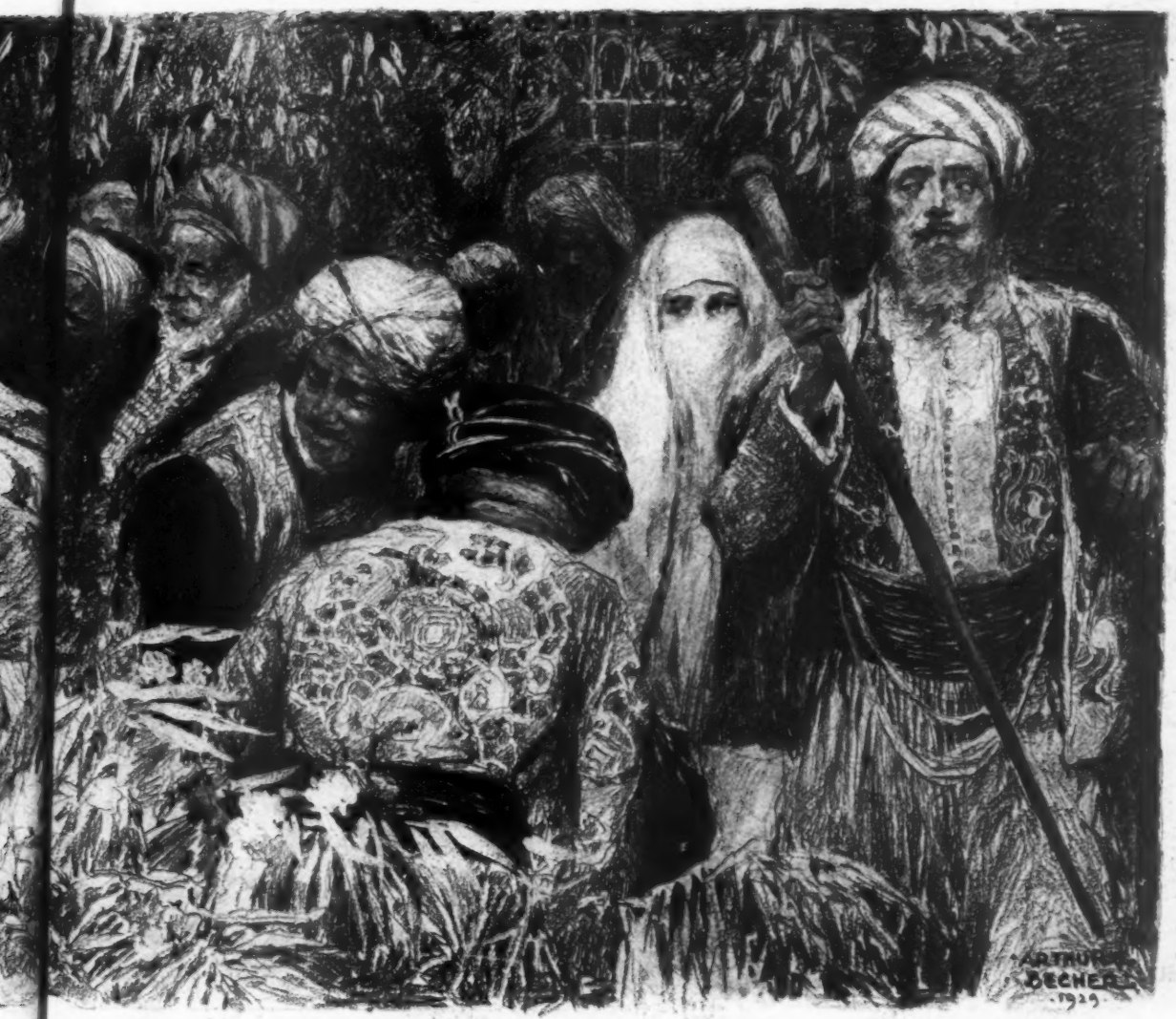
"Because still our families are enemies."

And the Tartar helped himself liberally to wine. So did Mehmet.

"I shall help you!" announced the latter, suddenly, grandiosely. "I—Mehmet the Red!"

Mogul Khan drew the other to him and bestowed a hearty, smacking kiss upon his brow. He assured him of his gratitude and affection and continued:

"So beautiful is Habeebah! Let me tell you how beautiful! Her face is as wondrous as the moon on the fourteenth day! Her waist is the waist of the she-lion! Her eyes are violets drenched in dew! Her locks are black snakes! Her narrow feet are twin



Most Excellent Presence!" The guests hardly looked up; they were too busy watching the *nautch*.

lilies! Ah, brother mine, as a garment she is white and gold; as a season, the spring; as a flower, the Persian jasmine; as a speaker, the nightingale; as a perfume, musk blended with sandalwood; as a being, love incarnate; as a—"

"You have told me enough," interrupted Mehmet, just a trifle impatiently. "You want this woman, and by the honor of my sword, you shall have her!"

Next morning, when both were more sober, Mehmet repeated his promise.

For he liked the Tartar. Besides, the latter was wealthy; and, considered Mehmet, was not a good deed, though done for the sake of friendship, deserving of proper golden reward? Furthermore, Mogul Khan had spoken of locks like black snakes and eyes like violets drenched in dew; and Mehmet had always been partial to black hair and violet eyes, ever since that day—ah, the day long-off and lost!—when he had roamed the hills with his first love, a girl of the Afridi tribe. Her hair, too, had been black and her eyes violet—and often the memory of her came back to him, like the curious lilt of a tune that is vexatious and sweet, and not for words or set thoughts.

Yes. Black hair, violet eyes—not to forget the golden reward, nor his honest friendship for Mogul Khan. By Allah, was ever an Afghan driven by three such divergent motives?

Anyway, be the reason this or that or the other or all three of them, go he must to Kabul where the woman lived; and he said to Mogul Khan:

"It is time I was taking my feet away from here and traveling into the north."

Mogul Khan gazed at him earnestly.

"You will do this thing for me—really?"

"Yes."

Again the Tartar expressed his gratitude. He told him that Habeebah was the widow of Prince Shamyl Nadir, the Governor of Kabul, and that her palace was not far from the Bazaar of the Kirghiz Traders.

"I know the place," replied Mehmet; and when the other asked him how he meant to go about the business of kidnaping Habeebah,—for doubtless it would come to that, since she was rich and her family was jealously guarding her and spying on her,—Mehmet answered, truthfully enough, that in all his motley enterprises he had never taken the trouble of planning out a thing from first to last; had always put everything on the gamble and luck of a sudden thought, a sudden trick, or a sudden sword-thrust.

"But I need your signet ring," he added, "so that she may know I am your friend and trust me."

And he received the ring—received also a fat purse, a bag of provisions, a roan stallion, and the Tartar's heartfelt blessings—and was off an hour later, taking the road through the valley, clear away from the land and wrath of the Babari, wondering fleetingly what Ayesha was doing on this sunny morning and if, belike, she was thinking of him.

He laughed.

"Wah," he told himself, pulling his red beard to a peak, "here am I, a man come into the world to ornament it, and to find my fill of fine, storied adventures—and to find, too, gold—and perhaps locks like black snakes and eyes like violets drenched in dew!"

He blushed a little. No, no! The Tartar was his friend. And spurring on his horse, he exclaimed:

"Get thee in back of me, O Shaitan, O Tempter, O Father of Fleas and Lies!"

(Please turn to page 150)

Hit and Run

By Sam Hellman

By the fifth inning the players are so weary from throwing 'em in and running 'em out that they practically lie down on the job.

Beside the big-league games, the papers print a lot of little "box scores." Here's the secret of some of them.

Illustrated by Tony Sarg

"WELL," remarks Breeze, tossing some papers onto the table, "we're a couple of magnates now."

"We're a couple of whats!" I exclaims.

"Magnates, big boy, magnates," returns Emerson. "We bought a baseball team today."

"We?" I echoes. "Surely there must be some mistake. I don't remember ordering any baseball teams. I was indeed thinking of getting the Missus a football eleven or a six-day bike race for her anniversary, but—"

"While you're thinking," cuts in Breeze, "I'm doing. Effective next week, the Mellish Mustard Club of the Food and Fodder League flaunts across its manly bosom that name of quality and high emprise—*Pommefrite Products*. I took over the franchise from Jimmy Mellish this afternoon."

"What for?" I wants to know.

"We need it in our business," replies Emerson.

"Undoubtedly," says I, sarcastic. "I can't imagine anything more vital to the delicatessen game than a baseball team, unless perhaps it's a matched pair of Australian wombats, or some left-handed Swiss bell-ringers."

"But think of the advertising we'll get out of it!" comes back Breeze. "Not only is the Food and Fodder League one of the best semi-pro outfits in the East, but—"

"What if it is?" I interrupts. "Will base hits move cans of anchovy paste off our shelves, or bring home the bacon for our Westphalian hams? Do women look in the box-scores for bargains in blutwurst? Do—"

"Your business vision," scowls Emerson, "is positively B. C. You should've been selling glassware to the Phœnicians. Today publicity is the power that makes mountains out of molehills and then moves 'em. Get your name before the public, keep it there, and the world'll travel through mud up to its waist to beat a path to your door."

"Yeh," says I, "—and then probably wipe its feet on you. . . . . How much will this toy of yours take the corporate bank-roll for?"

"Not much," answers Breeze. "The franchise sets us back a couple of grand, but the gate'll take care of the players' salaries and the rest of the outgo. It wouldn't surprise me any if we finished up the season with a profit."

"Apparently, though, it would have surprised Mellish," I observes. "Why is he letting go?"

"Because," returns Emerson, "the sap doesn't know any more about running a ball-team than a mackerel does about bee-culture. He's got his tossers down in eighth place—"

"Who's going to get 'em out of there?" I asks. "You?"

"None other than," says Breeze. "What it takes to kick a nine upstairs I got. Did I ever tell you about the layout I managed in Terre Haute?"

"No," I replies, "but you will. Let's get it over with."

"I was only a kid then," retails Emerson, "and we had a team they called Little-Onions-Hard-to-Peel—"

"What were you?" I inquires. "The Big Leek of the outfit, or just an ordinary scallion?"

"Captain and pitcher," says Breeze unnecessarily. "We were

nowheres when I took hold, but in a month we were the toast of Terre. For the championship we played the Mayhems of Muncie. Well do I remember that day. I struck out eleven men, hit four home runs, stole five bases and figured in six double plays."

"What'd you do the rest of the game?" I asks. "Loaf?"

"I had a chance to sign on with the Three-eye League," goes on Emerson, "but—"

"Yeh," I cuts in, "but just about that time somebody jerked the blanket off of you. . . . . Am I to understand from the interview you've just had with yourself that you intend to play with the Pommefrite Products?"

"No," says Breeze, "but I do intend to be a field manager. Of course, you know we have games only on Saturdays and Sundays."

"That," I remarks, "gives five days in the week a break. Who do we hook up with for our opener, Mr. McGraw?"

"Schneider's Sun-tanned Salmon," answers Emerson. "They're in second place, only a game behind Goldfarb's Picnic Crispies, and I'd certainly like to take 'em for a tumble. A win'd probably tie us up with Moon-glow Chick-feed."

"'Tis a proud day that'll be for me and mine, Mr. Huggins," says I. "Who are the players in this league? Just kids working around Produce Row?"

"You'd have to go right into the Big Tent to get any better journeymen than we have in the Food and Fodder," comes back Breeze. "We pay 'em fifty and a hundred dollars a game."

"I see," says I. "And you're going to stand around and tell these bozos how to play ball."

"Why not?" demands Emerson. "Is there anything unusual in brain directing brawn?"

"Not at all, Mr. Mack," I admits, "but on the other hand there's nothing unusual in brawn bending a bat around the brow of brain; and if you don't mind my mentioning it, you have a way about you—"

"Even so," interrupts Breeze, "I propose to have that way my way. Those who don't like it can get the hence out of my ball-yard and never darken my diamond again."

"Our ball-yard, Mr. Carrigan," I corrects politely, "and our diamond, Mr. Schalk."

"Well, ours then," growls Emerson. "You don't want to take a hand in running the team, do you?"

"Hardly," says I. "Somebody's got to sell the Phœnicians glassware while you're out nursing pop flies and foul tips."

"What it is this baseball of the which one speaks?" asks Emerson's French wife Chérie, at this point.

"Ma foi!" I gasps in Gallic. "Is it that it is that you have never seen the great American outdoor sport?"

"Non," says she. "I maybe see her, but I do not look. Is it *un jeu*—what you call the game?"

"It is, indeed," I returns, "an innocent, joyous and simple pastime in which eighteen-thousand-dollar pitchers throw balls at twenty-five-thousand-dollar batters, who hit them over the heads of eleven-thousand-dollar fielders and out of eight-hundred-thousand-dollar stadiums. You may have heard its theme-song—No Runs, No Hits, No Errors, I Love You."

"Non," comes back Chérie. "I do not hear him. What it is my Breeze has with the baseball to do?"

"Your husband," says I, "is breeding baseball to bologny with the hope of producing melons. How'd you like to be the mascot for the Pommefrite Products club of the Food and Fodder League?"

"Qu'est-ce que c'est le mascot?" frowns Frenchie.

"Le mascot," I explains, "is something you carry around for luck like the left hind-foot of a rabbit killed with a blow-gun in a Siamese cemetery."

"Oui," says Chérie, at a venture; "but what the mascot she do?"

"All you do," I tells her, "is sit around and look lucky. You may, however, occasionally lift your treble at the umpire with some such remark as, 'You dirty crook, why don't you get yourself a tin cup and some lead pencils?'—at the same time lightly bouncing a pop-bottle off his conk."

"C'est très drôle," murmurs Madame Emerson.

"You have no idea," says I, "how droll it is. Wait till that high-powered provider of yours starts dictating to his flock of sand-lot alumni. You're likely to find yourself sponsoring insurance black for fall wear before the season's in the bag."

"What," inquires my Frau, coming in on the tail of the conversation, "is your connection with this baseball effect?"

"Very remote," I assures her. "It's strictly Emersonian. Breeze is the promotor, while I'm just a parasite—a guy going through a revolving door on another fellow's push. I do nothing but batten, if any, on the profits, if any. I may, however, write a theme-song for the team."

"Quelle sort of song?" inquires Chérie.

"Oh," says I, "some lilting little ditty like *'Pommefrite Products, Incorporated Under the Laws of the State of Delaware,* I Love You,' with perhaps a chorus going—

Pommefrite Products, Pommefrite Products,
They don't say nothing,
They don't do nothing
But just keep peddling along.

"Go right ahead with it," scowls Emerson. "You seem to be completely wired for sound."

THE following Saturday the four of us beat it out to the ball-park, the lease of which we'd inherited with the club and the bat-boy's freckles. It's a raggedy, ramshackle affair on the outskirts of the town abaft the abattoir, with malarial fences whose boards chatter in the wind.

During the week, however, Breeze'd had 'em frescoed up with murals, blotting out the painted hosannahs in praise of Mellish's Mustard, and parking in place of 'em pæans for Pommefrite Products in splotches and splashes of color that give the general effect of a rainbow gone berserk in an aniline dye factory. In addition, the boy friend'd strewn the hoardings, as we call 'em in Tunbridge Wells, with prize offers—a baked ham if you hit this sign, a jag of canned stuff if you smack the ball into that one. A bozo after a brisk day with the willow would leave the park looking like the

curate's daughter delivering a Christmas basket to old Mrs. Tinkleberry down by the weir.

"Wonderful idea!" I remarks. "We not only sink our jack into this gazipe, but we take goods off the shelves and throw 'em after it. Can't you figure out some scheme for giving away the fixtures and the bills collectible to the fly-chasers?"

"Don't be such a one-way pocket," growls Emerson. "We wont cough up fifty dollars' worth of provender in a year! A home run'd have to be in a hurry to hit one of those signs. What do you think of 'em?"

"Don't ask me," I returns. "They're suing bimbos for having opinions on works of art these days. Where're the originals of these blurbs? In the Louvre, or up in Barnum and Bailey's attic?"

"They are a bit to the florid," admits Breeze, "but after all, they were put there to be seen, and—"

"Don't worry," says I. "They will be—and heard. Those are not stills—they're squawkies."

Leaving the gals in the grandstand, Emerson and I drop down to the dugout to take a look at the pay-roll while the Schneider's Sun-tanned Salmons are on the field tossing 'em about. The newly baptized Pommefrite Products turn out to be a hard-faced crew with more flea-bitten veterans among 'em than the youngsters I'd expected to find in a semi-pro outfit.

Not far from the bull-pen a tall, rangy player is lobbing 'em over to another lad. There's something in the heaver's jerky, side-wheel motion that's vaguely familiar, and I edges over for a closer look. Sure and enough, it's "Long Jim" Norfleet, a big-timer I used to be pretty thick with when he was eating the bread of Barney Dreyfus at Pittsburgh.

"What," I asks brilliantly, "are you doing here?"

"Laying linoleum in the Paducah City Hall," returns Long Jim. "What makes you think I'm here?"

"Just a shrewd guess," says I. "You traveled some distance from the junction of the Allegheny and the Ohio, feller!"

"Some," shrugs Norfleet; "but you'd be surprised how far a Charlie horse can carry you when you're going downhill. I'm here, though, largely, on account of a family failing."

"What's that?" I asks.

"This business," comes back Norfleet, "of adding a year to your age every time you have a birthday. What about yourself? The last I heard of you, you were out in Hollywood studying to be a moron."

"I graduated, kid," I tells him, "at the foot of the class. Right now I'm engaged in warming bottles for another infant industry. See those signs over there?"

"Yep," says Long Jim. "They're visible even to these ageing eyes. Did you paint 'em?"

"Paint 'em, your ear-muffs!" I growls. "I'm the *Pomme* in Pommefrite Products, in person. Don't you keep up with your Dun and Bradstreet?"

"Never heard of 'em," grunts Norfleet. "Who are they?"

"A couple of guys," says I, "who tell fortunes. If you looked into their crystal ball, you'd discover—"

"Then you're my boss!" cuts in Norfleet, suddenly realizing his position.

"In a way," I admits. "Your soul really belongs to a corporation organized under the laws of Delaware, but the actual bossing of your body'll be done by my partner Breeze Emerson. He's handling the team."

"And here," goes on the veteran ruefully, "I've been standing around telling you what a spav I am!"

"Don't let that raise your blood-pressure," says I. "As far as this delicatessen distributor's concerned, you can have yourself pushed up to the plate in a wheel-chair. You're not any worse than the rest of the tossers in this league, are you?"

"Not much," replies Norfleet. "The Food and Fodder's just a bone-yard for glass arms and rheumatic legs; but at that, it's bed and board for a lot of lads who've been aired out of the main tent. What kind of a nasturtium is this partner of yours?"

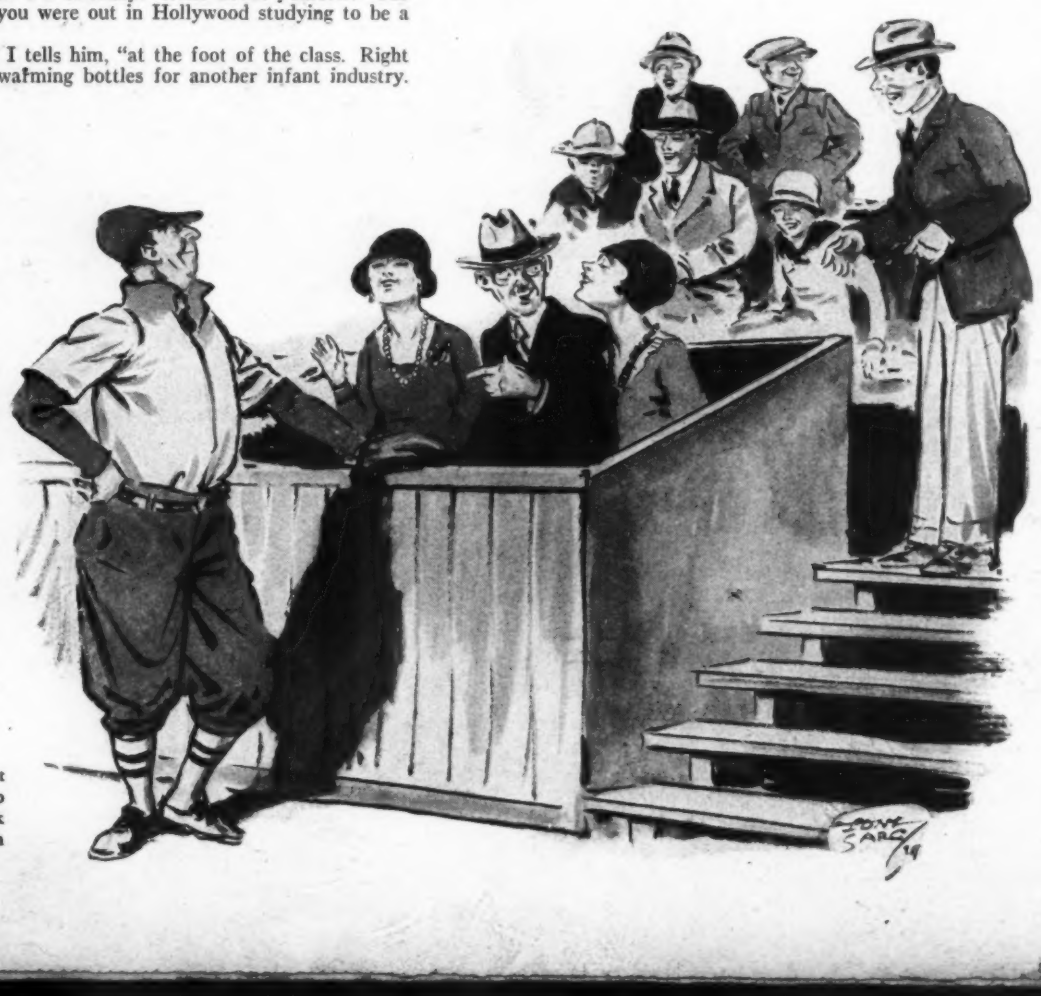
"He's not such a pain in the poke," says I. "Outside of the fact that he's written the words and music, and staged the dances, for practically every form of human endeavor from running ball-clubs to teaching fish to breathe through their gills, he's—"

"Know-it-all, eh?"

"In spades," I nods; "but he'll give you a square break. Look at the baked hams and potted pig's feet Breeze's allowing you to shoot at. Come on over and meet him. He's wig-wagging to us."

"We must have a new spirit," Emerson's spilling when we reaches the dugout. "It's well enough to play a slipshod game when representing such shoddy goods as Mellish's Mustard and Pierian Pickles. Inferiority breeds inferiority, and under the circumstances it's not surprising that you're in eighth place. But with Pommefrite Products, the situation is entirely different. That name emblazoned across your chests stands for the supreme in prepared foods. Quality calls for quality, and I expect you all to put up a game in keeping with the high standards of our caviar, *paté de fois gras*, select salami and other table delicacies that fairly justify our slogan—*'God's Gift to the Appetite.'*"

Emerson pauses for breath, and I takes the opportunity to steal a glance about the bull-pen. The gang's gazing at Breeze in wide-mouthed wonder, the composite expression being one of suspicion that the new boss isn't quite all there and accounted for between the ears. It is, of course, cuckoo to me too—this idea of trying



"What do you expect a field manager to wear?" comes back Breeze. "An English walking suit?"

"What," I asks brilliantly, "are you doing here?" "Laying linoleum in the City Hall," returns Long Jim. "What makes you think I'm here?"

to needle a lot of moth-eaten pill-pounders into enthusiasm for cans and cold cuts.

"Any weakness you show on the field," resumes Emerson, "reflects not only on Pommefrite Products as a team, but also on Pommefrite Products as merchandise. I expect you to display as much superiority this afternoon over Schneider's Sun-tanned Salmon as the Pommefrite brand of salmon does over the Schneider article. That's all. Go forth and conquer. Since you represent the best, be the best."

"I trust," I remarks to Norfleet when the players scatter, "you've been duly impressed."

"I'd die for dear old Pommefrite," says the side-wheeler. "To think that I've been throwing my arm out all these years for an inferior brand of mustard and pickles!"

Leaving Norfleet with his bitter grief, I joins the Jills up in the grandstand, which by this time is half filled. There are in the park seats for about two thousand patrons of the game.

"What's Breeze been doing?" asks my Jennie.

"Preaching a crusade," I tells her. "That baby's wasting himself in the delicatessen business. He ought to be in the talkers making two-reel comedies out of the Congressional Record."

"Breeze, he talk nice, not?" contributes Chérie.

"Yeh," I grunts, "he talk nice, not; but he say nothing, yes."

I spends the next ten minutes or so trying to explain baseball to Madame Emerson and my egg-scrambler, but I'd have been much more successful teaching a deaf-mute Lithuanian the third verse of "The Star Spangled Banner" with variations for the oboe and a pair of flutes. With Chérie I never get any further than the bald statement that there are nine men to a side. Why nine, she wants to know—why not eight or ten? And she refuses to go on with the lesson until that's cleared up. I begs and pleads with her to accept the fact and let the reasons slide, but she wont, even when I puts it on the ground of a personal favor.

"Oh, hell," says I at length, "let's drop the subject and take up a simpler something, like Einstein's theory of his relatives."

Game's called at that point, and with the players emerges Breeze—in uniform. A hump-backed bricklayer would have looked more at home in a ballet costume than the boy friend does in baseball togs, but Emerson's well satisfied with himself. He struts up and down before the stands like a matador who's just bumped off the bull, finally draping himself over the barrier behind which we're sitting.

"Why the make-up?" I inquires.

"What do you expect a field manager to wear?" comes back Breeze. "An English walking suit or a Bavarian yodeler's lay-out?"

"It is nice the which you have on," observes Chérie. "It makes you look like the boy—what it is what you say?"

"Childish," I offers.

"*Oui,*" she smiles gratefully. "*C'est le mot*—childish."

"Listen," growls Emerson to his Frau: "Hereafter when you need an English expression, come to me for it."

"What you should do," I suggests, changing the subject, "is to have the words '*Pommefrite Products*' sewn on the back of the shirt too. Then you could double out in the field as a sandwich man."

Breeze snorts himself off to the side-lines, and I sits back for a peaceful enjoyment of the game. It's just a fool's paradise.

"You see," splutters Chérie, grabbing me by the arm, "you no tell me right. There are eleven men which play—the one with the stick in the hand, the one in the blue suit with the cage of the bird over his *visage—pourquoi* he have the cage of the—"

"To keep woodpeckers from laying eggs in his hair," I explains. "That's the umpire."

"What it is, the umpire?" she queries.

"It all depends," I tells her. "When the wind is in a certain direction, he's the lowest form of animal life next to the amœba of a polecat; when it's in another, he's a fearless square-shooter combining the best qualities of Buddha, Abraham Lincoln and St. Anthony of Padua. This particular umps, I think, is the lad they call Honest Joe Kelly. Ever hear how he got that monicker?"

Apparently the ladies hadn't.

"It seems," says I, "that one cold day Kelly and a bunch of other guys were sitting around a red-hot stove in the clubhouse. Afterwhile everybody but him went out. When the gang returned a couple of hours later, Joe was gone but the stove was where they'd left it. Ever since then he's been known as Honest Joe Kelly. . . . . Let's watch the game."

NORFLEET fans the first two Salmons to face him, but the third batter leans against a roundhouse curve and smacks it to the center-field wall, flush against our advertisement of Pommefrite's Perfection Pecans—from Contented Trees. The wallop entitles the slugger to four bases and ten pounds of the nuts, and Breeze to the privilege of walking out on the diamond and conferring with the pitcher.

(Please turn to page 155)

Leaving the familiar home town and all their friends, the Reyburn family moves to New York to win wealth—and a place in "society."

Manhattan

By Sophie Kerr

The Story So Far:

"MOTHER, I do wish Dad made more money," said young Nancy Reyburn as her mother Effie drove her home for the week-end from school. For Nancy's room-mate Ariana Wood—who had been expelled from another school because of a flirtation with an actor—had been dwelling expansively on the glories of Gotham and the shame of wearing mere artificial pearls.

Effie considered. "You never said that before, Nancy. Is there something special you want?"

"It's the whole thing. Oh, we have a nice-enough house, and a cook and a second girl, and two cars, if you call this a car, and Father's vice-president and manager of the bank, and I have as good clothes as the other girls—but I'd like real luxury—I'd like a big French limousine with a chauffeur in livery; I'd like lots of servants, and—and I'd like real pearls."

Effie considered again, very seriously. "I'd rather enjoy all those things too," she said at last. "But we haven't got them, and we probably never will have them, and I'm not going to let what I can't have spoil what I have—and I hope you wont, either."

They dropped the subject then; and in the afternoon they went with Nancy's father Walter Reyburn, and a New York lawyer named Bishop who had brought a letter of introduction, to see Nancy's young brother James Terry play football. . . . .

But events struck more seriously at Effie Reyburn's happiness when Carl Pardee, an old suitor of hers, was given a big promotion in his bank, while her husband remained tied in his place by the ultra-conservative management of his superior John Parkinson—and when Reyburn's jealousy of Pardee and irritation with Parkinson culminated in an explosion, and he resigned.

There followed a blue time in the Reyburn household; finally Effie persuaded Walter to go alone to Georgia to recover his equilibrium, and presently she wrote, telling him that Parkinson had called, seeking reconciliation:

"But you are to do what you like, Walter," she said. "I don't want you ever to go back unless you know that you can force readjustments at the bank which will relieve you. My dear and love, we're not geared to any set standard of living; you must not feel that I and the children are a weight you must support in any required way or style. We're not going to bind ourselves by the rule of what other people do, or expect us to do."

But two days later Walter himself burst excitedly into the house, crying: "Effie, my girl—what d'you think! I've got an offer to go to New York at sixty thousand a year! The minute

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Mirage

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

This New York existence—at times Effie delighted in it, counting small triumphs, such as meeting and bowing to Mrs. Villiers at the opera.

it was settled I hopped a train—I've been traveling eighteen hours steady—to get home and tell you. It's one of the biggest banks in New York! Bishop was a scout, sent to look me over."

So the Reyburns migrated to New York, to the delight of Walter and Nancy, the distress of young James Terry and the anxious perplexity of the still young wife and mother Effie. For the standards of the metropolis were new and strange. And Nancy in her new school showed evidences of becoming a snobbish little climber; and Walter, preoccupied largely with business, had the rest of his attention diverted by Mrs. Evans—a man-hunting divorcée relative of the Bishops. When Effie protested, half-humorously, "Don't let this Mrs. Evans person fascinate you away from me, will you?"—she meant it to be facetious. But Walter replied:

"Don't be so provincial, Effie!"

Effie's anger and resentment flashed into words: "I'm not provincial enough to be taken in by a lot of cheap flattery from a vamp out of the comic strip!"

There was a blank horrible silence in the cab. At the apartment door they got out and went upstairs in a strained, unnatural silence. And they went to bed with the slaps they had dealt each other still smarting, neither of them willing to say: "I was rude; I was wrong; I was unkind." *(The story continues in detail:)*

IN the morning the incident was still noticeably ignored, which meant that they were both nursing anger and resentment. Effie searched her own heart, and was surprised to find herself genuinely unrepentant. The word *provincial* was the salt in the wound. She didn't believe for an instant that Lora Evans had done more than please his vanity—she couldn't imagine that he had actually liked the woman; but to call her, Effie, provincial—that rankled. If he had only said *silly* or *ridiculous* or *absurd,* or any other adjective that has lost its significance by constant light use! She could not keep from wondering if Mrs. Evans had used the word, flourished it about, probably, so that it stuck in his mind and came too promptly to his lips. All the same, he ought not to have said it; but having said it, and seen how she felt about it, he ought to have told her at once that he didn't mean it.

She tried not to dwell on it, but it refused to leave her con-

sciousness. It made her attitude toward Walter stiff and unnatural, and this was increased when, without consulting her, he gave Nancy a handful of money for her matinée party which was due at the end of the week—a sum far too large, Effie thought, to be spent by a schoolgirl to entertain two other schoolgirls. But she could say nothing. To criticize Walter to Nancy was unthinkable. Her only course was to persuade Nancy to spend the sum with taste and discretion.

There she found difficulties, for Nancy was unusually captious about this party. At first she had insisted on taking her friends to Pierre's or Sherry's for tea, but Effie deftly circumvented that. "If you take them to a restaurant and not to your home," she pointed out, as if it didn't matter in the least, but was an interesting point, "they'll take you to a restaurant when it's their turn to entertain. You wont be asked into their homes; you can't expect it, unless you ask them to yours."

Nancy saw the logic of this. "But I'm afraid they'll think it's a bore, up here. You see, Mother, they're used to such a lot. I'm sure Charlotte Kilvaine's father is richer even than Ariana's. And Vida Larrimore's people may not be so awfully wealthy, but they're in everything! Oh, dear, I do wish Dad would hurry up and buy a car. Imagine having to take Charlotte and Vida about in a taxi!"

Effie looked at Nancy with anxious misgivings. She was so young and so pretty, so charmingly young and pretty; but there was a hardness in her voice and in her eyes that had not been there b e f o r e. Her lips pouted an unbecoming discontent. Her lips—Effie l o o k e d more closely.

"For heaven's sake, Nancy—is your mouth rouged?"

"Of course it is. Mother, all the girls do it. My face would be simply naked without it."

Effie t h o u g h t fast. "Then you must have a lipstick that suits y o u r complexion. That one's all off the tone; it's got a purplish cast t h a t ' s dreadful with your brun e t t e coloring. How did you happen to choose it?"

"I bought it down at the drug-store, and the light wasn't very good." Nancy, disturbed, rubbed the offending tint off her lips.

"We'll go to a beauty-shop and get you the right sort," said Effie. "And a nice compact that tones with your skin, to keep the shine off your nose. Throw that awful thing away—do; it makes your mouth look like a piece of raw liver."

There was not, as she thought it over later, much satisfaction in having taken this hurdle safely. Nancy had been more adult, more intent on thinking for herself, and far more sensible and independent in Drochester. Here, in this larger city, in this changed existence, she had reverted to a childlike imitativeness which Effie disliked and feared.

Nor did her two new friends, duly presented at tea-time on Saturday, impress Effie as attractive or desirable associates. Their manners were bad; they chattered away of shopping, and matinées, and clothes, and people, with an air of confident knowingness that made the older woman want to laugh at them and cry for them. Always they were on the verge of vulgarity, under the guise of smartness. One story Vida Larrimore told stood out as typical of their line. It was of her cousin Zoë, a débutante of the current season, choosing her gown for her coming-out dance.

"She must be simply wonderful," said Nancy. "I must remember that to write it to Ariana."

"Oh, do you correspond with Ariana?" asked Charlotte. "That must be rather fun."

"She's my best friend," said Nancy, and the other two looked at her with envy.

"You're lucky to have Ariana Wood for a friend," said Vida. "She's going to be absolutely *it* next year, with all that scandal

to make her interesting. She knows it, too."

"Yes, she knows it," agreed Nancy in the same tone.

Effie said nothing. "You were just as silly when you were that age," she told herself. "You've only forgotten. This is merely a sort of modern measles. It can't last."

After Vida and Charlotte had gone, she asked Nancy: "D'you like them better than Manie Gavin, and Anne Berger and the other Drochester girls?"

"Not better, exactly. But they're so much more interesting, Mother. They've experienced so much more, and they know so much. And they're so much more alive."

"I noticed one thing—they talk very little about boys."

Nancy gave a shrug which was exactly like Charlotte's. "They're afraid. You know—if Charlotte tells anything about her pet suitor, it would simply be advertising him to Vida and me, and we might use it to snitch him. That's the way it works."

"I see. It wasn't like that in Drochester, was it?"

"New York's not like Drochester in any way, thank heaven," said Nancy fervently. "Here, there's something to do, and something to work for. That's what makes it so marvelous. Oh, Mother, it was a piece of luck for me to have Ariana Wood room with me at Haberton! I can use her in so many ways, without her ever knowing. Didn't you notice how she *counts,* and how impressed Vida and Charlotte were at my writing to her? I hadn't told them before; I saved it until they asked, so they wouldn't think I considered it anything exciting. I must be so careful! If I make a single false step, I'm lost!"

neighborliness. "But that is gone," she told herself. "Everything is different—but myself. And I am a little different. I wouldn't have been so angry at Walter in Drochester—and I wouldn't have stayed angry. Neither would he."

There was the sting! Walter wouldn't have stayed angry. She forced herself to consider this in all its implications. And then she forced her thoughts to herself, stripped herself of sentiment and indicted herself in the court of her own reason. "I may just as well look at the truth," she thought. "But I hate doing it. Well—first, that Mrs. Evans: If she's a siren, I'd better know her methods. I'll only play her game if I ignore her. So long as she sticks in my mind as an unpleasant obstacle, she'll bother me to death. I'd better look her over, and be sure that she's a real obstacle. I wont admit that she's smarter than I am until I've put it to a test. Provincial! Maybe! But I'll see for myself, first, whether I'm as provincial as she thinks."

The Reyburn house was a center for youthful gayeties: by Effie's orders, Margery Villiers was included in all the fun going on.

The speech reminded Effie, with cruel exactness, of what Walter had said just before they moved to New York. "If I don't make good, they'll push me out and be perfectly cold-blooded about it."

Walter and Nancy, it seemed, had found something definite to gain in New York. She wondered why she could not thrill to their longings, look forward to winning their prizes. "But I can't," she thought. "I'm all confused and disorganized. I don't get hold of things." She went to the window and looked at the harsh strong web of buildings and streets meshed below her high vantage-point. In Drochester her windows gave on a wide tree-lined street with houses set well back and planted in with fresh green shrubbery, a simple limited vista of homes and families and

A sure instinct told her that it was useless to try to know Mrs. Evans without making it worth her while, in money, or in diversion.

She was especially agreeable to Walter when he came home. "Now that we're fairly well settled," she said, "we must begin to know people. I'm lonely for friends. Suppose we have a little dinner and theater party—we can ask the Pressleys and Mr. Bishop, and his cousin,"—Walter glanced at her questioningly, but she took no notice,—"and that young playwright Rascoe Blaine. That makes an odd man—suppose we have Nancy dine with us, but not go to the theater? Or do you feel that's too much family?" She was quite sure he would want to indulge Nancy. "Or," she went on, "we can leave out Nancy

and young Blaine, and simply have six. What d'you think?"

"Oh, let Nancy come," urged Walter. "She'll get a big kick out of it."

"That isn't the point. But as we know so few people, I think we might risk it. Of course it isn't usually done—I mean including a sub-deb in an adult party. Now, shall we dine at home, or at a restaurant?" She would. she had determined, use the patter he liked, show him that she knew the rules of this new game. "And d'you know Mrs. Evans' address?" she continued.

"I dare say it's in the telephone-book."

He hadn't said he didn't know it. "Probably they're all in the telephone-book, or Mr. Bishop will give me his cousin's, anyway."

Walter came over to her and put his arms around her. "You're feeling more like yourself now, aren't you, Effie? I've been worried about you—you haven't seemed very well."

She hadn't seemed very well! And she had been agonizing about their miserable little spat while he had forgotten it! "Men," thought Effie, "are simply priceless! And so are women, to be so sensitive!"

"You darling old thing," she said, luxuriating in finding her agony over and abandoned, "I feel wonderful. But you know—all this moving, and getting the children settled, and being alone so much—it's been rather a strain."

"Oh, well—that's behind us. We're all set now, and everything's fine."

"Everything will always be fine if you only keep on loving me!" she cried. "I don't care about anything else. No, nothing. You know it."

"Lady, you wouldn't kid a poor old workingman, would you?"

It was glorious to have him laugh at her, joke with her. She took the word *provincial* and flung it out of sight and mind. All that had been nothing but her excited imagination; she was willing to swear it. And as for Lora Evans and all her kind—they were nothing but smoke-figures, to be made to disappear with a breath of air!

"No, I wouldn't kid you, you poor old chap! But don't forget that unless you tell me every day, out loud, and *mean it*, that you love me, I'm not quite happy. I'm dependent on you for that much more than I'm dependent on you for food and clothes and a roof over my head, Walter. I could earn those for myself; I know I could, if I had to. I can furnish the needs of my body. But my heart and my soul—they'd wither up and die without you loving me."

"You never talked like this in Drochester," he said.

"Oh, yes, I did; but maybe I didn't mean it so terribly. There weren't so many things trying to separate us there as here."

"There's nothing to separate us here."

He was hopeless; he couldn't understand. But he was holding her, and her head lay against his pleasantly peat-smoky, tobacco-ish tweed sleeve. And they were all over being stiff and distant and curt. That was enough.

For a moment Mrs. Villiers' eyes rested speculatively on Nancy. "I suppose you're bringing out your girl this winter?" she asked Effie abruptly

Chapter Fifteen

THERE was a smell of spring in the air, and a sweeping blue sky, and a wind that blew straight from the ocean. Effie began to consider her penthouse veranda in terms of wicker furniture and boxes of privet and ivy and pots of geraniums. Owing to some hitch in the Parisian divorce proceedings of the lessees, they were assured of keeping the apartment until autumn, perhaps even longer. The agent for the house said, knowingly: "They thought they'd want it, but with a pair like the Swaines you can't count on anything. I hear she's to marry an Italian count as soon as she's free, and he might marry that little English singer that made a the trouble in the first place. Then he'd stay over in London probably. So don't worry, Mrs. Reyburn—that apartment may be yours for life, if you want to keep it."

Effie, looking back on the three months and a half of her residence, was puzzled by her state of mind. "I've lived a hundred years," she decided; but her mirror assured her that the century didn't show. She was, she knew, younger-looking, and more definite in style.

She had turned over her situation with a stern common-sense. Naturally, they must know people; they couldn't live isolated. But how could she accede to Walter's and Nancy's point of view that the only people to know were the people who would be useful to them in one way or another? "I never expected to plan a social existence on the eye-for-an-eye and tooth-for-a-tooth

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principle," she thought. "I don't know if I can."

She would have liked to say this to Mr. Bishop, but she refrained, fearing that he might misunderstand, and that she would seem disloyal to Walter and his interests. Since his first dinner for the Reyburns he had done many thoughtful kindnesses. It was Mr. Bishop who had suggested they buy the two subscription opera-seats a friend of his wished to dispose of for the rest of the season. It was Mr. Bishop who indicated certain concerts and theaters as worth attention. Once a week or so Mr. Bishop saw to it that his mother asked Effie down to the great old house on the Square for a cup of tea; and on such occasions he always appeared in time to drive her home. Though he said little, Effie recalled afterward some illuminating bit of information, some veiled hint or suggestion which was invariably much to her advantage. Now and then, at long intervals, he asked Effie for lunch alone with him; now and then he paid a quite formal call on her at her home. He was always easy, detached and unobtrusively omniscient.

Tate Gresham, their old friend, had at last returned from Europe; but he wasn't visibly anxious to renew their acquaintance, though he and Walter lunched downtown together and he came once to dinner. On that occasion he had rushed off early to another party, and had made such a picture of himself as a highly popular bachelor, besieged with invitations, bored by the clamoring hordes who yearned for nothing but to entertain him, that Effie did not ask him again. He gave no sign of a willingness to share his friends with the Reyburns.

"He's jealous," Walter pronounced. "He hates to think that I've breezed in and got ahead of him already."

"But he gave Mr. Bishop that letter of introduction to you," said Effie.

"You bet he did. When Bishop asks any man downtown for anything, they're glad enough to oblige. They all want to be on good terms with Bishop."

"I don't believe he's half as much rushed as he pretended," said Nancy, shrewdly. "He didn't say what party he was going to; and if it had been anything good, he'd have bragged about it. Don't bother with him again, Mother, will you? I had a hunch from the first that he was not so good."

The Mathisons, Effie discarded after one session of feverish contract in Mrs. Mathison's overstuffed drawing-room, among Mrs. Mathison's overstuffed friends. "Even if they were the most illustrious creatures in the city," she told Walter, "I can't stick to that sort of thing. They play for frightful stakes, and they're simply harpies! Unless I want to open up a gambling-hell, I can't be Mrs. Mathison's friend. We'll ask them to dinner now and then, to keep in touch with the Judge, if you want; but more than that—no, not for me. I like cards, but I wont play them as if the fate of the nations hung on them."

With Mrs. Pressley, Effie had more in common. They went together to the Lenten sewing-class, which was to Effie a most curious exhibition. Five great ladies, whose names were high Social Register, opened their houses on successive Thursday afternoons. The sewing was prepared in small parcels, cotton-flannel squares to be buttonholed for crib blankets, cotton-flannel nightgowns and "gertrudes" cut out, ready to be hemmed, bound, taped and finished. There was an abundance of needles, thread, scissors, a maid or governess to give out the work—everything, in fact, but expert sewing. Effie achieved a finished garment on each Thursday, but she was the only one who did nearly so much, and very few of the ladies who so gracefully lent their energies to this charitable proceeding accomplished anything at all.

At half-past four a rich and elaborate tea was served to the workers. At one house a stringed *(Please turn to page 96)*

"Crawl Out on the Wing!"

By Robert Winchester

Illustrated by Leslie L. Benson

Robert Winchester is the pen-name of a Maryland gentleman who welcomes one at once into his circle of chivalrous friends who make love gallantly—and suddenly find themselves flirting with death.

"ALL right," said Captain Scott Leighton curtly. "Take her up. Remember what I told you about straightening out of a tight spiral. Feel O. K.?"

"Yes," answered Nancy Moncton, just as curtly. "How long will I stay up?"

"Just as long as you want to." The lean, saturnine flying-instructor's lips smiled a little. "At least half an hour, whether you want to or not—if you expect to get your Department of Commerce license."

"I do," said Nancy firmly as she climbed into the trim white monoplane. "—Wait right here for me, darlin'." This last was said to Tommy Dinwiddie, who had driven up from Garrett County, Maryland, with her.

"I reckon I'll be right here." And Tommy grinned cheerfully. "Stay with 'er, Nance."

"I will," promised Nancy. "It's right nice of you, sugar, to—" The rest was drowned out of Tommy's hearing in the roar of the propeller.

"Well, that's that," said Captain Leighton as he stood with Tommy watching the plane taxi down the field against the wind. "Boy, she'll make a sweet flyer. Not one out of a hundred women get the feel of a bus and— Lift her, dumbbell! That's the girl! Now—start—too tight—too tight! Widen out—that's it. Pretty work, old kid! Now, keep her nose up. —What are you grinning at, young feller?"

"You," answered Tommy promptly, his eyes on the plane climbing for altitude in a tight spiral. "Telling Nance what to do. Reckon she hears you?"

"Certainly." And Leighton really grinned. He liked Tommy, having ridden and hunted with him over many a hard field. "I always talk to 'em when they are soloing. Didn't you hear me tell her to widen that spiral out—and didn't she do it?"

"What's she doing now?" demanded Tommy, watching the plane now circling the Washington Airport field.

"Looping—there goes a figure eight—steady—not so fast. Watch that, Tommy. What the hell—come out of it, nitwit! I told you to—yeah, you better—now you're set—"

"What happened?" demanded Tommy, his thin, tanned young face, with the Duke of Wellington nose and black eyes, a little pale.

Mr. Thomas Dinwiddie was noted for his general recklessness on the hunting and other fields. If there was anything that he was afraid of, no one had ever produced it. But now, with Nancy Moncton high in the air—out of reach of any assistance—playing in a game that Tommy knew nothing of, his lean young body, tough as whipcord from much riding and hunting, was rigid. Scott Leighton sensed it. "She's all right, old-timer," he said. "That was a nose-spin she went into. She got out of it in plenty of time."

"I'm right glad she did," said Tommy grimly. "And now what is she doing?"

"Well, for Pete's sake! I told her not to try it! I got a damn' good mind to keep her on the ground for a month, the little monkey. Don't hang up on the— Well, for the love of—too far over—too far over—good! I'll tell you something when you get down, young lady."

"What was it?" asked Tommy as Leighton sighed in relief.

"What wasn't it? Do you know what that darn' little devil just did? A barrel-roll! A barrel-roll—and I told her in words

of one syllable not to even look like she wanted to think about it. Where the heck she ever—"

"Is it hard to do?" Tommy interrupted, eyes on the plane that now was climbing again over the south edge of the field.

"Are you trying to kid me?" demanded Leighton, still wrathful. "Of all the stunts in the world, the barrel-roll is the hardest and puts the most strain on the crate. Is it hard to do—go away from me before I kill you nine times!"

"Before that," said Tommy firmly, "I'm going to kill you eight times if anything happens to Nance. You're her teacher and— Doggone, she's coming down!"

"If I catch you pulling that barrel-roll stuff, I'll set you on the ground for nine million years. You hear me?"

"She is," agreed Leighton, "and I've got a darn' good mind to— Throttle her down—throttle her down! What do you think you're doing? That's it! Now bring her nose up—and— Oh, my God!"

The plane had come down on a long glide and was about one hundred feet above the field when the motor suddenly cut out. A hard gust of wind threw the plane out of control, and it sideslipped. One wing hit the ground, then the tail. It looked like a bad one, but the crumpling of the wing absorbed the shock of the crash, and by the time that Tommy reached it, Nancy was crawling out of the fuselage absolutely uninjured.

Tommy promptly took the slim, graceful little figure in his arms. "Darlin', are you hurt? Tell Tommy!"—holding back the pretty proud little head so that he could see her eyes. "Honey, that's the last time you'll— Sugarchile, are you sure you're not hurt? Doggone you, Nance Moncton, I ought to smack you good. Tell Tommy—"

"I'm all right, darlin'," answered Nancy, as best she could, returning his kiss, her rounded young arms around his neck. "I'm not hurt at all, honest I'm not. Let me go, sugar. Here comes—"

Captain Leighton and all the rest of the people who had seen the crash arrived.

"I'm all right, Captain," announced Nancy.

Leighton stood there and calmly looked her over, from the top of her head to the tips of her little pumps. Especially he looked at the small hands; then his eyes through narrowed lids bored into her lovely hyacinth-blue ones.

What he saw there must have pleased him, because suddenly he smiled.

When Nancy saw it, she said: "It wasn't my fault that darn' old engine stopped, was it, Captain?"

"No," answered Leighton. "Well, how about it? Want to finish your solo?"

"Why, of course I do. I'll go up right away and—"

"Just up—circle twice and then down," interrupted Leighton. "I'll have a bus run out for you. And let me tell you something—if I catch you pulling any more of that barrel-roll stuff, I'll set you on the ground for nine million years, you hear me?"

"Yes sir," answered Nancy meekly. "I hear you."

"Yeah? You do more than hear me, young lady. You do exactly what I say, also. You're in my charge until you get your D. C. card. I'm letting you go up now because it's the only thing to do before you get a chance to think it over. You pull anything this time, and it will be Mary-bar-the-door for you. Is that plain?"

All the rest of the crowd were around the wrecked plane, and only Tommy and Nancy heard him. Tommy saw Nancy draw a long breath and figuratively ducked. When tempers had been handed out, none of the Monctons were behind the door, and he fully expected that Captain Scott Leighton would be blown out of the water.

Instead Nancy seemed to swallow two-thirds of the breath and with the rest say, "Yes sir, Captain, it's plain."

As Tommy's mouth opened in astonishment, Captain Leighton grinned. He knew the effort it had cost the very pretty little Miss Moncton to say those five words instead of what she would have dearly liked to say.

"Just for that," he offered, "I'll let you take my bus up. You've learned a lot around here, Miss Moncton."

"My gosh," said Tommy, in an awe-struck tone, as Leighton

started for the hangars. "Darlin'—are you sure you're not dizzy—or sick, or something? 'Yes suh, Captain!' Darlin', are you sure—"

"Yes, I am," interrupted Nancy. "Don't you reckon I have sense enough not to get that—that darned old tyrant fussed up? He wouldn't let me go up again if I did. Reckon you don't know how he acts. And just because I—I didn't—you laugh. Well, you can go home, right away. You mocked me, and—"

"No suh," interrupted Tommy, firmly. "Not me. I'm going to stay right here until you come down."

"Well, you needn't—I reckon I'm able to fly an airplane and to get to Ann Martha's without your assistance."

"You may be," Tommy answered, just as firmly as before, "but I'm sticking right around, just the same."

The Dinwiddie plantation was next to the Moncton one in Garrett County, Maryland, and Tommy had played, hunted and ridden and fought with and for Nancy ever since they were both able to walk.

Any and all of the Monctons would promptly stop anything they were doing to give battle, and the light now in the lovely Miss Nancy Moncton's blue eyes proved that she ran true to type both in looks and fighting ability, in spite of the surprising surrender that had just been made.

In Mr. Thomas Dinwiddie she met a foeman worthy of her steel. The Dinwiddies had certain traditions to maintain along the same lines, dating back to Revolutionary days, and Tommy was noted for an extreme willingness to oblige all comers.

"Hop in—hop in," called Captain Leighton from the plane. "I can't monkey around here all day, you know. Go up, circle the field twice, then come down. Let me see a three-point—take it easy—you can do it."

Once again he stood with Tommy, their eyes following the plane. "Do you know, Tommy," Leighton said, "that there are darn' few flyers, let alone students, that wouldn't have wanted to sit down and think it over before taking a bus up right after getting washed out. She's got the cold nerve of a—Here she comes—that's the girl! Fine! Hold 'er up now! Now let her come down—perfect, by gosh, perfect! Boy, you've seen a perfect three-point. Did you see the wheels and the tail hit the ground all together? Man, howdy, that kid is a flying scoundrel, no foolin'."

"Well," said Nancy, as she came up to them after having taxied almost to the hangar doors. "Do you think I'll get my license, Captain?"

"If you pass the test," answered Leighton, once more in his best ground-school tone. "When you get ninety per cent more knowledge, you'll be fifty per cent half-baked. At that, you'll make a flyer some day."

"Why, I—oh, honest and truly? My goodness—thank you, Captain Leighton!" Nancy felt as if she had suddenly been presented with the Distinguished Service medal and a million dollars. Her lovely lips became tremulous with happiness, and it was evident that it wouldn't have taken very much encouragement for her to kiss the grim Captain, which he wouldn't have deserved.

"Calm down, calm down," he said. "Don't get all het up. You're a long way from there yet, young feller, me lad. All you know now you could put on the back of a postage stamp. You go home, and I'll notify the Department you're ready. They'll probably send Major Carnduff over. If you can pass him—you've got your license." Then as Nancy was still smiling directly at him, and being only human after all, he added, as he started away:

"You're my best pupil, Miss Moncton, and I'm proud of you." . . . .

"You drive, Tommy," she said, as they reached Tommy's roadster. "I'm too excited, I reckon. Oh, darlin', you don't know what it means to have him say that! Why—"

"Say what?" demanded Tommy as they started. "My gosh, I thought he said that if you had—"

"That wasn't anything. I mean what he said at the last. About —about my being his best pupil and that he was proud of me. Tommy, you don't know what I went through in that darn' ground-school." That was a true statement; Tommy didn't.

Nancy's path through the ground-school had been much worse than the rocky road to Dublin. Débutante after débutante, buds and matrons dropped out with the announcement that "if one had to go through all that to learn to fly—well!" But Nancy, who had finished with her menfolks in many a coon- and possum-hunt, and had held her own in wild-turkey hunting, and waded and splashed and swum through creeks well up in the front on the

Nancy could see Tommy inch his way along the wing. . . . . She must get out a little

so Tommy could drop the 'chute. *Now!* She saw him lean over the edge, then saw his hand come back empty.

hot trail, stayed with it. There were times when her lovely lips were set in a tight line and her eyes almost closed to hide the wrath in them.

Captain Scott Leighton was a hard man to take instruction from, and he spared neither man nor woman. What kept Nancy at it was the knowledge that what he told her and tried to teach her was the thing to know and do, and also that he was a famous ace who had won his captaincy and decorations in combat. And there was the firm determination that she would go through in spite of anything, so that she could face Ann Martha Randolph and say: "Why, darlin,' I thought he was a lovely man to be with. Honey, you must have rubbed him the wrong way."

Finally Nancy had arrived at the day when he took her up. How many times she had the controls taken away from her with such ensuing remark as, "Heavens, woman, develop some flyin' sense! Can't you get the feel of it?" or, "Oh, my sainted aunt! How many times have I told you to throttle down your engine?" and, "Well, you came out of that spiral with just as much ease as a mud scow rounding a buoy. Get together and do some flying!" no one ever kept count.

When Nancy's small feet touched the ground after the first time up, she turned to Captain Scott Leighton and opened her pretty mouth with the firm intention of doing two things—first, telling the said Captain Leighton exactly what he was from the viewpoint of a young lady from Maryland, and second, that he could take his airplane and all other airplanes with which he was connected, and proceed with them to the southwest corner of the hot place, and that she fervently hoped a northeast gale would be blowing, or words to that effect. Then she intended to march off the field.

But instead of doing all the above, she had grimly carried on, day after day—and the class that Nancy had started with became smaller and smaller. Nancy began to realize what it must mean to him to have to try and teach a lot of "ivory-domed nitwits," as he had once called the entire class, the game he loved better than anything else in the world. They fell by the wayside one by one and sometimes two by two. Captain Leighton was merciless, and neither looks, tears, social standing nor money had any effect on him. Once up in the air,—or at the most twice,—if the pupil did not develop the "feel," it was down, outside, and good-by, as far as he went. Nancy had stayed, all else fading into a dim picture. She was going to learn to *(Please turn to page 145)*

Is the World Worse for Women?

—A Woman's View—By Faith Baldwin

"IT is a woman's world!" proclaims the male lecturer from the platform to a breathless audience, composed, as a rule, almost entirely of women. "It is a woman's world," he repeats, with the air of a man performing a disagreeable duty by declaring a truth, which, unpleasant as it may appear to the announcer, is admittedly self-evident. And, "It is a woman's world!" affirms the female lecturer from her platform—and with triumph.

Examine the obvious outstanding phases of conquering femininity as we know it today: equal rights, equal economic opportunities, and an apparent effort to establish an equal standard of morals, in which two camps labor—one for a double standard for the sexes, the other for a single standard.

Where once we observed a handful of women urging rights, equality, liberty and fraternity, we now perceive an army. And that women have been successful in their purposes and goals none may doubt.

But they are reaping disillusionment with rewards.

In giving women their way, or rather in permitting the dear little creatures to name their own poison, men have subtly succeeded in establishing a man's world as it has never before been established. *The emancipation of women has resulted in emancipating men.*

The economical independence of woman is not shining-new. But modern in every way is the double-income-within-marriage. Women have held jobs for years, but only recently have they continued to hold them after marriage, save in exceptional cases where the husband's incapacity or some like grave emergency forced the wife back into the rôle of breadwinner.

I have a friend, a successful business woman, married to a successful business man. They have two children, a charming home, a country camp, cars, a small motorboat. My friend has expensive clothes, and the barber who cuts her hair owns a high-priced car. But my friend is not happy. She complains that it takes too much out of her. She finds herself a house divided against itself. She must have freedom from household cares and worries in order to do her work properly. She has physical freedom from the domestic treadmill, because she is able to supply trained assistance in her home. But she is nerve-ridden, as are the majority of women. She leaves little Freddy in the care of an expert nurse who will, she knows, see him through his present attack of influenza far more competently than his mother could. She has, herself, no desire to nurse Freddy; she thinks far too well of him; she is not equipped for the bedside vigil. But she worries. She can't help it. She starts at a telephone-call; she is irritable; she estranges her clients.

Also there is her husband. His work is different from her work. When they married, they were agreed on partnership, interchange of ideas and experience, in bringing to their mutual life the fresh viewpoints of their outside interests. Yet they have fallen short of this ideal. True, he can take an intelligent—if tolerant—interest in interior decorating, and she can do likewise by stocks and bonds. But there it ends. They are like two strange men in a smoking-room exchanging anecdotes of their dissimilar business careers—but with this difference, that when men talk business, they talk on equal terms, no matter who they are. Their maleness creates them equal. But when a man and a woman talk, even on business, they do not forget their sex, in a basic sense. A business woman is always a little on the defensive with a business man. A business man is always conscious—in varying degrees—of antagonism toward a business woman. Even if they are husband and wife! Generally *because* they are husband and wife. A man, of course, can inter that antagonism, if he wishes, smother that native resentment beneath the comforting blanket-thought that, after all, clever little person though his Sally is, she is still—a *woman.*

This particular case, Freddy's mother, is not only worried about Freddy and Freddy's sister; she is worried about Freddy's father. She frets incessantly lest Freddy's father meet, one day, one of those large-eyed, "high-grade moron" types, with clinging propensities, who will look up—and to—Freddy's father wistfully and tell him how big and strong he is. Of course, Freddy's mother scorns such a useless woman, the incarnate embodiment of nature's crudest trap—her words, not mine! But she worries just the same. "You know," she said to me, "how susceptible men, even intelligent men, are to that sort of thing. Why, there was a widow, last winter—visiting

Photo by Nickolas Muray

John Erskine—whose portrait this is, and who detailed in his clever and distinguished manner "The Private Life of Helen of Troy"—gives you the man's view of the matter next month. As a slight foretaste of his reply, he says: "One of the distinguishing characteristics of women, in all ages and all states of society, is their belief that they have a harder life than men have. The real question is whether the relation of the sexes must continue to be that of warfare, or whether it may become a companionship. No other question is so important for the happiness of men and women in this world."

Cartoons by Gaar Williams

Jane, my cousin, and he made a perfect fool of himself. Oh, nothing serious, of course—I'd trust him with Cleopatra. But—still!"

So I suggested that, as her husband was earning a very adequate living, she might give up her shop, with its antique and expensive flavor, and stop at home awhile and take a leaf from the widow's book. And she looked at me in amazement.

She couldn't, she said, do that. She adored her work! She couldn't, at her time of life, start attending to routine housekeeping, taking Freddy to school, giving Nancy her bath! Of course, in such a case, the children's nurse would have to go—for she was an expense entirely taken care of by the children's mother. Even if, by a miracle, they could keep Nana, such a life would be loathsome to Freddy's mother. Bridge and teas and the porch-rocker discussions of operations—organ recitals—and a little inferior golf and perhaps a charity committee or two! Heavens! And besides, although her husband's income was adequate, it was only *half* as adequate as his and hers combined. They had become used to the double portion, or rather, had never since their marriage been used to anything else. She added that he was as accustomed to it as she was.

So she will go on worrying. Perhaps the widow's hypothetical successor wont materialize. Perhaps she will. Then we'll see what adjustment that small household will have to make.

The fact that my friend's husband is "accustomed" to the double income is significant. It casts an interesting light on the workings of men's minds. Women are, I think, the changing and fluent sex. Men conform, but they do not change. Instinctively men resent the double-wage phenomenon. They accept it, however, because they have to, because they have fallen in love and will move heaven and earth to procure the object of their desire. Very well: the girls they love insist upon their own careers. So they let them have the careers, at first indulgently, thinking, that after a little time of matrimonial experience, such high-falutin' nonsense and notions will be knocked out of the darling blonde, brunette and Titian heads.

But they find the notions persist. They keep on resenting, but they keep on conforming. And finally they grow habituated to the extra amount of money, large or small as the case may be. With the result that many present-day young men, observing their friends' marriages, learning the jargon of partnership-and-all-pull-together-boys, are themselves marrying or planning to marry where, they are certain, a good income will be added to their own. Not difficult. Quite as many attractive girls are working as are not working. *Ergo*, select the girl friends from among the working classes. "These men," you will cry out, "are not masculine men!" And you are therefore fallen into the pit I have digged for you. They are masculine men, but they have been brought up in this world which we imagine is a woman's, and which is, in reality, a man's. They have been released of responsibility, of the necessity to mind their manners; and, because the girls are so entirely emancipated, the young men—quaint paradox—are becoming spoiled.

Never in all history have so-called eligible single men been as much in demand, made as welcome as they now are. From this calm acceptance of their importance the *genus* gate-crasher has arisen—the young men who smoke the correct cigarettes, mix the correct drinks—of some one else's liquor—and wear correct evening clothes. The sort of young man who recently, approached by his astonished involuntary host with the reasonable question, "May I ask your name—and who invited you to this party?" responded with irritated hauteur: "And what the hell is that to you?"

It looks to me as if man, balked in his desire to be lord of creation in one sense, has found a way to become it in another. What more natural, then, than that such a boy, accustomed to girls who can look after themselves, girls who often insist on literally paying their own way because "after all, Johnny, I make more than you do!" would, when he comes to marry, choose from his circle a girl who will continue to pay her own way—and perhaps continue to make more than he? And if he considers the possibility of divorce as modern men do, he recalls that the woman of independent income rarely asks alimony.

Out of the double income in marriage has grown another very

Photo by Hal Phyfe

FAITH BALDWIN

who has a family and also made a career for herself as one of the leading American novelists.

Woman's evolution as seen by Gaar Williams, creator of "Folks in History:"
I. The woman's job used to be wholly in the home—

modern manifestation. The old struggle of people engaged in the same profession and married to it—and each other—is not new. Such marriages were once confined to unions between two artists, two writers, two stage people or, say, a playwright and an actress. The complications of one or the other being held back, sacrificed, or of professional jealousy, are old complications. Now, here's a new one. Here we have a woman of great professional earning capacity married—for love—to a man of business ability, but of lesser earning power. What happens? What more natural than that man should become his wife's manager, her impresario, her literary agent or what have you? He still clings to the thought of her as a woman, and still, perhaps sincerely, surely sincerely at first, desires to take from her shoulders the burden of business details, leaving her free to work, to create. Perhaps he is clever enough to incorporate her talent. If he does this, he probably holds the majority stock. Many earning wives in this situation find themselves permitted pin-money only, through their husband's masculine consideration of them!

A fantastic situation! Many a man, struggling along on his small income and that of his professional wife, has suddenly discovered that his wife has struck pay dirt in some form and has immediately, with gestures of sacrifice, given up clerking, shoe-, automobile- or insurance-selling and set himself to incorporate the little gold mine and work the lode. And to spend the rest of his time impressing upon onlookers how noble he was to sacrifice his career to that of his wife.

I have in mind a professional woman whose earning capacity early in her marriage was less than her husband's—which wasn't much, either. Slowly hers grew, and so did his; but hers soon kept pace with his and finally exceeded it. He was a man who conformed with difficulty, and her way was not made easy. But finally he ceased to complain. Money, he decided, was a minor matter as long as they were happy. They must not, therefore, quarrel about money. They did not. But as her earning-powers increased, it amazed her to hear from outsiders that her husband was planning to buy a place in the country—and a yacht, a fast one, upon which he might sail to work. "On what?" she naturally inquired of herself. Not on his own income, surely, which did not warrant more than a small apartment and a cheap car. Not, even, on her own, which had gone toward a house and a better car. But on, one judges, her prospects.

This side of the double-income question will be hotly disputed. It does not cast a very enchanting light on modern young men. But it is a light the women have lit, and according to that light, men are, I think, justified in their attitude. For it has been forced upon them; and who can blame them if, in conforming, they seek to feather their own suddenly spiritually comfortless nest?

Man is the conventional animal. Take, for instance, the superficial question of bobbed hair. Almost all men will assert nowadays that they like it; they will even obligingly give you their reasons. But the average man, to generalize, does not like it, and for sound reasons, rooted in biology. But his sister's hair is short, and his wife's and his sweetheart's and his boss' wife's, and perhaps even his mother's and grandmother's. He *has* to like it. God help him! Therefore he conforms.

Turning from the double income in marriage to the general problem of women in business, we admit that woman has succeeded in winning to a wide field of economical endeavor. But few professions were open to her some years ago; those which afforded her the most opportunity—with honor—were those of teaching and nursing, professions having, in a sense, their wellsprings in domesticity. But nowadays she has found her way into practically every trade or profession, even, in isolated cases, pushing her way into the hitherto sacredly guarded domains of mechanics and engineering and the church-pulpit. Soon only the profession of deep-sea diving will be sacrosanct to man.

II. And then she changed the style of her clothes—

How does woman feel about her endless opportunity for hard work?

She says she likes it. She says she is satisfied. She looks scornfully upon the indolent woman, the woman who sits at home and demands the pay-envelope from the man from whom she "shamefully" receives legal support. She speaks of that woman as of either a martyr or a parasite, depending upon her viewpoint.

Yet every woman possesses a racial memory of the cave and the gentleman who owned that cave, paying no rent, but winning it by superior physical strength, whose only lease was eternal vigilance, and who brought to that cave food, drink, firewood and garments. "Here's a nice little lion-skin, dear," said the cave-man pleasantly. "I thought it would make an elegant winter outfit for Junior!"

This racial memory of woman is an irritating thing; it sometimes gives rise to so many doubts. And there must be times when her

susceptible nerves, worn by economic pressure, by the sheer brutal fact of having to hold her job against chance, change and competition, must rebel, and long dimly for the more or less settled comforts of the cave with its decidedly modernistic furniture and its solid roof over her head.

Although this longing is hostile to her will, there must be times when it is very strong indeed, and there must also come hours in which she realizes that her independence is, after all, dependent on a man, or men. For almost every career chosen by a woman is complicated or simplified by a man. She may obtain her position through her own qualifications, but more often than not a man *is* that position—the employer, the superior. She may lose her job through error, hard luck or her own deficiencies, but as a rule a man is behind that event also.

Contrast the married, unearning woman and the unmarried wage-earner. I had tea last week with two women. One was married, an excellent housekeeper, one who manages her husband's fair income very well on a difficult budget system, a nice woman, and an admirable mother. The other, unmarried, a

III. With the result that she took a place in the affairs of men—

buyer in a large department-store, possessing a splendid salary, prestige, good clothes, a delightful apartment, a couple of maids and the privilege of bi-yearly trips to Europe, for business and pleasure.

Mrs. X gave us tea and talked about her children, her husband, a play she had seen, a house she wanted, a book she had read, Prohibition and the H. C. of L. And Miss Y. talked about her last trip to Paris, the new trend in fashions,—Spanish, because of the great exposition in Spain,—the money she had made in a recent Wall Street flutter, and a party she had recently attended. And I listened.

After tea, growing more expansive, Mrs. X. confided to us that they needed a new car, and couldn't afford it, because two of their children must have their tonsils out shortly, and that she had overstepped her allowance last week and John had been furious. After which she told Miss Y. how much she envied her her freedom, and her earning capacity with its concomitant self-respect. "*You* don't have to go to a man for every cent you want!" said Mrs. X.

I am certain that she was sincere, that the envy of material advantages welled up strongly in her—and resentfully. Yet I noted a curious overtone in her bearing toward Miss Y.—a tolerant yet superior air. And later Mrs. X. told me that after all she was so sorry for the other woman. "Her life, for all its gayety and excitement, must be so empty!" said Mrs. X. smugly.

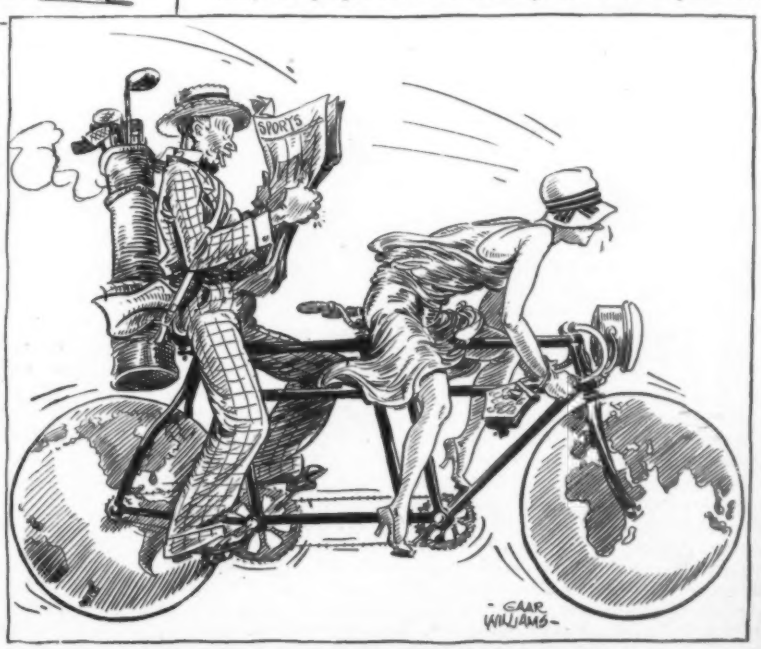
A few days later I saw Miss Y. alone, and she spent half an hour telling me how sorry she was for Mrs. X. in her narrow life, with a house full of noisy children and a husband of no great business talent and obviously close with what money he did make. "I wouldn't be Betty X. for the world!" said Miss Y. complacently. Yet I thought I noted in her fine clever eyes a sort of wonder, a frightened question. Was she wondering how much she had missed—if anything? Was she wondering if, after all, being a woman wasn't enough of a job for a woman to tackle, instead of trying to become a woman whose normal relationship to men—and to the other women of her kind—was simply that of competition?

There will always be women who will marry, and that without any misgivings. There will always be domestically-minded women who will keep the home fires burning—in the apartment-house gas-logs. And men will always marry because men want a place of their own, being the truly possessive sex, because they fear loneliness and illness, because their egoes demand the hypothetical immortality of progeny, and because they even now cherish the delusion that, through marriage, they will become immensely important, head of a household, god of the hearthstone.

In the days when men, by right, and with full agreement of their women, occupied this position, there may have been a good deal of suppressed personality, inhibitions and repressions among women; the world may have lost feminine literary, artistic, business or political leaders, but there were a great many happier marriages. And as this point will be argued, let us turn conservative and amend—there were *just as many* happy marriages as there are now. No one can logically dispute that. We are therefore, by that admission, brought to the question: what good has the emancipation of women done to the universal symbol of the home, to the institution of marriage itself? If happier relations between the sexes, a term which certainly includes marriage, has not come out of the rewards of woman's successful rebellion against domination, then, as far as those relations are concerned, this rebellion is a failure.

Marriage will not go entirely out of fashion, modern philosophers notwithstanding. It is rooted in basic hungers. Makeshifts wont do. Makeshifts are half loaves. Marriage is a whole loaf. It may be burned or soggy; it may be half-baked and wholly unsatisfactory; but it is the only whole loaf of which we have any practical knowledge.

Marriage is, we are told, going into the hands of a receiver. Divorces increase; small families—if any—are the rule. The wide-roofed homestead has become the apartment, and people move more easily into a new apartment



IV. And now she has undertaken more than she bargained for.

than they used to move from one ancestral mansion to another, just as people ambulate with more comfort from one matrimonial entanglement to the next.

Therefore, in order, perhaps, to arrive at more of a balance in this problem, there is a great hue and cry raised about partnership and coöperation in marriage—marriage, that is to say, on the alleged fifty-fifty basis. Some intrepid souls claim that it works. Perhaps it does, in their isolated cases, cases in which circumstances, backgrounds, events, temperaments and all the rest of a complicated machinery just happen to "click" beautifully and so—barring monkey-wrenches—*permit* it to work. But these cases are not the average.

Nothing, still speaking of the average, is ever fifty-fifty! Fifty-fifty presupposes an equality of domination, and interests, a perfect democracy in marriage. How is this humanly possible? Where two persons are equally strong they are more apt to pull away from each other than to pull together. Where, as in most instances, one is the stronger, that one will do the dominating—and when the other is not willing to concede such a superiority of domination there is going to be trouble. Plenty.

Man, the conventional, and also the romantic and sentimental animal, man, so much more the dreamer than woman, working upward out of the slow slime and ooze of primeval ages, has somehow managed to establish his basic manhood on the very fact of his woman's dependence on him. Take away that dependence, and you have a man who feels himself incomplete, who deems himself humiliated, who secretly holds himself less a man. Pride in his maleness, sex-pride, call it what you will, is valuable and important to him. Ask yourself, therefore, if he would be inclined to adore and venerate the person who has taken from him this secret sense of his own superiority as the absolutely essential human being, head of the family, protector, wage-earner and, in the literal sense, home-builder? No, he cannot adore and venerate her who has robbed him. He will desire her, for such is his nature; he will love her; he may, conforming to the trend of the times, accord her a certain grudging lip-service of applauding admiration. But she has dealt a bitter blow to his ego and this he must resent.

MAN'S adoration and veneration have been preserved for the Little Woman who can make him feel so much finer a fellow than he knows himself to be; for the Little Woman who makes his career her own and who often, in her quiet subtle way, evolves from it so much greater a career than he could have hewn out for himself—although, being a clever woman, she does not point this out to him. His worship is poured out at the feet of the slave who, by her very slavery, manages to enslave him. Now, as there are relatively fewer slaves, man, as well as woman, has struck off the gyves.

Man has always been an ambivalent creature. Afraid of sex, born into that fear, alternately hungering for and dreading it, he was forced to waver eternally between two entirely opposed conceptions of woman—woman who, to him, embodied Sex. Woman, as a menace, was siren, witch and harlot; woman, as an ideal, was spirit, motherhood and saint. Between these two conceptions he has faltered through all the ages, and no matter what pressure woman brings to bear upon him to observe her as his co-self, acknowledge her as his working-partner, visualize her as a merely human creature like himself, that pressure, because of man's dual nature, must fail of its purpose.

To protect himself from the menace of sex, man has builded a temple to the spirit. And because a man's theories were once upon a time passed down and accepted as Truth by the women of his family, so man's sons, in their turn, were instructed by their *mothers* that there were two kinds of women—the Good and the Bad. Women, good women, in handing down this curious little fool rule, thought they were protecting themselves and their rights as life-givers and home-keepers. They were. But they were also protecting their men.

If things have come to such a pass that marriage is changing from an established institution to a sort of traveling circus, who has changed it? It is not likely that man has done so, man with the cave instinct rooted deeply, ineradicably, into his very marrow! If things were left to men entirely tomorrow, if they could remake this world to their hearts' desire, their spirits' hunger and their bodies needs, we would go back, in one startling flash, to the hearthstone, the large family and the breadwinner in the singular. We would return to woman's efficiency in the home, in child-bearing and child-rearing and her amazing *volte face* helplessness, and fragility and delightful childishness the moment the particular lord of her universe enters the house he has built and maintains. That, you cry out, would be pretty hard on women! Perhaps—but who knows? It would be, surely, easier on the institution of marriage and therefore on the race.

IT is patent that the emancipation of women has released men from a number of major and minor obligations; not only in a grosser sense but in numerous spiritually interwoven and emotionally complicated ways. To take the more obvious example, there are fewer marriages by compulsion. Women, exhibiting a sense of gallantry and fair play which, by nature, they are not supposed to possess but which, whether acquired or not, many of them have exhibited, are ready to share and share in the placing of certain responsibility. It is argued that this is a step forward, that a large percentage of forced marriages have turned out badly, due perhaps to the innate conviction of certain innocent human hearts that sin is sin and no amount of modern education can make it otherwise—due also to the ineradicable instinct of man, quite as normal as that of woman, to remember the past and to mention it with monotonous frequency when the coffee is cold or the first of the month approaches.

However, an equal number of marriages entered into eagerly and optimistically and without the necessity for coërcion turn out just as badly. And it is apparent that the admission of sex-responsibility—the idea, or perhaps myth, now exploded, that, while the woman paid and the man went free, nevertheless man had certain obligations—was a restraint on license, a deterrent, from the male viewpoint.

I have in mind a man employed upon the country estate of a lawyer, some twenty-odd years ago. His name was James, and he was by nature a minor unchronicled Casanova. The estate was situated upon a small and narrow island, both geographically and psychologically speaking. And one day, conversing with his learned employer, James chanced to refer to a wedding which had recently taken place, and commented dourly on the fact that if the bridegroom had not submitted to ten embarrassing minutes in the parsonage, he would have been clapped by law into the county jail. It was obvious that James felt that, as between two life imprisonments, a man had but little choice. Whereat the lawyer truly, if indiscreetly, replied that, had the reluctant farmhand refused to wed his local Magdalene, he would have gone scot-free, there being no statute on the books of that State condemning a man to durance for that particular crime.

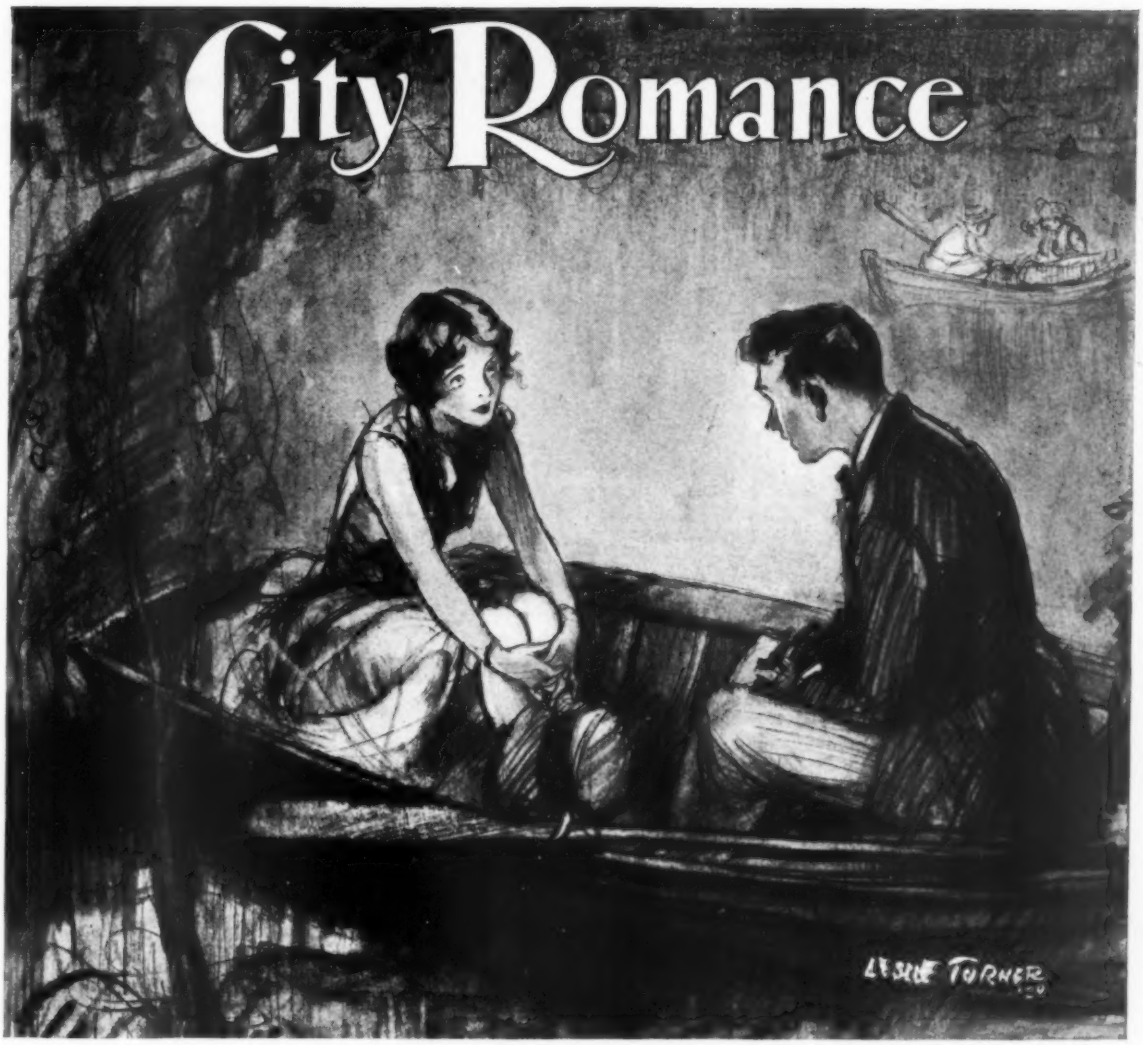
At which the face of James lightened, and having urged the eminent barrister to repeat his statement, he forthwith rushed out to spread the glad news in the village among the boys who frequented the drug-store fountain, the fishing-docks, the garage, the grocery cracker-box and the blind pig—local option having been exercised on the island. And in narrating the incident to his family, the lawyer later expressed his regret that he had shattered a legend which had been fostered in the community to protect its too-compliant girls, and in event of that protection failing, to shelter, at least by a name, any possible and personally innocent consequences.

But now that woman has, in assuming the alleged rights and qualities of man, freed him to a certain extent from responsibilities of this kind, one questions what satisfaction she has derived, unless it be the cold comfort of proving her good sportsmanship. For there still exist such *démodé* commodities as broken hearts; there are still women who would find it difficult, through lack of equipment, to earn a living for themselves, let alone for a consequence which, despite all our education, still is called illegitimate.

THUS woman has created a man's world and released man from the inhibitions and taboos carefully inculcated in him by his mother, a lady who was under no illusion as to whose world it was in her day. *She* knew that as long as she bound over man to observe certain codes and suffer certain penalties by the necessities of her frailties and dependencies, it was *her* world, after all.

From major obligations to minor is but a step. If one goes, the other must. Women are learning that if they insist on standing shoulder to shoulder with men they cannot expect to have that other shoulder to weep on when things go wrong, as things have a way of doing. They have long since accustomed themselves to the privilege of hanging on subway straps while the tired business man retains his seat and reads his paper, arguing, with perfect justification, that they are all just tired business men together! As for manners, as we understand them, it is not logical for women to demand the same quality and quantity of devoted and courtly attention from men that used to be accorded to them without their asking. For this outward expression of homage arose, paradoxically, from man's complacent awareness of woman's fragility and ineptness, and her consequent claim upon his protection, his superior physical strength. Now that *(Please turn to page 158)*

City Romance



In the shadow they still remained at a discreet distance, though many a couple paused in envy of the sheltered nook being thus wasted.

By Louis Bromfield

Illustrated by Leslie Turner

The award of the Pulitzer Prize is deemed, usually, the highest literary honor for a novelist. Mr. Bromfield won this with "Early Autumn" and gained even greater fame with "A Good Woman." Here is one of his rare short stories.

THE children shouted, and the wind blew the dust and papers up the empty block. It was a hot night, and the windows in the brownstone houses that lined both sides of the street were open. Curtains blew in and out with the merciful breeze. They snapped; they bellied; they dragged their hems across dusty sills—beige curtains, curtains of faded rose, curtains of soiled white net. In the tall narrow house where the two spinsters lived, curtains of dusty green plush stirred uneasily and with a kind of faded dignity in the vulgar heat. It would have taken a gale to put any motion into them.

Bored and lonely, Jimmy Smith leaned out a window on the fourth floor of Number Seventy-three. Jimmy knew every house in the block and the color of its blowing curtains. He knew by sight all the people who lived there, except those ever-changing tenants of the house directly across the street. After three years in the same block you came to know a lot about it. It was a street which, like the two old maids and their green plush, had come down in the world. Number Seventy had a caretaker. Its family was the only one rich enough to go to the country in the summer. The caretaker sat now in the areaway with her chair tilted back, her heavy body settled easily in coils of fat. In the basement the phonograph blared "Lovin' Sam" over and over again. The record was new, and the caretaker's children couldn't have enough of it. The block would have to endure "Lovin' Sam" for another week at least, unless some one mercifully broke the record.

Number Seventy-two (which was the house opposite) had a glamour and a mystery about it. In the way of boarding-houses, its occupants changed with dawn and sunrise. Only Mrs. Skoyles remained—Mrs. Skoyles, the proprietress, as neat and starched as a clothing-store dummy and twice as forbidding.

Jimmy fell to studying her and her boarding-house. On the first floor the curtains were white, absolutely white, the only really white curtains in the block. On the second they were grayish. On the third the curtains were tan; and on the fourth floor, just across from him, the curtains were red of a faded henna color. Over and over in his mind Jimmy turned the thought that theatrical people boarded there. The thought ended it with him. Theatrical people were fast and loose, and good people to keep clear of.

He pulled in his bullet head and put on his glasses. In one corner of the room was a day-bed, feebly disguised by means of an olive-green cover as a divan. The paper was tan and faded except in spots where pictures had hung sometime in the past. In the center stood a flat table covered with paper, ink and pens, and draftsman's tools, under the circle of light from a green-shaded lamp. A washstand, an extra chair and a pine bureau. That was all. It was not a cheerful room.

He was a serious young man with large brown eyes, thick short hands and a stubborn mouth. For three years he had been sitting night after night over the same table, under the same lamp, drawing away on plans for four-room houses to be built on easy terms in the Bronx, in Corona, in Long Island City. Jimmy worked in an architect's office, and he was conscientious. His short, thick hands told the story. He had no genius, but he had a great flair for sticking to the job. That was why he brought work home and sat up until midnight, working carefully and meticulously over the four-room houses. Once he had read in a book on Success that the way to succeed was to keep trying and to make oneself invaluable to an employer. He had no fancy ideas, but he applied himself with the energy and tenacity of a bulldog. At the office they complimented him and from time to time raised his salary until now it had stood still for eighteen months at forty-five dollars a week.

He worked over those four-room houses as if each one were his own. Each one became an end in itself, although one varied from the other so slightly that the eye of a layman could detect no difference whatever. In the back of Jimmy's earnest mind there was the vague hope that some day he might plan a home like this for himself. He did not imagine himself as living alone in it, yet the wife who was to be there never became very clear in his imagination. Some day the right girl would come along, quiet, pleasant, well-behaved and docile. He would know when he found her. It never occurred to him to look at a girl with any other thought than of honest marriage, and always when he had looked at them and then tried to know them better, they had disappointed him, always because he came to believe they were secretly poking fun at him. Those frisky stenographers at the office, always painting and powdering before going out to lunch. That girl who lived on the floor beneath and sometimes sang. If she had been as nice as her voice, everything would have gone well. But she deceived him. On the one night he took her out to dinner, she ordered four dollars' worth of food. Still, he liked to hear her sing, even if he did hide in terror behind a door when he heard her coming toward him on the stairs.

Tonight he was homesick. Something about the coarse friendliness of the block and the sound of "Lovin' Sam," the hot breeze that stirred the curtains, had got into his blood. He felt lonely and restless, not knowing quite what it was that disturbed his peace.

The short, thick hand slipped; a large blot fell into the living-room of the four-room house and Jimmy swore. He took off his glasses and wiped them clean on a spotless handkerchief. Then he sat for a time staring at his work. It was four years since he had been in Steubenville, four years since he had been home, four years spent in loneliness. He would like to see the back yard again, and the muddy Ohio River, and smell the cooking in the kitchen.

Out of the confused noises of the street rose all at once the sound of a piano and then of a clear voice singing. It was not the over-ripe contralto voice of the girl below-stairs, but a strange soprano that rose crystal and cool above the other tired, hot, dusty sounds—cleft its way through the confusion straight into his room.

"Less than the dust, bence-uth thy charyut whee-uls!
Less than the rust that nevaire stained thy swo-ord!"

The accompaniment rang out noisy and flamboyant, at once gay and tragic, colorful and full of vitality, with a good many false notes which passed Jimmy's ear unnoticed. The romantic words sounded across the abyss of the noisy street.

Jimmy sat back and listened.

"Love's last reward, death, come to me toniut—
Farewell, Zahiroudin! Zahiroudin, fareweyul."

The romance of it! The tragedy! Jimmy felt a tingle down his thick sturdy spine.

He put down his thick glasses and went to the window. Behind him on the table the black blot dried beyond repair into the living-room of the four-room house. He leaned out again to reconnoiter, his bullet head far over the street. There was no sound but the rising of confused shouts and the crash of "Lovin' Sam" being played again at Number Seventy. Mrs. Skoyles sat with impassive dignity, surveying with a superior air the rabble that strolled up and down.

In a little while the sound of the piano rose once more. Again the same flamboyant roulades and trills. Jimmy cocked his ear to the sound.

"Pale hands I loved, beside the Shalimar-uh,
Where are they now? Who live benee-uth their spe-ell?"

Jimmy's eyes grew larger. He located the sound. It came from the top floor of Mrs. Skoyles', from behind the red curtains that stirred in the hot breeze. He leaned farther out. Yes, there was a girl behind the curtains, sitting at the piano. Her hair was red, and as she sang, she swayed backward and forward the way pianists sway on the vaudeville stage.

"I woul-d have rather felt them round my thro-oat,
Crushing out lifah than waving me-ee fare-wellah."

It was beautiful, beautiful. The tears threatened to come to Jimmy's eyes. He tried to make out the face of the girl and found it impossible. She sat a little in a shadow. The red curtains kept swaying in and out, obscuring her as she swayed.

He went back to the table and settled down to work. The blot was dried now into the very grain of the paper. The four-room house went into the discard and another was started. But somehow it didn't go. The music kept drifting in at the window. He leaned back and looked into Mrs. Skoyles' top floor. Again he cast an indiscreet glance in the direction of the red curtains. The music went on and on. The girl had a large voice and sang easily. She was tireless. At one o'clock the light went out be-

At eight she was waiting for him, and the rendezvous took place under the very eye of Mrs. Berkovitz.

"Miss Evans!" croaked Mrs. Skoyles. "I must protest—" Jimmy, rising, regarded her with dignity as he said: "Miss Evans is to become my wife."

hind the red curtains. Jimmy was still leaning out. "Lovin' Sam" was silent at last. The dust and papers swirled dismally about. Mrs. Skoyles had gone stiffly to bed. A policeman wandered along the street and tried the door of Berkovitz' delicatessen store.

It suddenly occurred to Jimmy that there was something beautiful about the dreary blocks. The street-lamps sending down showers of cold light, the thick black shadows. . . . .

At the office next morning the frisky stenographers greeted him flippantly and remarked on his pallor and generally dissipated appearance. His neatness was the same—the carefully brushed, slightly threadbare suit, the spotless high white collar.

But inside him was turmoil. He blurred and blotted. At the cafeteria he upset his coffee, for he always became clumsy when emotionally disturbed. Late in the afternoon he set himself to writing a note. But he found himself halted at the very beginning. To whom should he address it? To the Lady on the Top Floor? It might go to the wrong lady. This threw him into a panic, and he put off writing the note. On his way home, just as he was entering the door, he saw a girl with red hair come down Mrs. Skoyles' steps and go into Berkovitz' delicatessen. Feigning indifference, he went into his own house and hurried to his top-floor room, worried lest she should leave Berkovitz' place before he reached his window. She stayed in the shop for so long a time that he feared he had missed her after all. He looked at his watch. Ten minutes had passed. But scarcely had he replaced it, when he saw her emerge, carrying a small bundle, and retrace her way up Mrs. Skoyles' stoop. She was small, even shorter than himself, he reflected with satisfaction. She was quite as pretty as he had fancied her. She walked daintily, and from his distant point of vantage he decided that she wore no trace of paint or powder. The song returned to his mind.

"Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar-uh—"

He was upset. He had neglected to go at once to the washstand and freshen up. He had wasted fifteen minutes staring out of the window. The girl's small feet twinkled into Mrs. Skoyles' vestibule, and she disappeared into the depths of that gloomy mansion.

Then Jimmy, still avoiding the call of the washstand, slipped out with great indifference and made his way to the Berkovitz establishment. Mrs. Berkovitz greeted him across a counter laden with sausages and blutwurst. She was solid, heavy, red, good-natured, outwardly unromantic, and inwardly as romantic as *Isolde*.

"Vell, Mr. Schmitt, vot can I do for you?"

Jimmy thrust his hands into his pockets and shifted his weight from one foot to the other. "A bottle of pickles, please," he said.

Waddling, she brought the pickles. He paid for them, and still he hung about, moving from one foot to the other.

"Ve have some nice blutwurst," began Mrs. Berkovitz. "Chust fresh. Only a minute ago it came in."

Jimmy became coherent. "I don't know," he said. "Have you some good bologna?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Berkovitz, rolling away for a thick lump of bologna.

"A pound, please." He paid for it and still hung behind.

"Anyt'ing else?" beamed Mrs. Berkovitz. "Some crackers, hein? Or mebbe a bit of cheese."

The situation was becoming serious. He knew grimly that he would have to eat this stuff, no matter how much he loathed it. A fellow couldn't buy stuff and then throw it to the dogs. At last he overcame the paralysis in his throat.

"Do you know, Mrs. Berkovitz, the name of that red-haired girl who lives at Mrs. Skoyles'?"

Mrs. Berkovitz coquetted heavily. The good-natured interest in her eyes seemed to him obscenity. "Ah," she chuckled, "the young man iss interested in her mebbe! Vell, I know her name. It's Miss Evans—such pretty red hair, aindt it?"

Jimmy fled from the store, his dark cheeks crimson. Mrs. Berkovitz in the doorway watched him disappear into his own house. To her cousin Hyman she said: "Such a nice young man, ent so skeered of ladies!"

Upstairs in the room with the tan wall-paper Jimmy mopped the perspiration from his forehead. Still he forgot the call of the washbowl. His whole life was disorganized. At last he seated himself at the table and began to write: *(Please turn to page 124)*

The Thinkin'est Dog

A Story of Fannie, Who Watched Over Sheep

By

Arthur Hawthorne Carhart

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull

FANNIE had lost her babies. She had gone out to work; and at night, when she had come home from a day of slush, mire and toil, they had not been in the big warm box back of the bunk-house stove.

She had cried at first, in little whimpering, short sharp yelps; and then she had gone running to Big Jim, her man-god. Out of wistful eyes she had looked up at the man, and he had taken her shaggy head between his big rough hands and caressed her silken forehead while he talked to her in comforting tones.

"It's tough luck, pup," he said. "You just kain't onderstand, I guess, how anxious other sheep-men are to git yo'r pups soon as they're weaned. But that's the situation, Fannie dog. Some of yo'r stunts have give you the rep of bein' just about the thinkin'-est dog in the Rio Blanco country, and that means that when yo'r pups are 'bout so large, every son-of-a-gun this side of Meeker is pesterin' the Boss to get some of yo'r babies. And 'cause the Boss is runnin' a ranch, here, instead of an asylum fer sheep-dogs, he just gets yo'r pups good homes and lets 'em go. It's tough, but it kain't be helped none."

Fannie crawled back to look at the empty box where her puppies had tumbled and wriggled the day before, while Big Jim sat and talked softly to himself, garnishing his remarks with heart-felt cuss-words. For Big Jim loved Fannie almost as much as the dog worshiped him.

Fannie was being paid the highest possible compliment by her human friends when they eagerly sought her puppies. Of course she could hardly understand this. But in any case it would be only a few weeks until they were grown dogs and would have to carry their burden of the work on the open ranges. So Big Jim decided in his own mind that perhaps it was just as well that the little dog would carry the memory of the pups rather than have them grow away from her so quickly.

The day after her puppies had been taken away, Fannie and Big Jim turned out of their warm beds at daybreak. In cities are dogs that win blue ribbons, live in immaculate kennels, have expert veterinarians to attend their indispositions. Fannie had a background of ancestry, but not a pedigree on paper. Somewhere back in her line of forebears there was a bit of collie blood. Wolf blood had come along with that collie strain—just the tiniest thread of wild blood that made her tingle whenever the gray chorus yowled and mouthed over the Flat-tops. But mostly she was Mexican shepherd, that small, hardy, wiry, knowing strain of dogs that are sought by sheep-men of the West because they are natural guardians of the flocks.

Fannie was one of that little army of dogs, useful friends of man, who win their own way through honest toil. There was no pampering for Fannie of the Flat-tops. She reveled in getting up in the morning to go with Big Jim to look over the flocks as they started the day, grazing in great widespread waves over the home ranch pastures. These dogs of the high country stand by the side of the men of the high country through thick and thin, and justify their existence, and the trust men put in them, many, many times over.

The day after the loss of her pups Fannie found some relief in the rush and scampering of the flocks, excitement in doing her work and doing it well. Sun was flooding the home ranch. Far off on the Flat-tops, where later the flocks would find forage, there was still snow.

The first lambs had come to the home ranch. Fannie, with Big Jim, was keenly alert to find any new lambs that might be suffering from the chill in the air. They tramped around a patch of willows, and were met by the plaintive, reedy bleating of a baby lamb. In a moment Jim had hurried forward and was bundling the lamb up in his arms. Then he looked down at the mother struggling in an effort to rise.

"Why, you poor old sister," he said with a catch in his voice. "Yo're shore just the onluckiest thing, aint you, now!"

The mother sheep lay still. So the mahogany-colored lamb was orphaned almost before it could possibly realize that there was such a thing as a sheep mother. And characteristically, Big Jim took the little waif under his special care. That night in the bunk-house the lamb wabbled on its shaky, clumsy legs, saw a moving, living bulk in Fannie near by, and then groggily made for the dog, dropped to its knees, jammed its blunt little nose up into Fannie's breasts and started wiggling its tail as though it would shake it clear of the brown little body.

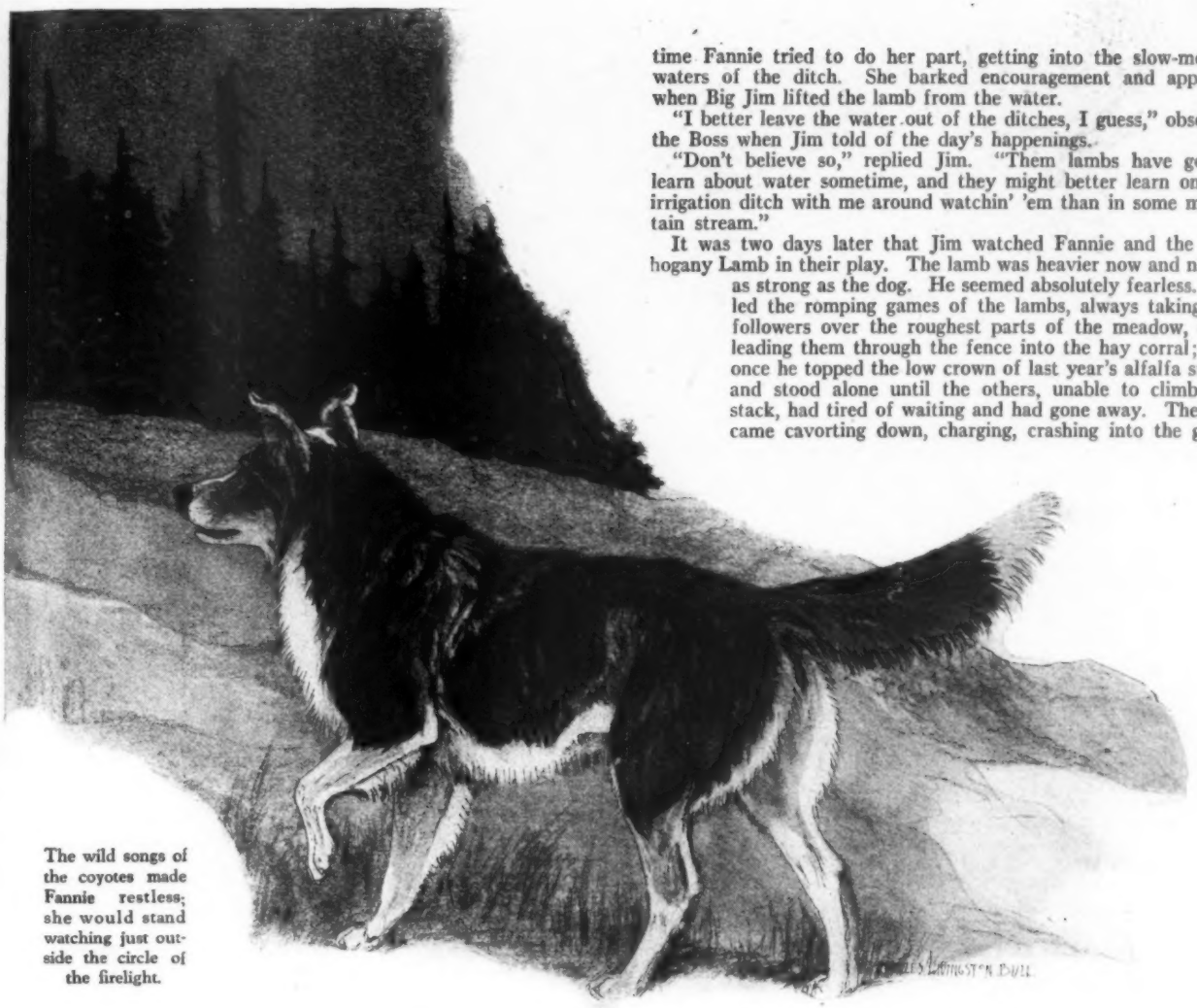
Fannie looked up wonderingly, questioningly, toward Big Jim. It was a new experience for her to have a nursing lamb mistake her for its mother. The men in the bunk-house snickered. Big Jim roared.

"I'm a son-of-a-gun!" he exploded. "Don't that beat all! The pup's lost her babies, and this baby has lost his mother, and here he goes and adopts Fannie without even askin' her leave. Don't that beat the Dutch!"

Fannie laughed too when her man friends laughed, while the lamb searched vainly for the supply of milk he had expected. Big Jim began fussing with a bottle and a nipple and later heated diluted canned milk which the lamb guzzled hungrily.

After that, some bond linked Fannie and the Mahogany Lamb. She always presided over its feeding, gravely watching Big Jim prepare the bottle. A couple of weeks later Big Jim stood near the shearing pens watching the lambs gambol while their mothers lost their winter coats. Jim was chuckling, and there was the ghost of a humorous smile around the lips of the Boss.

Out in the open field Fannie was rushing like mad in wide circles. She would stop, then dive in toward where the Mahogany



The wild songs of the coyotes made Fannie restless; she would stand watching just outside the circle of the firelight.

Lamb stood with his homely little head lowered ready to bunt. The lamb dived, ran, skipped, but never reached the dog as she rollicked away and then came flashing back, barking excitedly, and lost in the ecstasy of play.

"They're pals," remarked Jim to the Boss. "That fool lamb would rather romp with the dog than with the other lambs."

"He's gettin' big. You can't keep him around the bunk-house much longer," replied the Boss. "I saw him tryin' to butt Hank yesterday, and he was makin' a pretty good showin'. He gets another ten pounds or so, and he'll give a fellow a jolt."

The lambing was over; shearing was well past; and the irrigation ditches were overflowing. Fannie trotted beside Big Jim, who was watching a band of lambs playing a wild hilarious game of tag over the banks of the big irrigation ditch. Water was close to the path where some of them scampered. With a sweep the playing youngsters went tumbling around a curve, and then with a quick leap one of the lambs cleared the ditch. Two followed, and then came a baby lamb that had seen the world several days later than those leaders and as yet did not have the length nor strength of limb to jump the stream. He slipped, splashed, came up out of the water and then sank. Jim ran. Fannie, barking, hurrying, was at his heels. Leaning over the ditch, reaching out with his long arm, Jim grabbed the lamb by the scruff of the neck, lifted him out gently, shook a little of the water from him, and then set him on his own feet.

Fannie cocked her head on one side during the performance, barked a little, dashed around as though she would help, and then, after the lamb ran away, she looked up to Jim with her lips back and her white teeth flashing in a doggy smile.

"That's the way to do it, Fannie, girl," said the tall foreman. "Gosh, there's another in!" Another lamb had failed in the leap of that desperate game of follow-the-leader that the larger lambs had organized. That lamb was rescued in a similar manner. This time Fannie tried to do her part, getting into the slow-moving waters of the ditch. She barked encouragement and approval when Big Jim lifted the lamb from the water.

"I better leave the water out of the ditches, I guess," observed the Boss when Jim told of the day's happenings.

"Don't believe so," replied Jim. "Them lambs have got to learn about water sometime, and they might better learn on this irrigation ditch with me around watchin' 'em than in some mountain stream."

It was two days later that Jim watched Fannie and the Mahogany Lamb in their play. The lamb was heavier now and nearly as strong as the dog. He seemed absolutely fearless. He led the romping games of the lambs, always taking the followers over the roughest parts of the meadow, even leading them through the fence into the hay corral; and once he topped the low crown of last year's alfalfa stack, and stood alone until the others, unable to climb the stack, had tired of waiting and had gone away. Then he came cavorting down, charging, crashing into the game again, while Fannie stood by Big Jim and let out excited whimperings as she watched this foster baby of hers in his wild gambols.

Then Fannie plunged into the play. Over the pasture, across the open space near the big irrigation lateral, down the bank, up the bank, across the footbridge and then along the top of the dike on the far side they raced, the lamb leading. With a quick turn he started to leap the ditch where it was widest. The distance was too great, or there was not sure footing on the bank from which he jumped, for he never made solid footing on the opposite side. Jim heard the splash and started forward on the run. But as he looked, he saw Fannie dive into the water and reach the lamb in quick strokes. Firmly she grabbed him by the loose skin of the neck, and before Jim could reach the place where they were paddling, she had dragged him to the bank, yanked him up the slope to safety and was nosing the lamb, giving voice meanwhile to sharp little gruff barks of command as Jim arrived.

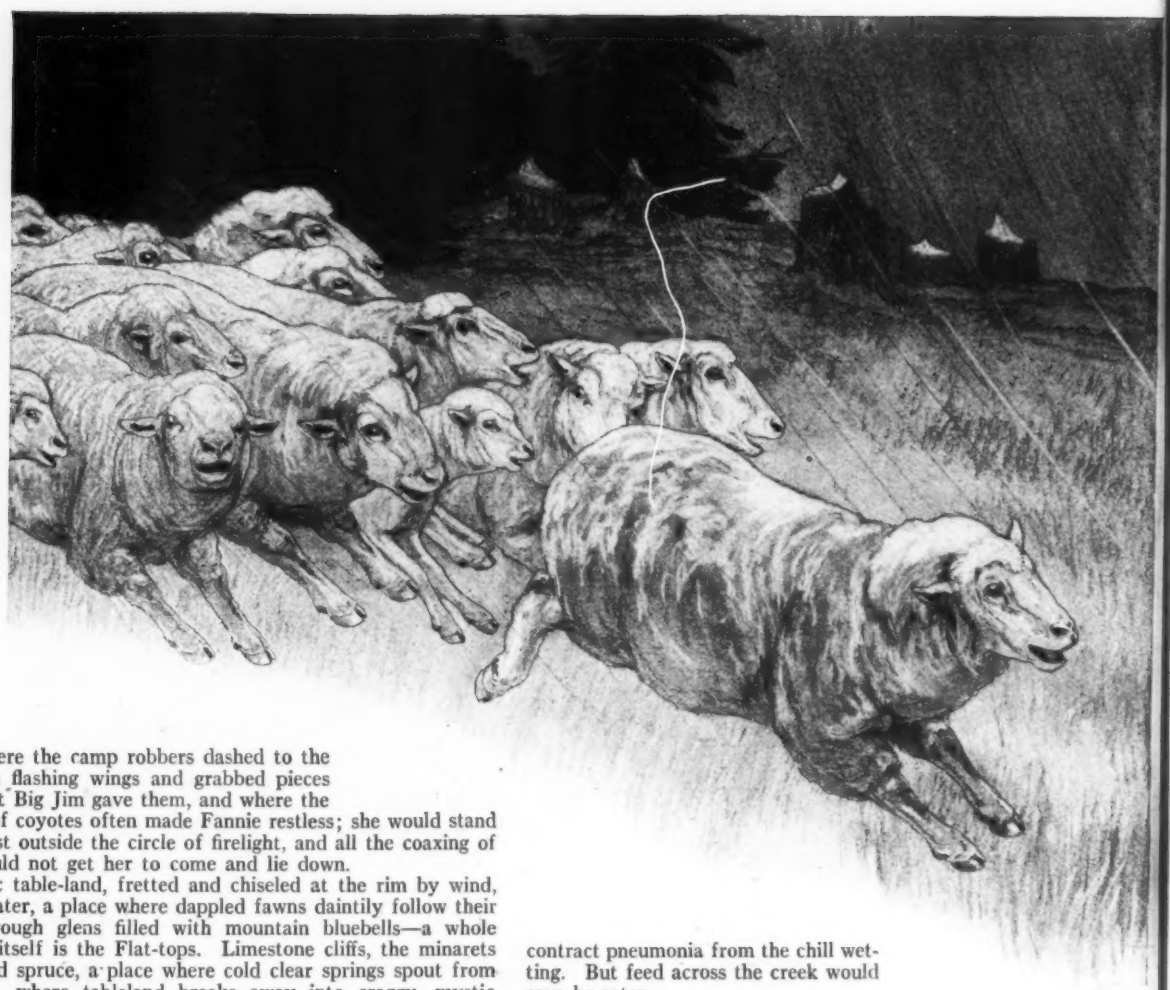
"Well, I'll be walloped!" exclaimed Jim as he looked down at the two. "So you've figured that out, have you, Fannie?" She looked up, wagged her water-heavy tail, and wrinkled her lips back.

The next day Jim saw Fannie pulling another lamb out of the ditch.

The Mahogany Lamb seemed to take impish delight in falling into the canal. He would lead Fannie in wild chase, plunge in an effort to reach the opposite bank, fall splashing into the stream, flounder, and then Fannie would paddle in, get a businesslike grip on his neck and haul him out.

"I believe that lamb teases the dog," said Big Jim one day after this had happened three times. "He's either the dumbest thing I've ever seen wearin' wool, or else he's the most dare-devil woolly I ever saw—and I don't know which."

The trip to the Flat-tops started. Fannie was glad. She almost lived for that time when the flocks would be in the high meadows, up in the country where the clouds floated lazily in sun-filled skies



of blue, where the camp robbers dashed to the campfire on flashing wings and grabbed pieces of meat that Big Jim gave them, and where the wild songs of coyotes often made Fannie restless; she would stand watching just outside the circle of firelight, and all the coaxing of Big Jim could not get her to come and lie down.

A gigantic table-land, fretted and chiseled at the rim by wind, frost and water, a place where dappled fawns daintily follow their mothers through glens filled with mountain bluebells—a whole country by itself is the Flat-tops. Limestone cliffs, the minarets of uncounted spruce, a place where cold clear springs spout from under rocks, where tableland breaks away into craggy, mystic cañons through which rush foamy streams, or where bluest lakes mirror forest, cliff, sky and cloud—these made just about the nearest thing to heaven that a sheep-dog may find on earth. And then there was always the work with the sheep. They would get down in some hidden cleft, play lost, have to be routed out and shoved back to the main band. Or they would take some fool notion to go stampeding away, and it was Fannie's duty to help Jim herd them back into some semblance of a band so he could count them and see that they were all there.

Mid-July came. The Mahogany Lamb took on weight and ran more with the sheep, but there still was some bond between Fannie and the lamb that had grown from the time when the little waif sheep-baby had mistaken the dog for the lost mother. When they met on the range, they would gravely approach, stand a moment regarding each other, perhaps touch noses in solemn manner, and then each would trot on about his business.

"That's a fat lamb," remarked the Boss one day to Big Jim. "He'll do his share to swell the weight of our fat lamb shipment."

Big Jim looked at the Boss quickly. "I'd kinda planned on keepin' him fer a counter," he remarked casually. Sheep-men often keep brown or black sheep in their flocks in some certain ratio, as for example, one black sheep to each fifty white ones, so there is a quick, easy check of numbers by simply counting the black-coated woolies.

"You can get all the counter sheep you want by pickin' some of them black ewes," said the Boss. He had to think of the amount of fat lamb and wool that could be secured from the flock. Big Jim was thinking about the friendship between the dog and the lamb.

Then came a morning when there was the faintest of breezes among the slow-swaying spruce branches; the ravens squawked harshly in the aspen grove where Big Jim got his firewood, and a thick blanket of peace seemed to spread over the beautiful kingdom of the Flat-tops. It was almost time to move camp. Jim had shoved the sheep to the opposite side of the South Fork several days before. To do this he had built a temporary bridge so the sheep would not get into the water, get their fleece wet and contract pneumonia from the chill wetting. But feed across the creek would soon be eaten.

"You watch 'em, pup," Big Jim said to Fannie as he left camp. He waved his arm across the slopes on the opposite side of the stream where the sheep were spread over the hillside. "I'm goin' to find a new location."

Fannie wanted to go with Big Jim. There were no coyotes near to pester the flock; the day was serene; there was no reason she shouldn't go—except that it was her duty to watch the flock. Big Jim moved away while Fannie followed his departure with wistful eyes.

She scouted around camp, crossed the temporary log bridge, looked down to where the waters rushed over the stony streambed, then trotted up toward the sheep, tested the breeze for queer scent, and finding none, sought a warm place on a bank where she could overlook the sheep.

The hours passed drowsily. There was some play among the lambs—not as much as in the spring. The lambs were getting older and fatter. The sun started to slope down. A cloud appeared in the west—not just a lazy floating island of fluffy white sailing in a slow-moving, high-country breeze, but a dark, boiling, menacing mass that piled up from the plains country.

The sheep got restless. Fannie sniffed the breeze that started to blow down the cañon, and whined. Big Jim should be coming soon. If there was a heavy thunder-shower, trouble might break. The sheep were silly about lightning and thunder at times.

The flock bunched closer. Fannie left her place above the sheep and went down to turn them back. She barked and ran at them with fierce little dives, then slowly turned them up toward the higher slopes. The cloud grew, and there was a chill nip in the wind.

Big Jim, over a mile to the west, was following the track of a coyote in soft trail mud. He had not noticed the black cloud until he looked up suddenly. Then he turned and hurried toward camp.

As Fannie waited and watched, the wind blowing over the South Fork meadows became stronger. The sheep became harder to hold. The sun crawled down behind the cloud. A band of blat-

The lamb lost footing, staggered and stumbled up—only to be met by a leaping attack from Fannie.

ting sheep started downhill again. Fannie turned them back excitedly.

Low rumbling of thunder growled in the belly of that black cloud, and the quick flash of lightning darted down to splinter some fir tree into a thousand pieces, and flickered and flamed through the blackness of the storm.

A storm in the mountains, when thunders gallop in cañon and over cliffs is awful, inspiring, terrifying, magnificent. The steady pound of the thunder artillery, the swishing sweep of the deluge that comes from the clouds, the sudden dimming of day!

With a rush the wind changed. The aspen shivered and bent before the gusty blasts. The cloud seemed hanging overhead. The veils of wind-whipped rain came swaying and fraying down from the clouds like witches' hair. Back of those first spectral white tresses of falling water there came a solid gray bank of downpour through which ripped and roared the flash and bellow of lightning.

The storm hit the slope where Fannie guarded the sheep. The first gust seemed to roll the edges of the band back like white waves. The sheep turned their heads uphill, went milling and stamping toward the shelter of a spruce thicket. That suited Fannie. She joined with the storm that was so terrifying to her when it bellowed and roared in thunder voices, and added her feeble bark to the chorus of the elements. Once in the timber the sheep would not be so apt to stampede before the rush of the wind and rain.

The sheep went driving before the new onslaught of the storm like a rift of rain-pelted foam. They found the edge of the timber. They melted into the fringe of protecting fir and spruce. A few feet inside the first windbreak the rushing air held less force. There was a moment in which only wind and rain sounds filled the air.

Then the heavens seemed to open. There was an appalling second in which the world was filled with livid light. The next all the thunders of the Flat-tops were roaring in the thicket of spruce.

Out from the timber broke the sheep, in full flight from that awful thing that had suddenly blasted the snug harbor they had chosen.

In the forefront flew Fannie. She leaped at the flanks of the leaders. They turned but little; masses behind carried them on.

Down the slope, through the swishing, swirling curtain of pounding rain, through the mad brooks that tumbled in every little gully, they raced. Frantically Fannie tore to the lower side, nipped legs, barked. There was a momentary turn in the flock's rush. Out from the mass leaped the Mahogany Lamb. His legs flickered in the gray light, as he ran blindly, his head lowered, from the Thunder Being in the spruce thicket.

The lamb turned his head toward the familiar crossing on the temporary bridge. What might have been in his mind was a problem. Probably his only thought was to get away from the thunder.

Tumbling in a puddle of dirty water, falling over round stones loosened by the rain, Fannie threw herself forward. Below was that inadequate bridge. The sheep would mill out upon it. There was no side rail. They would be *(Please turn to page 149)*

IN TUNE WITH C

CLARA BOW

whose picture appears at the right, is one of the few first-magnitude stars of the silent screen who have triumphantly surmounted the obstacles to continued stardom so graphically depicted by Fannie Hurst upon another page of this magazine.

And Miss Bow, young as she is, arrived in Hollywood when no one suspected that voice would be required to make a picture. Her début, indeed, was the result of winning a beauty contest, when she was still in high school; and it is reported that, when given her first chance in a film play, she failed for the reason that she did not understand how to put on paint and because the tears required by her part spoiled her make-up.

Obviously, she won another chance; and became the reason for the hit of "It" and "The Fleet's In," and, more recently, in the all talking "Dangerous Curves."

Photo by Gene Robert Richee, Paramount.

STUART CHASE

Do you recollect a comment made by Emil Ludwig in this magazine, when he was writing for you about Ford and Lindbergh? He spoke of them as "pioneers of a generation which has determined to shape human happiness from machines."

Mr. Chase—whose photograph appears below—has presented this idea of happiness from machines in a book full of surprise and wonder for the man who has not yet done much thinking about modern mechanical contrivances.

"Men and Machines" begins with the earliest appliances which the human race devised for its comfort and convenience, and takes you up to the present — indeed, a bit into the future, with some rather startling conclusions. A highly realistic book, this, which is much more than a mere record of mechanical progress; it is rather, indeed, an evaluator of modern life.

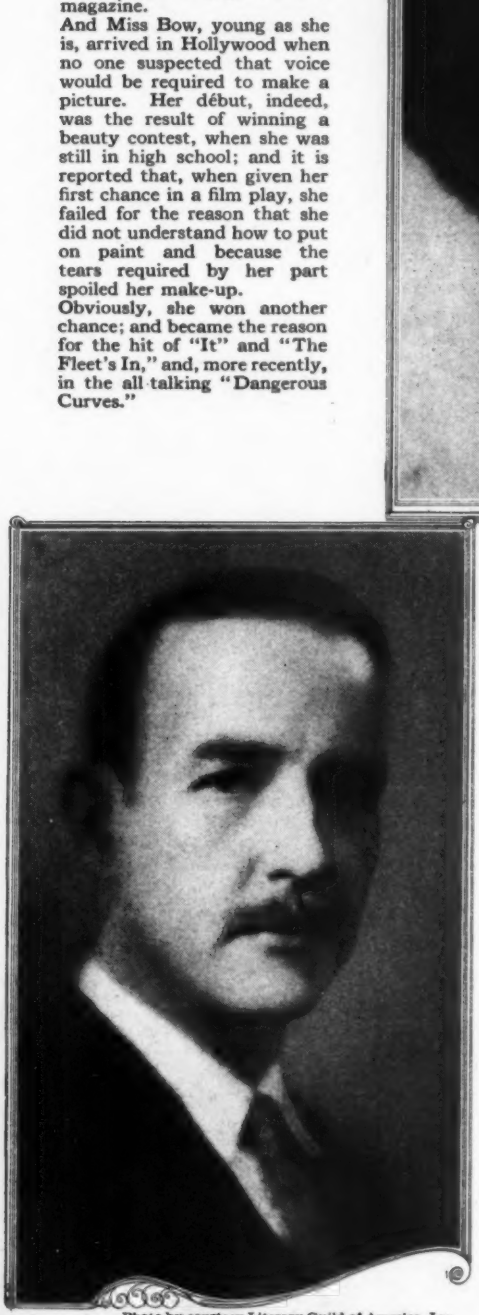


Photo by courtesy Literary Guild of America, Inc

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

has written a book of great importance to a people endowed with wealth and physical well-being beyond any other in history—in other words, to the American people of today.

For Mr. Krutch—whose picture appears at the left—tells us why even the highest physical well-being is no guarantee of felicity.

As a matter of fact, he says, it is only when "the individual finds himself in a perfectly satisfactory physical environment" that he begins "to be aware of those more fundamental maladjustments which subsist, not between man and society, but between the human spirit and the natural universe."

The title is "The Modern Temper," and it is decidedly a book for the man or woman who, having solved the problems of subsistence, is wondering—what now?

OUR TIMES

HILDA MAUCK

is a Kansas City girl who was graduated from Grinnell College, in Iowa, and is writing in a pleasantly individual and vivid manner about young people of the Middle West.

An author in the West today is under a handicap which did not affect Bret Harte or Hamlin Garland. They had to deal with differences so broad that a "Western" character easily and instantly was proclaimed. But in these times of fifty-hour communications between coasts and all highways cemented, a writer has to represent far more subtle distinctions.

Miss Mauck — whose picture appears at the right — is making a name for herself by delineating the lighter (and sometimes the more serious) doings of young ladies who could not be just what they are, elsewhere than in the Missouri-Mississippi valley.

"The Soul Saver," by Miss Mauck, appears upon another page.

Photo by Miss Reineke

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

is one of the most distinguished of American authors resident abroad. She was born in New Jersey but was taken to Europe when nine years old and has resided, since, chiefly in France and England. A recent photograph is reproduced below.

"The Little French Girl," which contrasts in a poignantly personal manner the ideals of the French and the English, became a best seller in this country; as also did "Tante," which was one of her earliest novels.

Opposition of character seems to fascinate her; and her "Dark Hester," which is now being read, is a dramatic story of the familiar clash between the two women who most lawfully can assert claim to the same man at the same time—his mother and his wife.

While living in Paris, Miss Sedgwick (who married Basil de Selincourt) studied painting and exhibited at Champs de Mars.

Photo by Courtesy of Frederick A. Stokes Company

LOUIS BROMFIELD

the author of "City Romance" in this issue of The Red Book Magazine, wrote the novel which won the Pulitzer prize a couple of years ago, "Early Autumn." And in France he won another prize—the Croix de Guerre.

With the appearance of "The Green Bay Tree," which preceded the prize-winning book by two years, critics observed that Mr. Bromfield could maintain at the same time an amiable and a discerning attitude toward the complications of personal strivings which we call "life." His later novel, and perhaps his best, is "A Good Woman," somewhat more "modern," as the title is to be taken a trifle satirically, referring to a woman who was very sure she was good, whatever might be the effect of her life upon other people. Mr. Bromfield's picture appears at the left.

Photo © by C. Vandyk, Ltd.

The Girl from Evil Lane

By Seven Anderton

Illustrated by Rico Tomaso

who has seen and shared in events of such strange character that writing is, for him, chiefly a selection of what to tell.

I WAS about to be mixed up in things that would be told on the front pages of the newspapers. I knew it the moment I opened the door. There could be no surer sign. Fate could give no fairer warning, than the vision of Warren Kelly at my threshold. I was about to part company with tranquillity for the duration of the emergency.

Warren Kelly has been my intermittent room-mate since we were seniors in high school more than twelve years ago. He laughed at me when I went to work on a Chicago paper after we were graduated.

"Go ahead and write stories," said Kelly. "I'm going to live them."

He kept his promise. A prize newspaper man was lost when Warren Kelly decided to live stories instead of writing them. He seems to have an agreement with trouble that he shall be about when it happens. Honesty compels me to admit that Kelly is a vagabond, a sinner and more than a bit of a rogue. He regards law as a necessary evil, to be observed when convenient and ignored at other times. True, he is clever. A man not yet thirty-five years old who has knocked about most of the countries of the world, lived by his wits and never had a passport, must be clever.

"Boundary lines," he once told me, "mean nothing in my life. I was born in the world and I am a citizen thereof. Those who object to my roaming about it at will, must prevent my wandering if they can."

During the past ten years Kelly has paid me perhaps a dozen visits. He drops in from God-knows-where, stays a few days or a few weeks, and departs for nowhere in particular. He has never written me a letter. I get a rough idea of his wanderings from the queer packages that arrive at my apartment at irregular intervals.

These packages come from such places as Suez, Capetown, Nome, Canton, Copenhagen, Sydney and Rio de Janeiro. Once in a while the charges are prepaid, but usually they arrive collect. I am, however, always repaid by the thrill of unwrapping them. In them I find weird and artistic images and idols of bronze, ivory, ebony or teakwood, beautiful pieces of pottery and tapestry, sandals, ornaments and queer weapons. They yield odd and exquisite pieces of furniture, pipes and all manner of interesting and astonishing things.

There was in the entire world no person I should have preferred to see when I answered the doorbell. I dragged Kelly into the living-room and told him so.

"How come?" drawled Kelly, releasing his grip on my hand as he dropped into one of my easy-chairs.

"Because I have a feeling that trouble was about to happen anyhow," I told him.

Kelly was smoking a disreputable pipe. He stretched his long legs, slid far down in the easy-chair and blew a cloud of smoke at the ceiling.

"What's worrying you?" he asked.

"A girl," I answered.

"Girls exist," observed Kelly, "in order that those who wish to worry may have something to worry about."

"This one puzzles me," I told him.

"They often do that, too," he remarked. "What has this one been doing?"

"She has been letting herself in for a lot of trouble."

Kelly hoisted his feet to the corner of the elegantly carved and highly polished rosewood table. I didn't say anything, because it was Kelly's table. He sent it from Singapore. It cost me forty-six dollars, duty and transportation charges.

"That," chuckled Kelly, "is another thing at which girls excel. I dare say there are several hundred thousand other girls in Chicago who are getting themselves into trouble at the present time. Why not worry about all of them while you are at it? Are you sweet on this one?"

"I am not," I answered. "I met her in my capacity as a reporter. She runs a club that came in for scrutiny on the part of the Welfare Board and I met her at that time. We are just good friends, and she and a chap named Jimmy Fowler are crazy about each other."

"Her club must be a nice place," smiled Kelly.

"The Welfare Board found nothing that would permit them to close it," I replied. "You can't judge this girl until you have met her. She is different."

"None of them are different," answered Kelly. "Tell me about this one."

"She has been and is making herself very unpopular with one of the most powerful gang leaders in this burg's underworld," I told him.

Kelly took a handful of loose tobacco from the pocket of his coat and filled his pipe.

"Perhaps life has lost its appeal for her," he suggested.

I filled my pipe and moved the beautiful black earthenware tobacco jar from beside Kelly's feet to the farther end of the table. Kelly sent the jar from Amsterdam, but I saw no reason why he should kick it onto the floor and break it.

"The girl is only a kid," I answered, "and does not realize her danger."

"How has this girl incurred the dislike of this rough party that you mention?" asked Kelly.

"Here is how matters stand," I explained: "This girl turned up in Chicago about six months ago with an idea for separating suckers from their money. She started a social club on the edge of the loop. Bell-boys in some of the well-known hotels about town are supplied with her cards. When one of the bell-boys takes a lone male to his room, he sizes up his man. If the lone male looks as if he might have ready money and careless ideas, the boy leaves one of the cards on the dresser. The card bears a telephone-number and an invitation to any lonesome person to call the number. If the sucker calls, a sweet voice tells him that the Pastime Club has a membership of lonesome persons of both sexes and all ages. He is assured that if he wishes to call at the club, he will meet other members who will be glad to join him in dancing, seeing a show, dining or killing time in any other manner he may choose. Nine out of ten who telephone appear later at the club, and most of those who call part with ten dollars for a year's membership and are admitted to the club-room."

"What does the new member find in the club-room?" inquired Kelly.

"A dozen or more girls and perhaps a few saps like himself," I answered. "The club-room is a very pleasant place. Plenty of soft furniture and soft lights, a radio, a baby grand piano, several other musical instruments and a small place in the center of the

"In Santiago she had taken up with a piano-player in a cheap dance-hall. She got on the pay-roll as an entertainer."

room for dancing. No rough stuff goes. The girl has a hand-picked bunch of the town's champion gold-diggers, but all a girl is allowed to do in the club-room is stake her claim. She must take it elsewhere to work it."

"Your friend must make a very good thing from the membership fees, even after she splits with the bell-boys," remarked Kelly.

"She does," I answered. "But she has collided with Jerry Ware, bootlegger, gambler, gunman and gang leader. You see, she has been playing a lone hand here in the very cradle of organized endeavor in the art of separating the fool and his money. It has dawned upon the wise birds of the underworld that she is cornering large chunks of the boodle that might otherwise come to them. A couple of weeks ago Jerry Ware went to the club and proposed to the girl that she allow him to peddle hooch in her place. He met a prompt and flat refusal. In the meantime, Jimmy Fowler, being crazy about the girl, has been hanging around the club a lot. Ware knows this and thinks that the rule against liquor in the club is a stall. He thinks Jimmy is supplying the hooch, and the club happens to be in Ware's territory."

"I know Jerry Ware," interrupted Kelly, "but who is Fowler?"

"Jimmy Fowler," I explained, "is our newest and youngest bootleg prince. He graduated from college last year with the degree

of master bootlegger. He paid his way through his junior and senior years by catering to the campus thirst. He had found the profession so profitable that he came into Chicago to carry on. He established himself and has made a lot of money. This is the first time he has locked horns with any of the underworld chieftains. Last night Jerry Ware told the girl to tell Jimmy to stay away from the club or he would have him bumped off. Ware also told Pluma that he would either sell booze in the club or put the skids under it."

"Hold on!" cried Kelly, removing his feet from the table and sitting upright in the chair. "Is this girl's name Pluma Meyers?"

I told him that it was and Kelly lay back in his chair and roared with laughter.

"What's the matter?" I asked him.

Kelly ceased laughing with difficulty and explained.

"I'll take back what I said about no girl being different," he declared. "Pluma Meyers is one girl who is different. What amuses me is that out of several hundred million you should pick the one who does not need it, to worry about. Better worry about Jerry Ware if he starts anything with Pluma Meyers. He will find that he has been fooling with an unexploded explosion."

"You are crazy," I declared. "This girl is only a kid. She isn't as wise in the ways of the world as the average flapper. She—"

"Wait a minute," Kelly demanded. "There could not be two girls in the world with that name, but I will describe her to make sure. She appears to be about twenty years old, weighs about a hundred and fifteen pounds and is about four inches more than five feet tall. She has a lot of wavy black hair that is not bobbed, olive complexion, uses no paint or powder and doesn't need it, dances like a dream and dresses simply, but looks like a million dollars—"

"You have described her," I admitted.

Kelly looked at me from beneath lowered lids for a long minute before he spoke again.

"Tom," he said then, "I don't see you often, but I know you pretty well and I like you. What I am going to tell you is nobody's business—not even yours, but it may stop you from worrying about Pluma Meyers. Before I tell you I want your promise that you will never repeat a word of it."

I promised, and Kelly rose and walked across the room to where a quaintly wrought bottle stood on the mantel. It contained about a quart of perfume. I had never come in contact with a more exquisite scent. Kelly had sent it from Bombay about six months before.

"I see you haven't used much of this," said Kelly, picking up the bottle.

"No," I replied. "I don't go in much for perfumes. I filled the atomizer once. It is still half full."

"You filled what?" cried Kelly. Then he burst into unrestrained laughter and shook the bottle at me. "You hundred-per-cent ante-Volstead damn' fool! This is liquor—the very finest that India produces!"

"Well, it passed the customs as perfume," I defended myself a few minutes later as we sat sipping the fragrant, pale green and delicious liquid.

Kelly placed his empty glass on the table. "About Pluma Meyers," he said. "Do you remember a verse by Robert Service in which he tells of a woman who was very old despite the fact that her years all told were only a score and three? Do you

"My Gawd!" groaned a man in the crowd. "She never saw a crap game before and she bets twenty grand!"

remember that the lady knew by heart, from finish to start, the book of iniquity?"

I said that I remembered the lines.

"Well," continued Kelly, "Pluma Meyers might be the woman concerning whom those lines were written. I can probably tell you more of her story than is known by any other person, excepting herself. She was born in Honolulu. Her father was a Russian soldier of fortune and her mother was half Kanaka and half German. Her father drifted on to other parts before Pluma was born and her mother was killed one night in Evil Lane—Pluma was about five years old at the time."

He lighted a cigarette, smoked absently a moment, then added:

"After the death of her mother, Pluma became the protégée of Evil Lane. The infamous lane became her home, her school and her playground, and in the entire world there were few better places to learn the book of iniquity by heart."

"But this girl—" I began.

"Let me finish, please," grinned Kelly, "and then I will listen to you. Pluma was given shelter in the house of Mary Webber, an old madam of the Lane, and became the pet of the dens. The underworld loves a baby just as much as does the rest of humanity. Pluma was an apt pupil. By the time she was fifteen she knew how to fix one drink of liquor so that it would do the work of a couple of quarts. She could remove silver coins from the pockets of a sober sailor without arousing the suspicion of the sailor. She could throw the wicked knife she carried through a knot-hole at fifty feet. Those were only a few of the sweet little tricks that Evil Lane taught its mascot.

"Pluma was born with a natural aversion to liquor and has never rid herself of it. She is a natural linguist and the riffraff of the world flowing through Evil Lane taught her many tongues. She can upon occasion speak quite a number of languages, fluently or profanely. She also knows how to handle a gun and her aim is uncanny.

"Just before she was sixteen, Pluma ran away with the Danish skipper of a tramp schooner. I met her about a year later in Sydney, Australia. She had been dropped there by the Dane and had taken up with a young reporter on a Sydney paper. The reporter improved her English considerably if he did her no good otherwise. She stayed with him about six months and then left Sydney with another seafaring Lothario.

"A couple of years passed and then I ran across her trail in Santiago, Chile. She had dropped off there and taken up with a piano-player in a cheap dance-hall. She got on the pay-roll as an entertainer, dancing in the dive. She can dance, and no foolin'.

"Then she left Santiago with a Portuguese gambler who was seeing the world on a bank-roll he had annexed in Rio. The gam-

bler taught her a lot more about cards and dice and the things that can be done to them with nimble fingers. The pupil soon became the equal of the master. She was particularly clever in handling the dice and evolved some tricks of her own with them. Pluma and the gambler opened a joint in the Panama Canal Zone and prospered until Pluma met a sergeant of the Canal Zone police and went for a walk with him one night. The Portuguese followed and shot the sergeant from ambush. Pluma came back and reported that the pair had killed each other. The police went out and got the bodies, and that was that. The army doctor who looked them over told me afterward that the bullet he dug out of the gambler did not fit the sergeant's gun—but nobody cared. Pluma left the Zone, and I have heard nothing of her since, until tonight."

Kelly paused and poured himself another drink from the "perfume" bottle.

"But you must be mistaken," I insisted. "This girl—"

"I know," admitted Kelly. "This girl is the picture of unsophisticated maidenhood. She is the personification of innocence. She has all the earmarks of good breeding. She is beautiful, naïve and modest. I grant all that, but I still swear that I have told you the truth about her past. Nature intended Pluma Meyers to be a noblewoman, but environment and circumstance gummed up the works. The result is the girl about whom you are worried: a woman more able to take care of herself at any time and in any place than any other female in the world.

"Pluma Meyers is not immoral—she just never had any morals. She is perfectly described by a line from one of Kipling's poems, 'Half devil and half child.'"

Kelly paused again and finished his liquor.

"You have described a very interesting female," I said, "and one I should very much like to meet. However, I am certain that you will find that the girl you have described and the girl I have told you about have nothing in common except their names."

"I know exactly how you feel," said Kelly. "Pluma inspires that feeling in all men. You will still feel that way, even after you are convinced that I have told you the truth. The girl is and always will be unspoiled by the world. Her soft heart may be the graveyard of untold light loves, but it will never grow hard or break. She knows the utter cussedness of humanity but she doesn't hold that against it—if you get me. Just the same I feel sorry for any of this town's gangsters who get tough with Pluma."

I arose and got my coat. I could not believe that Kelly had been talking about the Pluma Meyers I knew.

"Let's go over to Pluma's club," I said.

"Fine!" agreed Kelly. "But just the same, you will find that I am not mistaken."

THE Pastime Club occupied the entire second floor above a grocery, just off North Clark Street. We climbed the steps and entered the small office, partitioned off the front of the club-room. The office contained several easy-chairs, a filing-cabinet and a desk, behind which sat a slender blonde girl. I asked for Miss Meyers and the girl pushed a button on the desk. A few moments later Pluma appeared in the arched opening that led to the club-room.

When Pluma saw Kelly she gave a little cry of delight and ran to him with both hands extended. Their greeting was that of old and dear friends. I was dazed. There was amusement in the glance Kelly gave me as we followed Pluma to the club-room. She led us to the very rear of the long room, where we found Jimmy Fowler, seated on a huge divan. Pluma introduced Kelly and asked us to share the divan with Jimmy. She seated herself in a large chair near the wall and facing us. The grand piano with its lid raised and a scarf thrown over it screened the divan from the front of the room. I remembered afterward that we sat in such a manner that only Pluma could see the opening in the partition through which visitors must enter the club-room. By the same token, she was the only one who could be seen by a person standing in the opening.

Pluma explained to Jimmy Fowler that she had known Kelly since her girlhood and then turned to Kelly with a question as to where he had been since their last meeting in Panama. I studied Pluma closely, trying in vain to reconcile her with the background Kelly had sketched for her. There were only the four of us in the room and I remarked about it.

"We shall probably have company soon," answered Pluma. Then she changed the subject.

Conversation went on for half an hour. I wanted to bring up the subject of Jerry Ware and the danger in which I felt Pluma to be, but I could not seem to find an opening.

Then things happened.

There was a sound of some one entering the outer office and almost at the same instant a light bulb on the wall between us three and Pluma glowed red for a moment and went out. I saw Pluma's left hand reach for a switch on the wall and her right hand flash downward. Next moment the room was in darkness and I heard a sharp whisper from Pluma.

"Sit still, all of you," she ordered.

The last word of the whispered command was drowned in the roar of a gun. From where Pluma sat, long orange-colored tongues of flame lashed through the darkness in the direction of the club-room entrance. The automatic in the girl's hand spat several times in rapid succession. There was the sound of shots from the front of the room and then sudden silence.

The lights in the room flared on. There was a queer smile on Pluma's face as she thrust her smoking gun into Kelly's hand. I leaped to my feet and looked toward the front of the room. The figures of three men lay huddled on the floor in the doorway.

I realized that the lights in the office had remained on when Pluma plunged the club-room into darkness. Standing in that lighted opening, Jerry Ware's gunmen must have been fine targets.

AS I looked, the blonde girl who had been in the office leaped over the bodies and ran across the club-room toward the rear door. I heard a groan from one of the fallen gangsters, and then I heard Pluma speaking.

"Out the back way, all of you," she ordered. "Go to Tom's apartment and wait until you hear from me. Hurry! The cops will be here in a minute."

I started to protest against leaving Pluma to face the music alone, but Kelly's steel fingers gripped my arm and he pulled me toward the rear of the room.

"Talk later," Kelly snapped. "Where is that back way out of here?"

Pluma was already hurrying the protesting Jimmy Fowler toward the back stairway and I followed with Kelly. When the three of us reached the dark alley, the blonde girl had already disappeared. We ran to the street and then walked swiftly for several blocks. On a deserted corner we stopped and I handed Kelly the key to my apartment.

"You and Fowler go on over," I said. "I will come later. I am going to call the paper and then wait at the police station to see what happens to Pluma."

"Call the paper if you want to," said Kelly, "but let Pluma manage her own affairs."

"It can't do any harm to watch," I retorted.

"Well," answered Kelly, "if you must watch, be sure that you do nothing else. Don't say a word to Pluma unless she speaks to you first."

I agreed to do nothing but watch and we parted. I stopped in a drugstore and telephoned to the paper. I am not on the morning paper but it belongs to my boss, so it is all in the family. I told the city editor what was up and he said he would put a man on the job. Then I hurried to the station and was there when the officers who had gone to the scene of the shooting arrived. They brought Pluma with them for questioning. Lon Forbes of the morning-paper staff arrived a moment later.

I remembered my promise to do nothing but watch, but I was still worried. I wondered if that innocent-appearing slip of a girl had killed any or all of the trio of gangsters. I thought of the clever trap she had laid for the would-be assassins of her boy friend and felt a new interest in her. I remembered how calmly she had released her greeting of hot lead and how calm she had been afterward. I looked at her keenly as the officers led her past me to a chair beside the desk of the chief. Perhaps Kelly had been telling the truth.

Pluma passed within arm's-length of me, but if she saw me she did not betray the fact by so much as the flicker of an eyelid.

Asked what had happened at the club, Pluma told the officers that two men who had recently become members of the club had been sitting in the club-room talking to her when three men appeared in the doorway and began shooting at her patrons. She told how the two that had been attacked drew guns and finished the shooting and then fled by the back stairway. She described the two mythical men in detail and gave the names under which their membership cards would be found in her files. The police failed to recognize either the names or the description.

"One sure thing," said one of the detectives who had been to the scene of the battle, "whoever they were, they could shoot! Each of those birds we took to the hospital had a bullet through his right shoulder and another through his gun hand. One of 'em had been shot through both hands, for luck!" *(Please turn to page 139)*

Valcour looked toward Dr. Harlan, staring at the letters. One thing puzzled Valcour: there was a missing letter.

The Murder in the Storm

By Rufus King

Illustrated by Frederic R. Gruger

A New York detective is called to a lonely house near the Vermont line, where four people have been living; and where one, after his arrival, is murdered.

The Story So Far:

AN influential man said to the New York Commissioner of Police one morning: "I need the best man you've got."

The Commissioner said: "I agree. How about Valcour?"

In a house near Lake Champlain, not long afterward, young Mrs. Hurme telephoned a physician in a neighboring village that Alice Tribeau, a maidservant, had been shot. Dr. Harlan replied that he would come at once and bring Lieutenant Valcour of the police, who was spending a vacation in the vicinity.

The physician found Alice Tribeau unconscious from shock but not seriously wounded. But Lieutenant Valcour's problem was more complex. He looked into a strange unhappy household: Mrs. Hurme, a woman of vulgar mind and antecedents, married into an austere New England family, disappointed in learning she had not thereby acquired wealth, and solacing herself for the waning affection of disillusioned Will Hurme by casual flirtations with Dr. Harlan and others. The presiding genius of the house, Will's father, was ill; and Will himself had been drinking heavily.

Valcour knew that Vera Hurme lied when she suggested that Alice had been shot by her sweetheart the milkman Harry Beaudrez; there were no footprints in the snow outside. He learned that Alice had been wearing a dress given her by Mrs. Hurme. He found the washed-off label from a bottle of poison in the sink.

The detective and Harlan decided to remain awake the rest of the night—the physician in a chair near Alice Tribeau's door, Valcour on a couch outside Vera's.

Alone in her room, Vera (who had destroyed certain letters from a red lacquer box and hidden the rest) stepped to the wardrobe for a dressing-gown, and—a knife flashed out from among the dresses, and she died without a sound.

Outside the door, shortly afterward, Valcour heard the sound of breaking glass downstairs; and running down, found a front window broken from the outside. Suspicious, he hurried back upstairs, and entering Vera's room, found the body. . . . . Later, questioning a partly revived Alice Tribeau, he learned that the maidservant had the day before come upon Mrs. Hurme preparing the elder Mr. Hurme's tonic—with the poison bottle near by—and Mrs. Hurme had promised her money in exchange for silence.

Exploring Vera's room again, Valcour found the red lacquer box; apparently it was empty, but the outer measurement proved much greater than the inner. "I think we've been luckier than the murderer," he said to Harlan. *(The story continues in detail:)*

THERE would be some trick, of course, to open a secret compartment in the bottom of the box. Valcour did not care to take the time to discover it. He pried gently at the bottom of the box from the inside. He slit the cloth lining and came upon

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Go in circles—that was it; people went in circles. And if they didn't, they stood still or fell down. T

one of cardboard. He ran the sharp point of the knife around its edges. "In the words of more than one good melodrama," he said, "we have found the fatal papers."

There were six letters, folded, and without envelopes. The envelopes were missing. Valcour took the letters out and flattened them, side by side, on the bureau. There was a message written on each, and the characters of the handwriting differed.

"None of these letters is signed," he said, "and none is addressed to Mrs. Hurme directly. Here is one that begins: 'My Little Wonder Girl,' and is signed 'Big Boy.' Another starts: 'Sugar Baby' and ends, 'Your loving Sugar Daddy.' Isn't it awful what fools normally smart men will make of themselves when they think they're in love? Here's one that tries to smack a high spot. He calls her his 'Star Child' and signs himself 'Your Eternal Lover.' Words are potent and terrible things, Doctor. We never realize it so completely as when stuff like this is either printed in the newspapers or read out aloud in court. It's no wonder that big business men will pay a fortune to get such letters back,"—Valcour's voice was reflective as he added,—"or will commit almost any crime to get them back."

Dr. Harlan stood away from the letters. He wasn't facing either the bureau or Valcour at all. He was standing quite still and staring off.

"What good are they if they aren't signed?" he said.

"Oh, all sorts of good, Doctor. I'm a dilettante in graphology, for one thing, and I can tell you pretty accurately the type of person who wrote each of these letters. The lack of a signature is inconsequential, as they weren't written on a typewriter. Just find the duplicate of any of the scripts, and unless forgery can be proved, you've got the man who wrote it."

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r fell down. Then pretty soon, they froze, and it wasn't long before they were dead.

"I don't see what good they'll do you. It's evident that Will or Mr. Hurme knew about them and wanted to destroy them—didn't want them found—"

"Possibly. But they establish a pretty good motive, in any case." Valcour smiled thoughtfully and gently stressed the word *any.*" He examined each letter intently, photographing in his mind the character of the script, picturing as accurately as the science of graphology would permit, the physical traits of the writers, their temperaments, their probable avocations. "Here's one that I'd commit murder for myself," he said. "It's the 'Star Child' one." He started to read it aloud: "'Star Child—I cannot help loving you, no matter what you have done to others or to me. I keep looking at you whether my eyes are open or shut, whether you are there or not. It is you I see, no matter whom or what I am looking at. Oh, my little Child of Stars, I must tell you that even when I look at my wife, it is you I see. When I touch her, it is you I am touching; when I kiss her it is your lips I am kissing. (I do not kiss her very much, darling, so do not be jealous!)' That's pretty fierce, isn't it, Doctor?"

"Do you have to go on reading it, Valcour?"

Valcour shrugged. "Naturally it's distasteful, but in our official capacity there is no such thing as the sanctity of privacy. The writer seems to turn an eye to business from here on." He continued to read: "'I am enclosing the hundred dollars you asked me for, in a single bill. They joked me at the bank when I asked for it, because I wanted it new and clean, and I could not tell them I was going to send it up to a little Star who lives in heaven. Try and make it last for a while, dear (it is only two weeks since I sent you the fifty you needed for that hat-bill) as I am pretty low financially just now, but not in happiness. No, I am high in

happiness, darling.' As I said, it is signed 'Your Eternal Lover,' and there are two solid lines of crosses. Take a look at these letters, and see if any of the handwriting is familiar to you."

Valcour moved away from the bureau, and Dr. Harlan took his place. Valcour went over to the hearth and crouched down. He touched the gun. Its metal was quite cool now, and he picked it up. Warmth from the smoldering embers, where he had stirred them up with the poker, counteracted agreeably the slight chill of the room. He enjoyed the heat for a moment, and then he stood up and took the gun over near a lamp. He broke it gingerly and found, as he had expected, that the cartridge had been removed from its chamber and the rest from the clip in its stock. He wondered where the missing cartridges were, and decided that their whereabouts was inconsequential. They might have been dropped down a drain, or thrown out of a window and scattered into the snow, where they would sink deeply and lie buried until weeks later there might be a thaw.

HE looked toward Dr. Harlan, who was staring down at the letters. There was one thing that puzzled Valcour: the fact that there was a missing letter. Somewhere there was another letter. When he was quite alone, when Dr. Harlan wouldn't be here, when no one would be here to observe— He rejoined Dr. Harlan at the bureau and placed the gun on its top.

"Well, Doctor, our evidence is rounding into shape. Could you identify any of the writing?"

"No," said Dr. Harlan. "I wish we could destroy them."

Valcour gathered them up and put them into his pocket.

"Perhaps we can," he said. "I'm no more anxious to give publicity to this sort of stuff than any decent man. Unfortunately we are not men. We are machines. These are precisely the sort of unhappy situations we should have realized (but failed to) when we took our jobs. It may turn out that these letters need never be offered in evidence. If things should turn out that way, Doctor, we will destroy them together and say nothing about them at all."

"Are you going to turn them over to the District Attorney?"

Valcour stared at him thoughtfully. "It may not be even necessary to turn them over to the District Attorney," he said.

"I'm not chicken-hearted, but I have a feeling about these things. Every man has, you have yourself—any man that's decent. . . . . Have you ever been blackmailed, Valcour?"

"No."

"I've been."

"Doctors frequently are. Your case isn't unusual by any means."

"That never makes any difference. I can't begin to tell you what it feels like—when a letter or something comes—with threats in it. I don't care how brave a man is, that sort of thing will make him afraid, really afraid, Valcour. It's like the pit of your stomach dropping out of you."

Valcour advanced carefully. "If there is ever anything I can do to help you, Doctor, along that line— A firm stand, you know, generally squashes a thing like that at once. The penalty for blackmail is justly severe, and the courts are pretty inexorable about handing it out. They're decent, too, about publicity—hushing it up as much as they can."

"No, no, thank you, Valcour." Dr. Harlan brushed the offer aside almost impatiently. "It's all over with—settled—it wont happen again. It's the poor devils who wrote those letters to Vera I'm thinking about." His eyes were bitter as they rested on the sheet.

"Vera—*Vera*—" The voice was a little high, a little thin and complaining. It drifted to them through the closed door, from the dim and silent stretches of the hall. "Vera—Vera—"

Dr. Harlan looked sharply at Valcour.

"That's Will," he said. "He doesn't know."

Valcour remained noncommittal. "So it would seem."

"We ought to go outside and break it to him. We shouldn't let him come in here like this."

"Vera!" Will's voice was stronger. It came from immediately outside the door. "Who's that talking in your room? Who's there with you, Vera?"

Valcour caught Dr. Harlan's arm. "Do not move, please. Stand quite still."

Will opened the door.

"What are you two doing in my wife's room?"

Sickening fumes from the liquor that had lain on his stomach during his past hour of stupor clawed at the top of Will's head and pressed viciously against the backs of his eyeballs in what he believed was a deliberate attempt to force them out of their sockets. The rims of his eyelids were hot grating files, and surges of heat raced across the surface of his skin, to alternate with cold drenching prickles.

"Where's Vera?"

"Sit down, Mr. Hurme." Valcour went over to Will and tried to lead him to a chair.

Will braced himself obstinately and failed to recognize his very good friend. "Who are you?" he demanded.

"I'm Valcour, Mr. Hurme. Sit down here, please."

The chair felt impermanently solid. Will sat scrupulously upright in it. He was nervous about this curious top-heaviness that had happened to his body. If he leaned just the least little bit to one side, he was sure that he would fall over sideways. He became dimly aware of the novel outline offered by the sheet. Some fool had covered up something on Vera's bed with a sheet.

"Where's Vera?"

Valcour said quite softly: "She is dead, Mr. Hurme."

So that was it. Vera was dead, and that was her body which was under the sheet. He wished he was dead. Golly, what a hangover! It wasn't Fred Harlan; it was this other fellow—telling him that Vera was dead—

"Please don't be so utterly stupid," he said.

Dr. Harlan went over and shook him. "Snap out of it," he said.

Will was belligerent. "Keep your hands off me." He tried to get up from the chair, but his body was solid lead. Fumes blinded his eyes completely. They cleared to a painful haze. "Why is Vera dead?"

"She is dead, Mr. Hurme, because somebody killed her."

"Oh." Here was something to digest. Not only was Vera dead, but somebody had killed her. So Vera hadn't killed his father. Some one had killed Vera. "Where's my father?"

"He is in his room, Mr. Hurme."

"Does he know about this?"

"Yes."

"Oh." If his father knew about it, there was probably some truth in it. He made another effort to rise, and this time got halfway up before falling back again. He couldn't think of anything for a moment except that he was terribly sick. Vera was dead. His father knew about it. Her body was under that sheet.

"When did she die?"

"About an hour ago, Mr. Hurme."

"Oh." When would that be? When would an hour ago be? That ought to be simple to figure out. Now, less one hour, made an hour ago. Thank heavens, he had his wits about him. He couldn't figure unless he had his wits about him. "What did she die of, did you say?"

"Somebody killed her with a knife, Mr. Hurme."

"Why?"

"We do not know."

"Nonsense; people don't do that sort of thing indiscriminately." The word was a triumph, and Vera was dead. What a triumph *that* was. No, no—mustn't be unsporting. Certain things one didn't do; things Hurmes never do. Never—*never* were unsporting about the dead. Who was dead? Oh, yes, Vera. Pack of liars, all of them. Vera was a liar. She was the worst liar of the lot. She'd even lie about being dead! This time he made it. He was out of the chair —some swift and unsteady steps—the sheet ripped roughly back—

Valcour caught him and dragged him away from the bed. Dr. Harlan caught his other arm, and he and Valcour hurried him from the room. Will's voice rang in a frenzy through the shocked hall: "Vera—Vera—Vera—"

Chapter Twenty

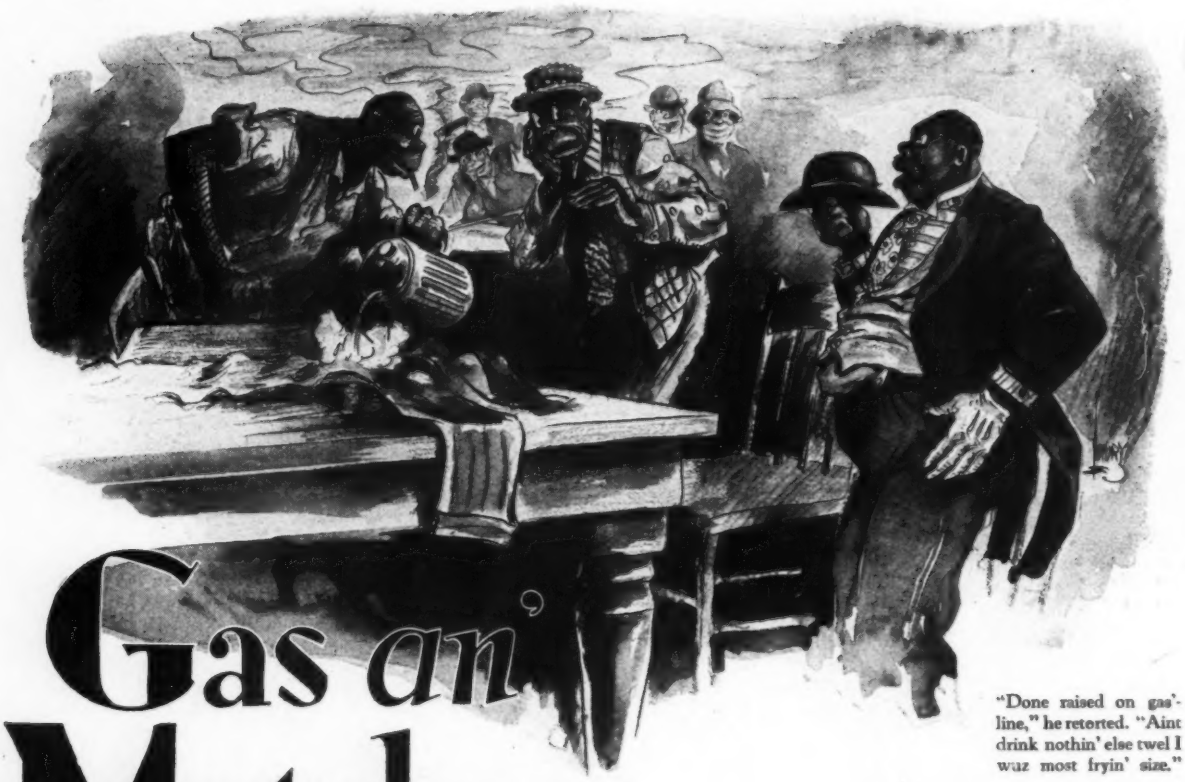
"VERA—Vera—Vera—"

Shadows again were coming toward Alice Tribeau out of the corners of the room, meeting above her, and brooding heavily like a thick dark cloud. Her head felt delightfully light and clear. There was some pressure that had been released inside of it, and everything was happily light and clear—very lucid; and her thoughts ran smoothly along unobstructed channels with the rippling ease of a machine that had been repaired and set in motion again.

"Vera—"

It was a pleasure to exercise her thoughts with ease. They played with the dinner there had been that night (rabbit stew with vegetables and a sprig of bay leaf,—the onions just a mite burned where they had stuck at the bottom of the casserole,—celery, rhubarb tarts and coffee), then dressing in jade, the dance, and Harry —his arms like fluid metal catching her hard against the wall of his chest; dancing, dancing, dancing; (*Please turn to page 116*)

Will shifted Alice Tribeau in his arms so he could reach out and get the candle . . . . . Golly, how heavy she was!



"Done raised on gas'-line," he retorted. "Aint drink nothin' else twel I wuz most fryin' size."

Gas an' Matches

By Arthur K. Akers

Illustrated by Everett E. Lowry

JEFF BAKER swung his heels over the edge of the high sidewalk in front of the Mount Sinai pool-room in Demopolis—Mose Monroe, proprietor and credit manager—and tried to get his mind off his hunger. For it was being borne home upon him that an Alabama country colored boy in town and without any personal "white folks" never could be sure where—or if—he was going to eat.

Suddenly Jeff felt lucky. The symptoms were novel but unmistakable. Jeff looked up and saw why: It was evening, and passing his roosting place was a well-fed-appearing colored woman loaded down with the paraphernalia—bucket, basket and bundle—of a good "toter." To some white lady that meant considerable inability to figure out where all the groceries went; but to Jeff it meant the dinner-bell if he worked it properly.

A fragment of the passing one's heated conversation with herself hit Jeff just right, too—

"—So when de po-lice comes, I says: 'Take him right on: he aint nothin' but a mis'ry to me nohow!'"

For the remark bespoke a vacancy at a good provider's table—the sort of vacancy that Jeff was looking for. He bestirred himself, disturbed his hat politely.

"Evenin', ma'am," he greeted her ingratiatingly. "Look like dem bundles too heavy fo' you. Lemme carry 'em fo' you. You li'ble git all give down, workin' all day an' fotchin' home so much at night."

The lady paused and looked at him askance. To her, Jeff looked like one of those skinny darkies with a stomach built on the accordion plan—how much he ate depended on who fed him.

Jeff had seen that expression before, just prior to a lot of direct action with a broom-handle. "Jes' waitin' round fo' my white folks," he explained easily. "I takes keer de Cun'l's business fo' him. Cun'l got heap of money an' pow'ful li'l time to fool."

Angie couldn't leave. Here was a variation of the usual approach, a new line that might be worth looking into. Jeff guessed correctly that it was the psychological moment to relieve her of a couple of bundles and start off in the direction that she had been headed. The two-hundred-pound Angie conceded wordlessly that Jeff knew where he was going to eat from then on.

But, "Whut you say yo' white folks' name'?" she queried practically.

Jeff sputtered. He hadn't fixed up that detail yet. Women always wanted to know everything. But

"Whar at dem clo'es you pressin' fo' him? Cap'n is jes' ne'vous 'nough to start shootin' wuz dey jes' li'l crease wrong."

luck rallied around him nobly: on the opposite side of the street stood a young white gentleman who bore all the earmarks of "quality." This was no time for "po' white trash," anyhow. And even his clothes were just about the right size for Jeff. It was an omen.

"Dar he now!" ejaculated Jeff with ill-concealed relief. "Stan' hitched twel I gits dollar from him fo' mo' eatin'-vittles."

Jeff shuffled hastily across to the strange white gentleman, eying him shrewdly. He certainly *was* the right size. It gave Jeff notions. But the first thing was his frame of mind: Jeff was either going to get a dollar or get his prospects ruined, in less than no time now.

"Evenin', ma'am," he greeted her. "Look like dem bundles too heavy fo' you."

"Cun'l, dat my sister over dah," he opened negotiations. "Us jes' git word her cousin done die, ov' in Selma, and she got git fo'teem dollars 'fo' night to bury him wid. Please, suh, lemme have dollar twel Sat'day. Sho give hit back. Whut yo' name, suh?"

But this white man knew his black folks. "Tell a new one!" he adjured Jeff unsympathetically, yet with just the right ghost of a twinkle in his eye.

Jeff grinned and knew when honesty was the best policy. "Gin'ral, dat woman got basket full of eatin'-vittles, an' I aint got no money. Only reason she waitin' fo' me, I tells her I's workin' fo' you an' you gwine lemme have dollar. No dollar, no vittles—dat de fix I's in now."

"That's better!" returned the white gentleman with a heartening gesture toward his trousers pocket. "And just to make it come true," he ruined the occasion for Jeff, "you come up on Commissioners Street and wash my car for me before supper tonight, you hear? Captain Rogerville—Edward B. Rogerville."

"Sho will!" cackled Jeff. "An' after I washes 'em, dey sells 'em fo' new cars. Niggers has done gone blind jes' from *lookin'* at car aft' I washes hit. Yessir, hit sho do shine. I be right up!"

Jeff bowed and scraped himself halfway across the street, and turned to Angie, displaying his dollar nonchalantly. "Cap'n Ed—I al'ays calls him 'Cun'l'—all time gimme dollar when I needs hit," he explained largely. "Whut time he aint give 'em to me, he use 'em to light he seegar wid."

Angie was impressed. Familiarity with a dollar had been no part of the make-up of her last gentleman boarder. Jeff looked better to her—one dollar's worth. "Le's be gittin' on befo' dese heah tu'nip greens gits cold," she completed her captivation. . . . .

Morning found Jeff prominent around Mose's pool-parlor. Jeff naturally gravitated to where the least work was going on. The only thing worrying him now was how he had ever stood country life in America. Here he had only been in town two days, and already he had a dollar, and Angie had a job. Which was the proper and natural order of things. Possession of which capital further suggested to him that a smart man went into business for himself and hired some one else to do the work. Association of ideas reminded him that, so far as his business research went, the proprietor of a clothes-pressing establishment wore better garments and did less labor than anyone else.

Jeff warmed his shins behind the pool-room stove and warmed to the thought. A pressing shop would take care of everything, including his need for winter clothes for himself. And standing in with the white folks would insure plenty of business—and change of wardrobe. Which recalled to Jeff for the first time a tactical error of the previous evening: washing Captain Rogerville's car had completely and conveniently slipped his mind. And, if Jeff knew white folks, he was still going to have to do something about that—something besides wash the car, that is.

Jeff fooled them. Overalls a-smolder, he dashed into view, a limp form slung over his shoulder.

Hence Jeff headed for Commissioners Street, twelve hours late and hoping for the best alibi. Once there, he learned with relief from a neighbor's yard-man that the Captain and his car were safely gone. Jeff put on forced draft and arrived at his new patron's kitchen door at meal-time and in all but a lather of haste and industry.

"Gits de wrong ad-dress," he explained elaborately. "Been huntin' all over town. Whar at de car, gal? Lemme at hit: aint got no time to fool!"

"Hmph!" sniffed the slender saddle-colored quêen of the Captain's bachelor kitchen. "Sho is good thing you aint git heah no sooner! Cap'n so mad he settin' b'ar-traps in de front yard fo' you las' night. Sho wuz put out, an' cussin' 'bout havin' to go do he co'tin' in car wid mud an' dus' all over hit. Cap'n gwine git ma'ied nex' week."

Jeff's ears stuck straight up. Weddings meant lots of new clothes for the white folks—and heaps of discarded ones for a darky in his position. . . . . His nose told him something else equally important.

"Some folks aint know how to cook sausage," Jeff started on a conversational detour. "Take dem sausage whut you cookin'—'spect dey's jes' one thing mo' dey needs to make 'em puffec'—"

"Whut dat?"

"Cain't tell widout tastin'. Knows den in a minute."

THE queen brought two. Jeff gulped twice. "I wuz wrong 'bout dem sausages," he admitted when enunciation was again possible. "Dey's ace-high. You must been settin' round close by when eatin' wuz invented. Whut yo' name?"

Twenty minutes later Jeff was standing in just right. Dora, the Captain's cook, knew where to get her cooking praised, and Jeff knew one more good place to eat.

His duty toward the Captain thus nobly discharged, Jeff re-headed himself toward Strawberry Street and Mose Monroe's pool-parlor. He began to see daylight—and winter clothes—ahead. Saturday was coming on, and Jeff's assistant was going to need a place in which to work—after he got an assistant.

Unemployment headquarters, otherwise Mose's pool-parlor, was both warm and the logical place to look for help. Which was how Jeff and Gladstone Smith found each other. Gladstone's complexion was dark—like his future. Intellectually he was a total loss without insurance. Nothing was towering about Gladstone save his height, which was nearly seven feet. He wore an army uniform, and tan shoes approximately the size of suitcases. He was also single for the moment.

Jeff opened negotiations and took a chance on Gladstone. Gladstone took a bigger chance—on being able to collect his wages—and hired out to Jeff. The job appealed to the new assistant. Next to food, clothes were Gladstone's weakness. Hence the uniform, hence the attractiveness of his new employment.

The delicate matter of renting a place of business was next in order. Having been bankrupt since birth, Jeff knew forty-seven ways of going into business without money. Yet he was down to the forty-fifth before he and Mose reached an agreement for the lease of one corner of the pool-room for Jeff's new enterprise.

The price was cruel, in that it cut Jeff out of the first fruits of his calling. It was that Mose—not Jeff—have first choice, for evening and Sunday wear, of any of Jeff's customers' clothes that happened to fit his form or fancy. Jeff reconciled himself to second selection, and closed a deal that was complicated by Mose living bachelor-style in a room over the pool-parlor and pressing establishment. Mose would be that much harder to double-cross.

Following which herculean labors, Jeff sat down behind the pool-room stove and began relying heavily upon a motto he had once seen to the effect that the Lord will provide. Jeff preferred faith without work. Yet in two days Angie had ruined everything by reaching for a stick of stove-wood and intimating that he had better start working something besides his back teeth around the home fireside. Jeff heard this and a lot more before he got out of earshot. Dora began looking better to him.

Out of it all, one thing began to stick up like the well-known paid singer in a volunteer choir—Jeff had to have a customer. Which again recalled the Captain to his mind. And Captain Ed wasn't half cool enough to handle yet. That dollar and that unwashed car still rankled, if Dora's reports were reliable. Yet the Captain was just Jeff's size. So were his clothes.

And with matters in this unsatisfactory state, Mose precipitated a crisis by demanding: "How 'bout puttin' out somep'n, country boy? I rents you place of business, an' you aint do no business. cep'n round pool-table. You settin' back de stove all time aint git nobody nothin'. I wants de rent. Dey's big fish-fry comin' off whut you aint invited to an' I is. I needs somep'n classy to w'ar to hit, same as de 'greement say. Whar at hit?"

Jeff stalled. "Jes' fixin' to do business," he came back shakily. "Takes time git big business like mine to gwine good. Gladstone gwine be so busy nex' week has to po' water on him to keep him from settin' hisse'f afire. Whut sawt suit you crave?"

" 'Lows to make a killin' wid a lady. Needs one dem head-waiter suits like heahs Cap'n Ed gwine git ma'ied in nex' week—kinder half-shell coat an' no pockets in de black pants."

Jeff paled to the color of a lump of coal and swallowed painfully. This was pinning him down. He hadn't figured out a way to get the Captain for a customer yet, and here Mose was figuring on wearing the Captain's wedding suit to a fish-fry the night before the wedding.

"Awders filled promp'—us strives to please," Jeff bluffed.

An hour later he was anxiously reconnoitering the alley back of Commissioners Street and brought up automatically at Captain Ed's kitchen door. Within, the queen still reigned. Jeff sampled some more of her cooking and made further headway in her good graces. Eventually he broached enlisting her coöperation in securing for his establishment the job of cleaning and pressing Captain Rogerville's clothes.

In five minutes Jeff was dizzy with admiration of his own brains. He had expected a stormy and embarrassing interview with the Captain about them, with a heap of talk about an unwashed car instead of clothes. And here it turned out that Dora had a free hand in looking after the Captain's household and sartorial affairs. Not only that, but she had that very morning been instructed, on pain of death, to see that the Captain's wardrobe be put in order against the forthcoming nuptials—with especial emphasis on his evening clothes.

Jeff took a couple more batter-cakes and enlarged upon his personal reliability and Gladstone's skill with goose and gasoline—suitably seasoned with profoundest flattery of the culinary attainments of the Captain's cook.

As the schedule revealed itself, the Captain's wedding was to be Saturday evening. Mose's fish-fry was the Friday evening before. As outlined by Dora, Saturday morning was, therefore, the deadline for the return of the bridegroom's clothes. The time-table couldn't have suited Jeff better if he, instead of the bride, had arranged it. Risk of close connections seemed minimized. In fact, not a cloud remained on Jeff's horizon, save a growing and distasteful intimacy observable between Mose and Gladstone.

"Sends my 'sistant aft' dem clo'es firs' thing in de mawnin'," agreed Jeff over his final cup of the Captain's best coffee. "When us presses 'em, dey starts lookin' like nex' yeah's style. Has to be keerful not to cut yo' han' on de creases when Gladstone b'ar down on pa'r of britches."

Homeward in high shuffled Jeff. The combination of his brain and Gladstone's goose was unbeatable. Angie would find that out one of these days, too. Women would be all right if lockjaw and paralysis of the right arm were not so infrequent among them. Jeff wished that he had seen Dora first.

AT the shop next morning Gladstone got a shock. In accepting a position, it began to look as though he had let himself in for a job. The only mitigating circumstance was that there might eventually be some clothes his size around the place. And in any event, he and Mose had an understanding that would help for the time being.

Now, "Git up to Cap'n Ed Rog'ville's house on C'mmissioners Street," instructed Jeff, "an' fotch back all he clo'es dat yaller gal give you to press. An' don't mess round wid talkin' none—I done told her you got wife an' fo' chillun, an' aint right in de haid nohow. She aint in'sted in you."

Gladstone scowled and ambled forth. Let him get dressed up right, and remarks about his matrimonial and mental status wouldn't cramp his style as much as Jeff hoped.

Two hours later Gladstone rolled forth from the Captain's kitchen, bearing a small mountain of suits and overcoats, and leaving behind him four well-cleaned plates and an impression that would have given Jeff more worry than the rent.

The corner of Mose Monroe's pool-parlor devoted to restoring gentlemen's garments to their pristine glory grew active. Gladstone and his goose became the center of a whirlwind of activity. Jeff rested easily behind the stove and cheered him on. Gladstone perspired and thought dark thoughts.

"B'ar down on de goose, boy!" Jeff addressed his wage-slave. "Don't be skeered to lay down on hit! I done spent couple houahs braggin' to de Cap'n's cook 'bout how good you presses 'em!"

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Gladstone swallowed the insult and bore down. Jeff would say more than that, if he knew the type of history Gladstone had an engagement to make Friday night, late. Meantime, he splashed gasoline vigorously upon the garments before him, thought of his latest deal with Mose, and lighted a fresh cigarette.

"Keep on mixin' dem gas an' matches," warned Jeff, "an' dey li'ble drag you out of heah sometime well-done on both sides."

Gladstone gave the remark the attention he felt it deserved and put a fancy crease the wrong place in the Captain's dress trousers. After all, he had a lot to thank Jeff for—but not what Jeff thought. And Captain's pants sure did look short.

FRIDAY afternoon Mose called to collect. "Rise up wid ease an' set down wid prayer," advised Jeff in a cold sweat as he sensed the strain the rotund Mose would place upon the seams of Captain Ed's nether garments. Jeff could shut both eyes and see something happening to that suit—followed by something happening to him. "An' fotch dat suit back befo' mawnin'. Aint able stand no worryin'."

"Boy, if you worries as much 'bout dat suit as I is 'bout gittin' de rent from you, you's in fo' right smart worryin'," countered Mose. "Stan' back now; dis my evenin' to rise an' shine."

With misgivings as deep as the Grand Cañon, Jeff watched Mose retire to don the Captain's wedding suit. Boy ought to have *two* rabbits' feet in his pocket for an occasion like this. You never could tell about a fish-fry. Some other guest there might not like Mose and start cutting right on through the Captain's suit to get to Mose.

Gladstone interrupted Jeff's worrying with: "Gimme light." He was dashing gasoline recklessly upon another suit.

"Keeps on tellin' you 'bout dem gas an' cigarettes!" quarreled Jeff. "Dey aint mix."

"Done raised on gas'line," retorted Gladstone. "Aint drink nothin' else twel I wuz most fryin'-size."

Mose cut off further argument by his return. He gave the appearance of having been melted and poured into Captain Rogerville's suit while warm, then set away to cool and solidify therein.

"Don't you eat nothin' while you w'arin' dat suit!" was wrung from Jeff in his anguish.

"Whut you think I gwine to fish-fry fo', den?" queried Mose unanswerably.

Jeff couldn't answer because his entire mind was occupied with the vision of Mr. Monroe bursting forth through the back of Captain Ed's wedding suit like a locust in August.

"'Taint my suit nohow," finished Mose nonchalantly.

"Naw, but hit *my* ride up front under all dem flowers if dem pants starts rippin'," mourned Jeff. "Aint but one thing make Cap'n Ed like me less'n he do a'ready; an' dat's fo' somep'n bust loose 'bout dat suit. Li'ble mess up my business wid a shotgun."

"Don't set up fo' me; aint know 'xactly when I gwine be through wid dis suit tonight," Mose called over his shoulder as he went gayly forth to Jeff's doom. Gladstone strangled a cackle of laughter that didn't seem called for, and bore down upon his goose. Something seemed to be on his mind.

Jeff headed hurriedly for the Captain's kitchen. Earth had few sorrows that food could not heal, so far as Jeff was concerned. Besides, he needed to keep a close eye upon the lay of the land there. In addition to his other troubles, Angie had had wind of his Commissioners Street business.

Dora greeted him with a pan of biscuits and disturbing intimations.

"Aint like de looks of things," grumbled the queen of the Captain's kitchen. "Miss Ruth done been lookin' dis heah kitchen over. 'Spect now she gwine git bad 'bout dat aft' she marry de Cap'n. Cain't stan' fo' no white lady pokin' round in my kitchen—dey find too much."

"Aint hit so!" agreed Jeff sympathetically. "White folks find suit clo'es an' ov'coat in my house dat way once. . . . . Sho wuz nice an' warm in de jail-house dat winter!"

"'Sides dat, Cap'n stompin' round twel cain't git on wid him nohow," further complained Dora. "Sho is glad dat white man aint git ma'ied no oft'ner. One thing I knows. dis aint no time to cross him. Whar at dem clo'es you pressin' fo' him? Cap'n is jes' ne'vous 'nough to start shootin' wuz dey jes' li'l crease wrong—or a rip—in one dem pants."

Jeff quailed and paled at Dora's unfortunate choice of words. He couldn't bear to think of rips just now. Not with Mose in his mind's eye. "Fixin' 'em up now," he contributed bravely over his coffee. "Dat Gladstone sho shove a mean goose. Dat all he good fo'."

"Ne'mind! Dress dat boy up, an' he aint look as funny as some I knows," returned Dora with sudden unaccountable warmth. "He sho do 'preciate good cookin' too."

"Hmph! He like any kind cookin', jes' so dey plenty of hit. Nex' to dressin' up, dat boy craves rations. In de army, ol' doctors tries test he mind, but dey quits—he aint got none. Dat Gladstone lower down dan a worm's overshoes—"

"You best fotch dem clo'es back heah in de mawnin'!" cut in Dora with continued electricity in the air that Jeff couldn't puzzle out. "Let somep'n happen to de Cap'n's pants, an' game-laws aint gwine do you no good."

Jeff sensed that it was time to retire, honorably but none the less rapidly. Womenfolks got peeved over nothing, and got over it before breakfast-time next morning.

But on his return to his place of business he stumbled over a flaw in his schedule. The Captain's clothes were still there, but Gladstone wasn't.

"Whar at da no-'count Gladstone boy?" he demanded of one of the more chronic idlers about Mose's tables.

"Jes' lef'. He 'low he got lot of business 'tended to dis evenin'. Say you c'n finish de pressin'."

Jeff put two and two together and got the answer. Gladstone had been hearing too much about that fish-fry. Let fish be fried anywhere within a reasonable mileage of Gladstone, and he would surpass nine skilled surveyors in establishing the shortest line between two points: the point where he was and the one where the fish were being cooked.

Jeff sighed for revenge, but it was a luxury he couldn't afford now. Not with the Captain in the state of mind that rumor gave him. Rather, circumstances over which he had lost control had him reduced to hard labor with a hot goose. It was no time for false pride, or for a boy to show up short one suit.

NINE o'clock found him toiling over the last coat-sleeves. Mose Monroe's assistant was getting fussy about locking up for the night—which reminded Jeff of a fresh jam in his own business: he had no safe place in which to keep the Captain's clothes overnight. Too many colored boys had seen them—and knew that the pool-room windows didn't lock. Jeff was in the same fix as though he had sold cotton short on a bull market—he had to make delivery regardless of loss. Which didn't include waiting around for Mose to return with the one really important suit in the whole lot. And Mose hadn't tied himself down to any particular hour of return. All he did was a lot of whispering around with Gladstone.

Already it was well past eight o'clock—the hour at which Angie locked up for the night. Anyone out after that time stayed out, so far as Angie was concerned. Storage space was getting scarcer than frog fur.

Mose's assistant solved his indecision by turning out the lights. Jeff dragged himself and the Captain's clothes, excepting the wedding suit, out the darkened door. Instinct set his feet in the Commissioners Street direction, and misfortune kept them there. Centuries too soon, Jeff found himself before the scene of his impending doom. Cautiously he reconnoitered toward the kitchen. It was dark. But, startlingly, the windows of Dora's domain in the back yard were not. They were suspiciously bright, and the noise of mirth and jollification floated unwontedly forth. Also masculine voices. One sounded too much like a "big boy" from Selma who had too recently made a rude personal study of why one of Jeff's dice always fell the same way.

All of which reduced Jeff's choice of delivery-points to one—the front door. And none of which put him in the right frame of mind to view calmly what he saw through the Captain's library window as he shuffled toward the Captain's front door. That gentleman was in mighty plain sight—cleaning a shotgun.

RELUCTANTLY Jeff brought himself back from a personal hundred-yard dash that would have plastered him with laurels in any year's Olympics. Slowly and painfully in the darkness he recovered the far-flung clothing that marked his line of flight. Jeff never had needed a dress suit so badly before in his life! And this shotgun business made it four times as hard for a boy to carry on a cleaning and pressing business!

The next hour Jeff spent calling out the mental reserves and easing himself inch by inch up on the Captain's front porch. He heard with bitterness the sounds of revelry by night from Dora's backyard quarters.

"Soun's like a weddin'! Some boys 'd bust out laughin' at a fun'ral—'specially mine!" mumbled Jeff to himself.

In a moment more he was going to ring the front door-bell. And then Captain Ed was going to come to the door. And then Jeff was either going to tell a *good* lie or his last one. . . . .

Unbiased experts afterward admitted that Jeff's nerves had been in no suitable condition for what came next. For scarcely had he laid the suits upon a chair, his hand upon the fatal door-bell button, when there burst suddenly upon the night the eerie ear-splitting shriek of the "wildcat" fire-whistle. A shriek that drowned another sound—the wild patter and clatter of Jeff's ample feet upon the sidewalks of Demopolis. And ahead of the speeding Jeff a glare and a crackling of flames rose toward the sky. All signs pointed toward its location as being Mose Monroe's pool-parlor—and Jeff's pressing club. Gasoline—matches—Gladstone!

"Done tol' dat boy lay off dem gas an' matches!" panted Jeff as he rounded the last intervening corner. "Now he done come back an' sot de place on fire—an' no tellin' whar at Mose an' de Cap'n's suit!"

Converging crowds of darkies cut down Jeff's speed. Baptist Hill and Frog Bottom were en route to the fire in everything from shoes to wheel-chairs. Fires didn't come often enough for the colored folks to miss one. A hose company clanged through the mob with Jeff unofficially clearing the way for them. Jeff had more business at the fire than they.

Excitement centered before the blazing two-story structure that contained the pool-room and pressing club below, Mose Monroe's bachelor quarters above. Two lines of hose played upon it; two lines of thought found neighborhood expression concerning it.

"Mose in dar—upsta'rs!" declared one faction excitedly.

"Naw, 'taint Mose—hit's Gladstone! Us seen him go in dar befo' de fire break out!" another group was equally positive.

"Too hot to git 'em out now!" was the one point upon which both sets of watchers were agreed. Which only introduced an added predicament for Jeff—Jeff talking to himself in his excitement.

"If dat *Gladstone* in dar, hit's too hot fo' me to go," he debated with himself. "But if hit's *Mose*, I *got* to git him out, ne' mind *how* hot hit is—*he got on de Cap'n's weddin' suit!*"

"Hit *wuz* Mose!" a bystander renewed the argument. Jeff could stand no more. Hands reached for him; firemen yelled at him; but Jeff was suddenly beyond holding or hearing. This was no time for a boy to be relying upon hirelings! He had business in there that nobody could attend to but himself: Jeff had to have that suit.

IN far-off Carnegie Hero Medal headquarters some one brought forth a medal and began polishing it in unconscious readiness for the return of Jeff, should he return—a medal destined never to be worn by him! At the scene of fire and heroism the spectators grew less certain of the outcome. And Jeff had been gone overlong when a fresh arrival added a fresh angle to their already anguished state of mind. The arrival was Angie, under full head of steam.

"Jeff *sho* not to come back now!" muttered better-posted denizens of Baptist Hill, eying Angie with interest. "He find hit cooler whar he is!"

But Jeff fooled them. Overalls a-smolder and shoes smoking, something that could only be he dashed back into view. Slung over his shoulder was a limp rotund form in unfamiliar garb, yet unmistakably Mose.

Cheers rent the air as kicks and coughs made clear to all that Jeff had got his man, not dead but alive! Jeff took heart at the sound of them, and fell to a vigorous rubbing of his smoke-filled eyes, that he might feast them once more upon the suit that had caused—and would end—his troubles.

But when he could distinguish objects at all, he experienced a chill cold enough to offset the heat of the burning structure. For the plump legs that wavered within range of his restored vision were encased not in conservative black but in striped pajamas of gaudiest hue! He had the right man but the wrong clothes! Heroism had been in vain! Jeff turned savagely, and the occasion was further marred for and by the rescued Mose, who took one look in the desperate face of his advancing rescuer, and split the crowd like a cleaver, outbound. In every leap thereafter could be read his platform, that any boy that saved *his* life again was going to have to overtake him first; for in Jeff's face he had read strong and uncontrollable desire to carry right back into the fire anyone so careless as to let himself be rescued and leave Jeff's white folks' wedding suit behind!

Then the blazing roof diverted discussion by crashing sickeningly cellarward, carrying with it stairs, floors and hopes. Whatever would be, now was. And, to cap his woes, Jeff for the first time glimpsed Angie.

Which left his brain in no condition for a still further strain suddenly thrown upon it. For there was another fresh arrival upon the scene! A bewildered and bewildering arrival—at a gallop, his trousers at half-mast upon his shins, his sleeves pausing midway between wrists and elbows, and his coat-tails fluttering futilely from just below his shoulder-blades. In brief, Gladstone—in haste and the Captain's lost wedding suit.

Jeff's overtaxed mentality staggered foggily in circles.

"C-c-couldn't git heah no quicker!" gasped the galloper. "Mose git back late from de fish-fry, an' 'twuz aft' nine 'clock befo' I c'd borrer dis heah suit off him, like him an' me done 'ranged. Den my *wife* aint lemme start back wid hit twel aft' de weddin' over!"

Jeff's perception began to accelerate. Relief mingled with shrewd suspicion. Two and two made four—which was plenty with Angie displaying now a new and softened look of admiration and disarmament that he had been too busy to notice before. A look that a smart man might transmute into regular victuals. Heroism had done it. And Dora was getting hard to get along with, anyway.

"Git out of dat suit, boy, an' make hit snappy!" barked Jeff to his one-time aid. "An' scratch round in de fire fo' dat goose, boy! Hit's good an' hot *now*, an' you got press dat suit so Cap'n Ed c'n w'ar hit to he weddin'!"

But, "*I* aint need hit no mo' *now*," chuckled the disrobing Gladstone. "All dem big doin's in Cap'n Ed's back yahd tonight wuz me in dis suit—gittin' ma'ied to Dora!"

MANHATTAN MIRAGE

(Continued from page 61)

quartet played for their delectation! Effie amused herself by computing the cost of the tea and the music as against the amount of work done. But presently she saw that it was not so futile as it seemed. The chance merely to enter these houses, perhaps meet the hostess of the day, brought many women, only too glad to contribute to the cause in money, willing to take the sewing away and have it done by their seamstresses. There was the wife of a portrait-painter, looking about for commissions for her husband; a Western heiress, middle-aged and painfully eccentric, who longed to be "in," as a man dying of thirst longs for water; and various others, each with a personal ax to grind. "And they get nothing in the end," Effie reported to Walter. "This house, this tea, these names, are simply bait to get their subscriptions for the hospital. Once they've paid, they're dropped until another Lent."

"All the same, if I were you, I'd go," he answered; and since the last house on the list was that of Mrs. Copley Villiers, Effie decided to keep on.

And though she was rather ashamed of herself, she did keep on, justifying her presence by keeping in the background and sewing diligently. The interior of these houses was sometimes amazingly beautiful, sometimes in such bad taste she could have laughed aloud. In one, old pink Chinese rugs, rare and lovely, covered the floor, the furniture dated from a patroon ancestry, and the tea served was in the Knickerbocker tradition, heavy, rich and indigestible, but exquisitely prepared. At another the walls painted in a strangely spattered green and almost covered with colored French prints in bright gold frames gave the place the look of a second-rate art-shop. At neither of these places did the hostess so much as appear—one was reported in Palm Beach, the other on the Riviera.

The Copley Villiers home was a cold and high gray stone mansion; but to Effie's keen interest Mrs. Villiers was present, as cold and gray and high as her house. She sat aloof from her guests and regarded them with severe suspicion. Effie felt a little sorry for her—it couldn't be comfortable to think that everyone under one's roof was a bounder and a climber, and to detest their presence. Drawn, presumably, by Effie's complete indifference, Mrs. Villiers sat down beside her at the hour of tea. Effie wondered if she would speak. She did not. At last Effie, who had observed Mrs. Villiers' unusually fine stitchery, ventured a remark.

"Your sewing looks like convent work," she said, with her charming dryad smile—not too warm.

"I learned it in a convent," said Mrs. Villiers. She glanced more closely at Effie, and unbent, ever so slightly. "Nowadays girls never take a needle in their hands."

It was a crucial moment. If she said one word too much, Mrs. Villiers would freeze again. So Effie said but one word, a polite, regretful "No," and let her smile flicker out.

Her reserve pleased Mrs. Villiers. "I do not approve of these mixed committees," she confided.

"Why not?" asked Effie slowly. "After all, this work must be done. And it brings the needs of the hospital to the notice of many people who are not on its board of directors."

"There should be other ways," said Mrs. Villiers, with a manner positively Bourbon. "It should not be necessary for me to open my house to—er—people I do not know." She looked peevishly at the Western heiress.

"But is it? If you find it unpleasant, why do you?"

"I consider it my duty," said Mrs. Villiers heavily.

EFFIE found herself choking back a wicked giggle. She adopted Mrs. Villiers' serious elevated tone. "That, of course, is the answer. If the leaders refuse to do their duty, they will have neither understanding or coöperation from the—er—followers."

"Ah, exactly," purred Mrs. Villiers. She regarded Effie closely once more. "Has my dreadful memory tricked me again?" she asked. "Your name—"

"Mrs. *Walter* Reyburn," said Effie, with an emphasis on the *Walter* as if the world were full of inferior and spurious Reyburns. She could see that the name meant something to the dull and slow mind of her hostess, but she couldn't quite make it click. "How stupid of me—of course!" she murmured.

"She's probably heard her husband speak of Walter, but she can't recall," thought Effie, and with a little nod—not too friendly, but friendly enough, and quite as one insider to another—she moved away and joined Mrs. Pressley.

That lady was much impressed. "My dear—actually chatting with the iceberg! I've never seen her talk to anyone before, and I've gone there for three years."

"Well, you see—Walter's in the Rasten Bank—" Effie let it go at that. If she was to play this game, she must, she knew, play it with everyone. "But how cheap, how silly," she rebuked herself, "and how lowering, to try to get to know some one who doesn't want to know me, and whom I'd never want to know if it wasn't for her money and position! But this, I suppose, is New York."

There were other things in New York which troubled her far more. There was still, for instance, Lora Evans. When she had invited Lora to dinner for the first time, Effie had made up her mind to investigate this alleged dangerous siren, and see wherein her siren quality lay They had promptly encountered across the table. Effie had heard her telling Walter how much she longed to decorate an office for him, one that would express real character.

"I hope you will," said Effie sweetly. "But no Spanish choir-stall, I beg."

A gratified chortle from Mr. Bishop punctuated this sally, and all of Mrs. Evans' make-up could not hide the rush of angry color to her face. She forgot her poise. "What do you mean?" she demanded.

"I'm sure you know what I mean," said

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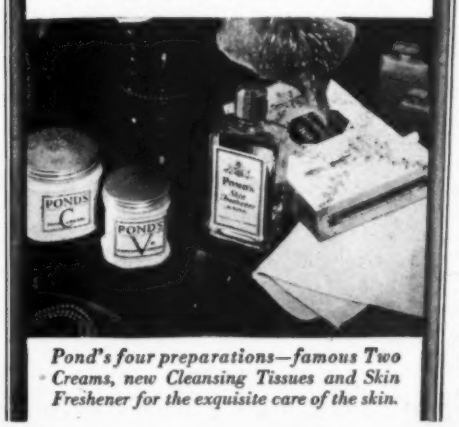

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Effie. "The Spanish choir-stall story's one of New York's landmarks, isn't it?"

Young Rascoe Blaine, unaware of hidden fire, urged Effie to tell the story. But she refused. "Mrs. Evans may, if she wishes," she said.

Having thus served notice on Mrs. Evans that she could scratch if she wished, Effie waited, with some trepidation, for reprisals. But none came. On the contrary, after the first shock of being openly flouted, Mrs. Evans affected a warm cordiality toward Effie, and made a point of seeing her often.

BUT Effie could never believe that the proffered friendship was anything more than a sham, and she was sure that Lora Evans was still pursuing Walter as determinedly as she had on their first meeting. He dropped into her apartment often on his way uptown for the excellent five-o'clock cocktail which was always to be found there. Sometimes he mentioned this to Effie; sometimes he did not; but when he came home very well pleased with himself, his great-man air expanded and exaggerated, his talk full of the pungent gossip which washes from Wall Street to Broadway, and .hence to Park Avenue and the chic East Seventies, Effie recognized the argot of Mrs. Evans, and knew he had seen her. Flattery and spicy scandal, reflected Effie, please any man—for a time. And she was quite willing to admit that there were moments when Mrs. Evans was most diverting company, even to her. When Effie admitted that, she suffered a frightful burning jealousy, like no emotion she had ever felt before. She did not dare betray it to Walter.

It was all, this New York existence, like nothing Effie had ever felt before in her life. At times she was caught up into it, and delighted in it, counting small triumphs, such as meeting and bowing to Mrs. Villiers in the foyer of the opera, or finding in her mail a letter from some woman socially prominent who asked her to be a patroness for some charitable affair. As the wife of one of the vice-presidents of the Rasten Bank, she was automatically entered on such lists by the commercial organizers of charities. However, it meant her name in the paper sometimes, and this pleased Walter and Nancy.

Over against this was the increasing difficulty about money. The prices! The soaring, insolent prices! To have six people to dinner and take them to the theater cost a hundred dollars, if they went to a popular show, and had a car! Never before had Effie been obliged to leave her bills from month to month, paying something on account; never before had she studied how to get the greatest amount of useless show from the least cash. She hated it, but it must be done.

There was a brief interlude when James Terry came home for Easter, and he and his mother and MacNab took some good tramps in Van Cortlandt Park, and on the Palisades—though Walter and Nancy laughed at them and would not go with them.

"It's so common," objected Nancy. "Nobody does it."

"Oh, come on, be yourself, join the *bourgeoisie*," urged James Terry. "We used to do it in Drochester. It was fun."

Nancy still refused, and Effie and James Terry did not miss her. He was still growing, but was filling out too. He would be a handsome man. He had not changed otherwise; he was still downright imperturbable. But he could be a little wistful with Effie. "I don't like New York any better," he told her. "I'm glad I'm at school away from it. Mods, d'you like it?"

"In some ways very much. Your father's having a great success. I like that."

"Hmph!" sniffed James Terry. "I like a place where I see people I know on the street to say hello to. I like a place that's more human."

When he went back to school, Effie missed him with an ache, and poor MacNab moped piteously. MacNab was a problem. More and more Effie was certain that a big city was no home for an active dog; but she could not quite bear to send MacNab away. His happiness was centered on her, and Effie needed some one, or something, to be dependent on her. As she saw Nancy and Walter going their several ways, ambitiously intent on matters she could only pretend to desire, as she balanced the casual social contacts of the present with the warm and sincere—if not always thrilling—friendships of her Drochester days, she found that even MacNab's wish to be with her, his pattering after her from room to room, his ecstatic bark of welcome when she came in, was precious.

Yet she didn't actually want to go back to Drochester. In her summing up of the past three months and a half she found that, in spite of all the anxieties, all the uncertainties, all the dangers and pitfalls about her, the city had won her. If she could only have it on her own terms! If she could only force life to her own standards, instead of letting life force her to standards antagonistic to her soul!

Chapter Sixteen

"FROM the first moment I saw you," said young Rascoe Blaine, "I knew you were a marvelous type."

Nancy, secretly much impressed, pretended coolness. "Type of what?" she asked.

They were having tea together in a secluded corner of the Plaza. It was not a meeting by appointment; they had encountered on the Avenue as Nancy loitered at a window full of rings and chains and glittering bracelets. Blaine, sauntering by, and hoping people would see him and say "There goes Rascoe Blaine!" had paused beside her, and struck anew by her dark intense youthfulness, on a sudden impulse decided to explore its possibilities, and the invitation to tea followed. Nancy was divided between rapture at the chance and bitter regret that she wasn't wearing her newest hat.

"A type of modernity," said Rascoe neatly.

Bruce Ledge, thought Nancy, had never said anything like this. She drank a little tea and considered her reply. "I hope you don't mean modern like modern furniture, all full of strange angles and bulges," she evolved at last.

"Oh, but I adore modern furniture! I'm writing a play where every set must be absolutely mad—part of the pattern of the text, you see, putting the audience intimately in the mood through their eyes as well as their ears."

Nancy had recovered from her first pleasure at his attention, and considered him carefully, wondering with this new calculating vision of hers whether he would fit anywhere into her schemes. She had learned from Charlotte and Vida that it was a good thing to know a few successful workers in the various arts, that they filled in the picture of society with a certain color and vivacity. But was Rascoe Blaine successful enough to be worth while, or would he ever be? That she did not know, and her wonder about him was crude and brutal as only untouched youth, intent on its own desires, can be crude and brutal.

"How many plays have you had produced?" she asked him baldly. "Are there any on now?"

"Didn't you see 'Questing Thomas?' Good heavens, I thought everyone—"

Nancy hedged. "But you see I'm allowed to go to the theater so little while I'm in school, you know. Only a matinée now and then. Oh, I'd adore to see it—I'll speak to Mother—"

"Oh, it's closed. But it had a real success—not commercial, but I didn't expect that. But as true theater, as a new note—and that was what I wanted. The money will come later. Every manager in town is mad to get something from me, but I wont let myself be hurried." His voice sank; his eyes took on a rapt expression. "To force a talent is to ruin it, to debase it utterly." He went on talking ardently of himself, his art, speaking a little overloud so that the tea-parties round about would look at him. Nancy was bored. Presently, remembering Ariana's affair with the actor, she brought the rhapsodist up short with a question. "D'you know Kenneth Wider?" she asked.

Rascoe was checked, and annoyed. "My dear child," he said from a great height, "Ken Wider played *Thomas*." It was as if he condescended to affirm that William Shakespeare wrote "Romeo and Juliet."

"What is he like?" asked Nancy.

"Not as malleable as I would have wished—and not quite subtle enough to make *Thomas* right. He looked the part well enough, but that isn't everything. He's inclined to overplay, and to force his effects—"

"I didn't mean how does he act; I meant, what is he like personally?"

Rascoe again rose to his heights. "I haven't the least idea. Well enough, I dare say. Very well pleased with himself, good-looking, typical juvenile lead—that describes him."

"He doesn't sound like so much," said Nancy. "A girl I know was crazy about him, though. I've never seen him."

"If all the silly flappers who are smitten with young actors could be placed in a row, it would reach from here to San Francisco."

It occurred to Nancy that she wasn't, somehow, pleasing young Blaine. He hadn't said any more about her being a marvelous type of modernity. And the glittering gorgeous thought came to her presently that perhaps he might write a great play, and ask her to act in it, and she would become a star, like Ethel Barrymore or Elsie Ferguson! She regarded him with more attention—he did look silly with that lock of hair over his eyes, but there was a picture of Byron in her literature manual that had funny hair too. "I suppose everyone tells you you look like Byron," she said, and saw him smile with gratification. "You do. Perhaps you write poetry as well as plays."

For a moment the young *poseur* became some one much younger, much more genuine. "I used to write poetry," he said; and then: "How did you guess it?"

"I felt it in you," declared Nancy. "I wonder, as a great favor, if you'd show me some of it. I adore poetry."

She had hit on the right theme. By the time the last bit of *brioche* was eaten, and the last cup of tea drunk, she knew that she had recaptured and focused Rascoe Blaine's interest on herself.

"We must do this again—you must come to tea with me very often," he remarked when they said good-by.

NANCY came home smugly pleased. "It all goes to show," she thought, "that I can handle people when I put my mind on it.

Nina Wilcox Putnam

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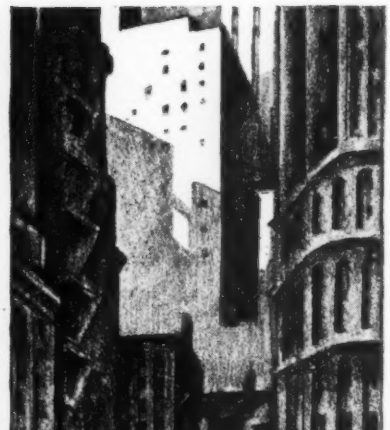

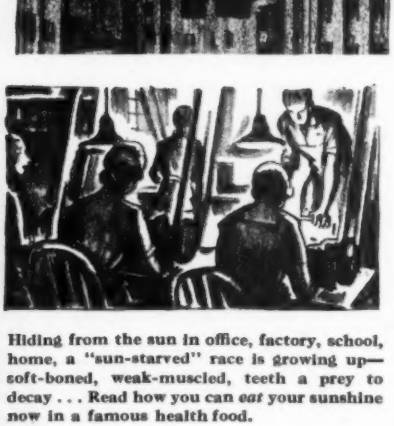

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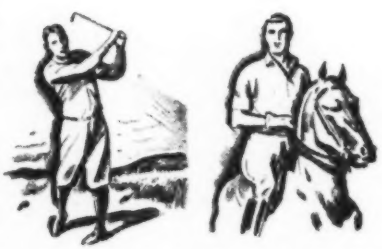

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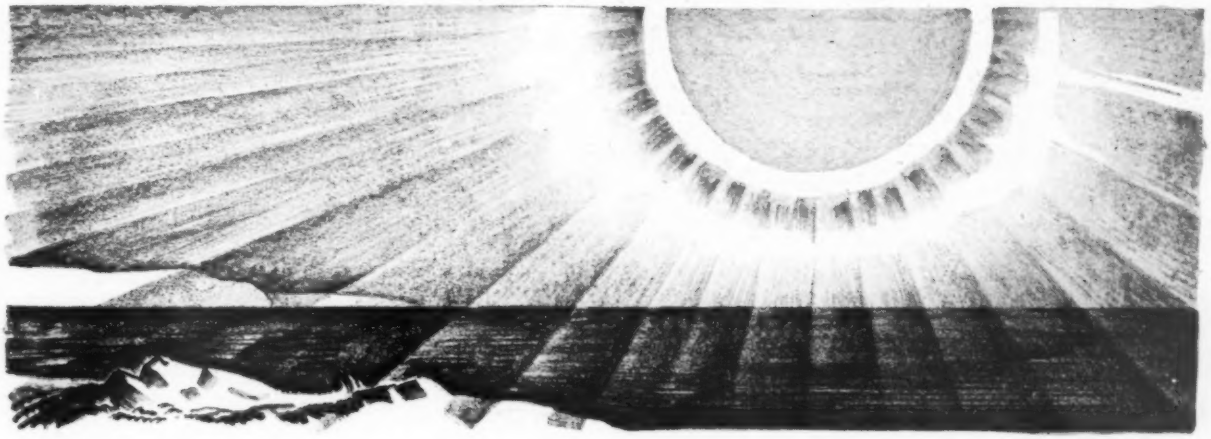

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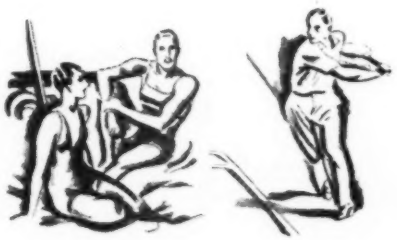

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He might turn out to be famous some day. I wish I could tell Ariana what he said about Kenneth!" She fell to meditating on Ariana. Her letters hadn't been any too frequent, and then—one boon which Nancy longed to ask for, and felt it was better strategy not to do so—Ariana might, she certainly might, have asked her mother to take some small notice of Nancy's mother, give her a hand-up, even a cold one! "A darned shame Mother and Mrs. Wood didn't go to Haberton at the same time," Nancy's quick scheme ran on. "They might have been great friends. But if Ariana doesn't suggest her mother doing anything for us, I can't."

She went on to her dissatisfaction with Effie. Why hadn't she made more of that meeting with Mrs. Villiers? Why didn't she get hold of some desirable people through Lora Evans? There must be some way to break through these impalpable bars. The young girl felt herself unfairly treated, neglected. She was doing everything she could, everything, to bring the family out of their obscurity; and her mother refused to coöperate, refused even to see the absolute necessity of their gaining the place Nancy so longed for. The social register! The Junior League! The débutante luncheons with newspaper photographers all about! Nancy's Promised Land was always before her eyes, a blissful mixture of much dancing, boxes of flowers, an endless choice of lovely frocks, and a list of suitors over whom she exercised an autocratic power, a basketful of invitations every morning for the most exclusive parties, a telephone which rang all day with frenzied requests for her presence from people whose names everyone knew—Ariana's stories coupled with Nancy's imagination had built up a naïve, innocently sensual, innocently vulgar thousand-and-one-nights dream.

She told Effie about having tea with Blaine, adding: "I thought I might as well be pleasant to him; because next year, if everything flops, he might help me to go on the stage."

"What d'you mean, Nancy, if everything flops?"

"Mother, you know! Oh, if I could only find the right sort of people to put me up for the League! Mother, *can't* you do something about it?"

There was such tragedy in her voice that Effie was shocked. She had hoped that after the first disconcerting plunge Nancy would come back to her old self. But now she began to fear that the profound alteration in their environment had thrown her definitely off her proper balance. "If she doesn't get into the League, if she doesn't make a conventional début, and have a certain amount of social success, it may warp her whole character," thought Effie. "We're in an *impasse*. If she does get what she wants, I'm sure it wont be good for her—and if she doesn't, I'm afraid it'll be worse."

THERE is an old trick which mothers play with very little children—substitution. The baby reaches for the silver knife, but finds instead his harmless rattle in his hands; he toddles toward the fire, but is called to look out the window. Effie used this trick now.

"We might look up dramatic schools and teachers," she said, "and classes in stage dancing, and get some idea of what they offer; then next year, if you wished, you could go in for training. But there are such drawbacks to the stage, Nancy—"

"I do hope you're not going to say it's immoral, Mother! Heavens, that idea's simply moldy!"

"No, I wasn't going to say it was immoral, but I was going to say that it's very inconvenient. It alters all the hours of normal living. You eat lunch on matinée day at twelve; you eat dinner, every day, at half-past five, or six. You never can go to parties during the week; you're working while other people are having a good time; and when you're through working and ready for a good time yourself, there's no one left to play with you but the night-owls."

"I hadn't thought of that. All the same—if I can't do what other girls are doing, I must have something! What *am* I to do? Mother, why wont you help me more—don't you care what becomes of me at all?"

"I care a little." Effie smiled at her daughter. "But it's not easy—what you want, Nancy. Suppose I force myself on these people you want to know? Then the word will go out that the wife of the new man in the Rasten Bank is making a fool of herself socially, and it will reflect on your father. In the end we might all have to travel back to Drochester looking mighty small."

"But Mother—Mother—" Nancy looked so woe-begone, so desperate, that again Effie felt a sense of shock. "I don't see why we ever came to New York! We're simply two-spots—we're nothing at all. Not even a car!"

"I might have the Sizzling Teapot resurrected and sent on."

"And you joke about it! You joke! The whole thing's nothing but a big fizzle, and you don't care."

"Better get hold of yourself, Nancy. This is a pretty poor exhibition."

Nancy swallowed hard, bit her lips. "Well, Mother, will you do just one thing, just one—"

"Of course I will, if I possibly can, and it isn't against your father's interests."

"Try to find somebody who'll get me into the Junior League. Try, Mother, *please*, wont you?"

Effie considered. It seemed to her a futile, undignified and unworthy quest, but with Nancy's tear-filled beseeching eyes on hers, she could not refuse it. Perhaps if she did "get in" as she so passionately desired, she would find the serious side of the League's work both steadying and enlarging. Effie certainly preferred that field to starting Nancy toward a life in the theater, to which she was obviously drawn only by egotism and not by talent. "Yes, I will try," she said at last. "I'll try in every way I can. But so far as I can see, Nancy, the way of the stranger in New York is pretty hard."

"Hard—it's impossible! And we've got no *time!* In another year I'll be nineteen, and that's too old."

"We'll talk it over practically," said Effie. "You must have five letters from members of the League before you can even be considered by the Board of Admissions. They must, naturally, be letters from women who are influential, who stand for something, else you, being a newcomer to the city, wont be considered at all. Now where, in all conscience, can I find you five sponsors like that?"

"Mrs. Evans will be one."

"Her letter wouldn't help you."

"No, I dare say not. But if you get four other good ones, she might do just to fill out. I can ask Ariana for one from her mother, too."

"Ariana hasn't offered it?"

Nancy looked confused and angry. "She hasn't made a move or said a word. If I don't accomplish something by myself, I don't believe she'll even ask me to her coming-out party. Ariana's all for herself and the main chance. Everyone is, in New York."

"Then why, Nancy, do you want so much to copy them? I can't understand it."

"No, you don't understand. But—" She hesitated, trying to find the right words, and finally brought it out squarely: "I simply can't bear the idea of other girls no prettier and no cleverer than I am having so much more. There it is, Mother. And I can't help it. I'm made like that."

Yes, she was made like that. Effie knew it, and she knew that she was seeing and hearing Walter in their child. "Well, Nancy," she said at last, "as I said, I'll try in every way I can; I'll canvass every possibility. But don't count too much on my success, for this sort of thing is new to me, and not easy."

Chapter Seventeen

EFFIE was glad that Nancy in her calculations had not thought of Mrs. Copley Villiers. There was a power who could effect the whole thing, were she so minded. A few attentions from Mrs. Villiers to the Reyburns and they would be labeled "desirable" by a pack of people as dull, as tiresome, as narrow-minded and as ignorant, thought Effie furiously, as Mrs. Villiers herself. But how to reach Mrs. Villiers! How to impress her! Effie had no illusions about that high-nosed matron; she might be dull, tiresome, a Bourbon in all her ideas, but equally a Bourbon in the power to snub ruthlessly. "And if I let her snub me, I'm lost," thought Effie. "And she's just the sort to carry it further and induce her husband to make things difficult for Walter at the bank, if he's the sort of man who listens to his wife about such situations—and I can't tell whether he is or not. Oh, how I hate such nonsense! But I promised Nancy."

She could not clear her mind of Mrs. Villiers and her possibilities, and though it was her afternoon with Mrs. Bishop, she was absent-minded and inattentive to the gentle old lady. Usually she listened to her tales of the past avidly, for they made a fascinating memoir of old New York, the New York of Mrs. Bishop's youth, a city where horses drew both cars and carriages, ladies' waists measured a scant eighteen inches, gentlemen both old and young wore flowing whiskers, and a bouquet of pink rosebuds was a mute declaration of love! At balls, polkas and schottisches and redowas preceded the cotillion; and even the gayest and most careless of young matrons never dared to dance more than once with any man but her husband! Fifteen-course dinners were not unusual, and friends sent round to one another choice offerings of terrapin, venison, Hudson River shad and Chesapeake oysters! Mrs. Bishop recalled her own toilettes, *gaze de chambery, crêpe lisse, moiré antique, poults de soie*, paletots and mantles, a Fanchon bonnet or a Marie Antoinette; and for the street, Bismarck brown winsey with a sacque of the same!

Today, though Mrs. Bishop was as piquantly reminiscent as usual, Effie heard little of it. She was glad when Mr. Bishop appeared to take her home, but she protested against troubling him, and said she would take a taxi, preferring to slip back at once to her preoccupation. But his mother would not hear of it. "My dear," said the old lady, "you'll simply make me anxious about you unless Clarence escorts you; I have no faith in the security of these rushing, rattling cabs."

"And you will deprive me of a great pleasure," added Mr. Bishop.

AS they drove uptown together, he inquired if she had been to the Paderewski concert, if she had seen the Monets at Durand-Ruels, and one or two other trifling questions. Then he asked something more personal.

"Have you made any plans for the summer? Are you going abroad, or taking a house at the shore—"

"Don't remind me of it," begged Effie. "I've been so disoriented by leaving Drochester and coming to New York that another move would simply finish me."

Mr. Bishop smiled. "I was going to suggest—there is a house in Westchester, near Rye; it belongs to the Dolters, friends of mine, but they're going to Scotland for the summer. It might be pleasant for you; Rey-

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burn could commute; there are clubs and beaches near for your young people; and on my own selfish account, it isn't far from our summer place."

"Is the rent very high?" she asked, before she thought.

MR. BISHOP'S penetrating eye turned toward her; she was sure that he divined her financial status, and she was annoyed that she had betrayed it.

"No, it isn't very high," he said. "But I think the Dolters like to have the tenant take over their servants; perhaps you'd not care for that."

She must not let him know how poor she felt. "Oh, I think that would be splendid," she said, "provided they weren't the old family retainers with set ideas." She remembered Nancy. "I'd like the children to have a good time this summer," she went on. "D'you think they'd enjoy it? You spoke of clubs, and beaches—"

"I can put you up at the clubs round about, you know," said Mr. Bishop. "And you'll find very agreeable people—besides myself—among your neighbors. Copley Villiers has the place next to the one I'm hoping you'll rent, and he has two sons and a daughter—"

"Who?" asked Effie, electrified.

"Copley Villiers, chairman of the board at the bank—" Mr. Bishop's eyes were more penetrating than ever.

Effie caught herself. "Oh, yes; I just didn't catch the name. I've met Mrs. Villiers."

Mr. Bishop permitted himself a smile. "She was a Van Gromerich, and never forgets it. Mother doesn't like her—says she bores her to tears. You know—my mother has very strong likes and dislikes."

"Your mother is a darling," said Effie. She hardly knew what she was saying; she was telling herself vehemently that she must have this house beside the Copley Villiers', that the opportunity was no less than heaven-sent! If she had to pawn her wedding-ring and her silver, she must have this house for the summer. "Your mother is a perfect darling," she repeated mechanically, remembering this time to add, "I'd love to be near her this summer—it would make all the difference in the world. Aren't you good to think of it! Mr. Bishop, what would I do without you?"

"You're only flattering me. As a matter of fact, you never ask me to do anything for you; I have to think things up for myself, and force them on you."

"Well, go ahead—please don't stop. You think up much better things than I could ever dream of asking. Oh, this is splendid!" She wondered if she might enlighten Mr. Bishop a little as to her problem of Nancy. She went on, cautiously: "James Terry, my boy, will be home from school, and he adores swimming. Nancy likes it too, and she's a gregarious child; she always had a troop of other girls and boys around her in Drochester, and she's been lonely here. It will be wonderful for her to have young neighbors."

That, she thought, was a sufficient hint; she would not make it more broad—not with Mr. Bishop; he was much too acute. Thinking it over later, she wondered if, indeed, he had not divined all that was worrying her, and had made a chance for her to accomplish her present purpose. She did not quite believe this with her reason, but intuitively she was certain of it, and though she tried to imagine an ulterior motive, she could find none.

There only remained to consult Walter. Their interview was short. "We'll have to go somewhere, I suppose," he said. "Everyone does. But remember we're awfully hard up. I don't see where the money goes. And look here—in the country we'll have to have a car, maybe two."

"We'll buy secondhand ones, or rent them. I wouldn't bother, Walter; but with Nancy so determined to get into the débutante set next winter— It seems as if we might manage it, provided we can get to know the Villierses. Mr. Bishop says they have the next place, and they have two sons and are bringing out a daughter, and there's no gainsaying it, Mrs. Villiers is a real power. It may all be a fizzle, but it's the only way I see—"

"Villiers is facing a fight in the bank," said Walter unexpectedly. "I haven't lined up with either side. But I take it he wouldn't exactly sniff at my support."

Effie's mind leaped ahead. "And Mr. Bishop's for him—now I understand. Oh, Walter—it's a marvelous break, nothing less! Of course Mr. Villiers will be glad of your support; and she'll have to be decent to us—he'll make her, under the circumstances! That angel Mr. Bishop—he is really too wonderful! Well, if it breaks us, we've got to take that house."

"It'll probably break us."

"How if I sold the Drochester house—or put a mortgage on it? That would give us ready money to go on with." She was reckless now.

"No; it's your property, something for you to fall back on in case anything happened to me. If you make a forced sale, you wont get its value; and if you put a mortgage on it, everyone in Drochester will know and talk about it."

"But I can tell them I'm doing it to buy new property here."

"I don't like it. No, better not. It seems dangerous to me."

"But Walter—this is all a gamble; you said so, a long time back. Might as well plunge; nothing ever gained by caution."

"That sounds strange from you."

"Well—you hear it, and I mean it."

In the end he was persuaded. When Effie went to see the house, she found it better than she had hoped, set in a lovely garden—though she flinched inwardly when Mrs. Dolter said anxiously: "Only four house servants, and the chauffeur and the gardener, but there's room for more. The cook's always complaining about not having a kitchen-maid, but with our family, I couldn't see it."

Effie was doing sums in arithmetic in her head. Wages alone would be close to a thousand dollars a month. But Mrs. Dolter was going on: "If you'd like to take over the cars too—they're awfully bad, but the chauffeur's accustomed to them."

"D'you mean rent them, or buy them?"

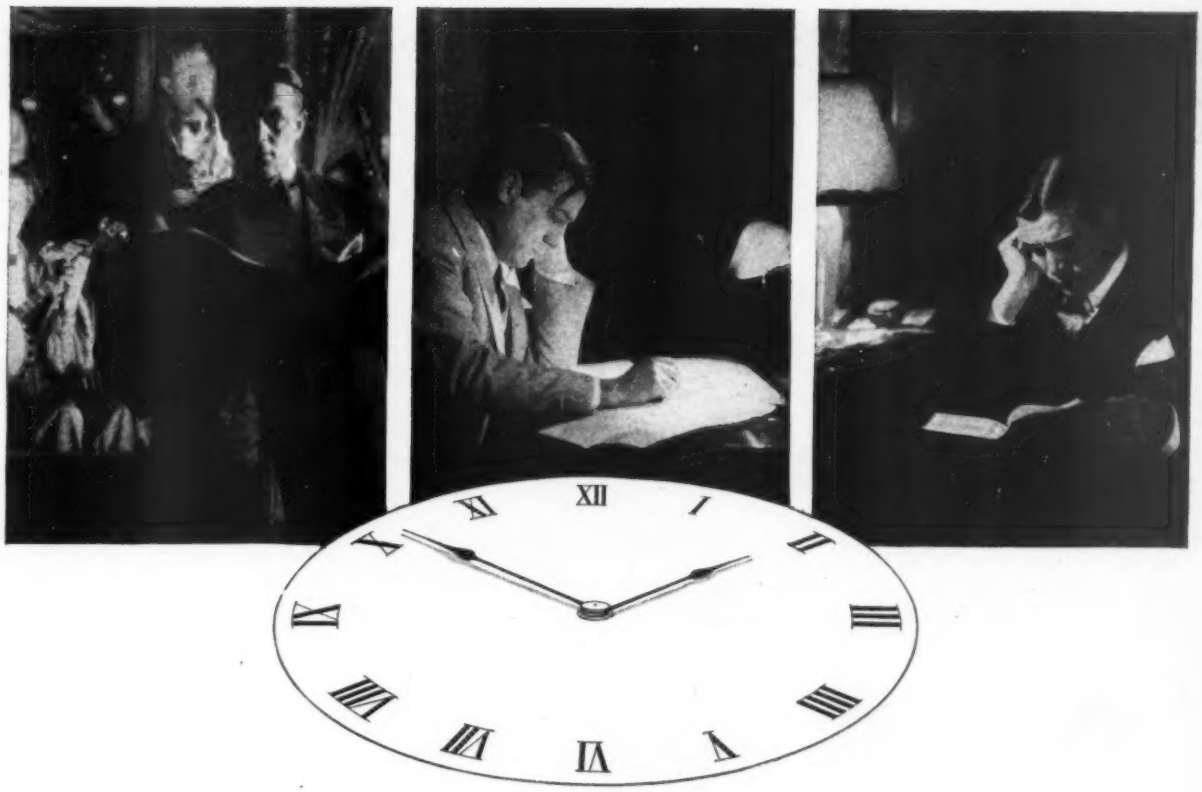
"Well, I *meant* rent them. There are only three, and one's just a station-wagon."

"And we'll pay for deterioration—" offered Effie.

"I don't believe they can be deteriorated," said Mrs. Dolter. "It seems to me if you pay rent and upkeep and repairs—you know I'd rather have them used than in storage."

SO another problem was solved. As she was leaving, she did not forget to look at the elaborate iron gates, the ostentatious lodge beside them, which marked the entrance to the imposing Villiers estate. But the Dolter place held up well enough beside it, didn't look at all like poor relations. Effie composed an urgent telegram to Perky Grove in Drochester to sell or mortgage their old home. This move had to go through; she had said to Walter that they must plunge; and having plunged, she was still determined. She thought a little wryly of the way she had written to Walter when he had thrown up his Drochester position in such panic, that they were bound to no set standards of living, that she would welcome poverty with him if it came; and she recalled how she and James Terry and Nancy had played at keeping a boarding-house. It might come to that yet! She refused to think about the future. She had chosen now to try the true New York pace.

She could feel Walter's uneasiness about it, but the conviction forced itself on her



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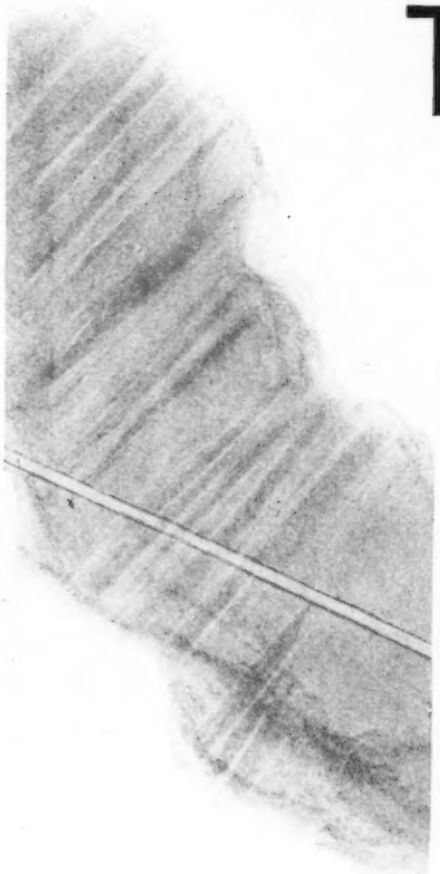

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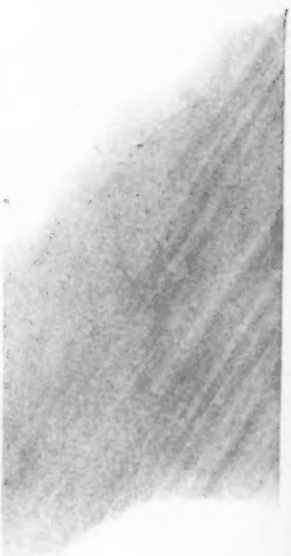

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that he was displeased because he had not thought of it himself, resented her independence. She had seemed to see that detestable word *provincial* in his eyes sometimes, even if he had never said it again; he wanted to be chief, to direct the way they should go. Yet he hadn't directed it; he hadn't even made enough money so that they could have the things he had promised them. Then she was sorry and ashamed of her thoughts. It must be hard for him—and she had wished they could be easy and familiar and in each other's confidence as they had been in Drochester. But New York was spoiling that, in spite of her efforts to keep it untouched.

She consoled herself with Nancy's hopes and eagerness. "You see, Mother," she said, "I *knew* if you'd only put your mind on it, you could find some way. Mrs. Villiers oughtn't to be hard to get acquainted with, and I'll fix it with Margery and Copley, Jr., and Van—"

"You know their names!" exclaimed Effie.

"Everybody knows their names. But even Vida and Charlotte don't know them, though they've been to a few parties with Margery. Mother, we can do heaps of entertaining this summer, can't we?"

"All you want," promised Effie hardily.

"Because if girls know there's a place where they can always take their suitors and have a good time—it helps a lot."

"We don't know so very many people, though, Nancy," Effie reminded her.

"We will. I only wish Ariana would tell me what she's going to do this summer. She's been awfully cagy. You know, Mother, in a way it's a compliment for Ariana to be so afraid of competition with me; but in another way it's most awfully tiresome."

"Ask her to visit you when she leaves Haberton," said Effie. "If she can't come, she'll probably say what she's going to do; and if she does come, you can concentrate on showing her that you don't mean to compete with her."

Nancy looked at her mother with new respect. "Why, Mother, you *are* a clever lamb."

"From this time on," said Effie, "I have ceased to be a lamb. I am a large and hungry wolf, seeking to devour only those victims who have the real Social Register flavor. I shall begin with Mrs. Villiers. *She* is my first Little Red Riding Hood."

Chapter Eighteen

THEY did not leave town until the third week in June. Nancy's graduation was over—not that it meant anything save that she had cemented her friendship with Charlotte Kilvaine and won from her an invitation for a week at Southampton in August, an invitation proffered by Charlotte after hearing that Ariana Wood was coming to stay with Nancy for part of July. Vida had gone abroad with her family; there was nothing to be had there, Nancy explained.

James Terry came home from school top boy in his form, and a member of the school nine. He and MacNab held a joyful reunion, and went even more joyfully to the country.

Effie found her first week overwhelmingly occupied. She had never managed so many servants before, and she found it confusing. But presently her natural gift for organization, helped by the fact that the servants were well-trained and knew their work, made her house run smoothly and easily. The gardener liked her because she appreciated his garden, and let him choose the flowers to be cut for the house; the chauffeur respected her knowledge of cars. She was free now to stalk Mrs. Villiers.

Mr. Bishop was as good as his word about putting them up for the beach club and for two of the country clubs. One had an excellent golf-course, and was staid and quiet; the other was filled with a crowd of young people, very keen on tennis. Effie put James Terry and Nancy both down for lessons with the pro' there, and urged Walter to the links of the other club. Copley Villiers played there, every Sunday morning, with three of his friends. What more natural than that Mrs. Copley Villiers would come by on her way from church and pick him up! Effie felt sure that Mrs. Copley Villiers went to church, but she didn't know which. At any rate, she managed to be waiting for Walter at the clubhouse on the moment when Mrs. Villiers would presumably appear—and she was rewarded by the sight of the high-nosed lady stepping out of her tightly closed limousine, at one o'clock of their first Sunday in the country. Moreover Effie had placed herself strategically so that Mrs. Villiers couldn't miss her. The chill gray eyes of Mrs. Villiers displayed recognition. Effie nodded, a very little nod, did not move. She prayed that Mr. Villiers would not come into view for a few moments, aware that Mrs. Villiers was slow to coördinate, sluggish in action.

Mrs. Villiers saw this very pretty, suitably dressed young woman whose manner she approved, on the veranda of the club which the Villierses honored with their membership, thus guaranteeing its exclusiveness. And she recalled her, if not exactly, at least agreeably. She moved majestically forward, came to rest near Effie, who sat motionless.

"I wonder if you've seen my husband?" asked Mrs. Villiers at last.

"No," said Effie, as if she knew Mr. Villiers well. "And I'm waiting for mine."

There was a pause. "Men never have any idea of time," said Mrs. Villiers. "I told Copley I'd be here a little after one."

"It's ten minutes after," Effie offered, from her wrist-watch.

As if by perfect appointment the two men appeared at this moment, from different directions, converging on the two waiting wives.

"Why, hello, Reyburn," said Mr. Villiers. "I thought I recognized you ahead of me there with Bishop."

There was another moment's pause, and Effie looked up graciously. "Mrs. Villiers, I don't believe my husband—"

Naturally the other introduction followed. Naturally—but casually—Effie conveyed to the Villierses that the Reyburns were their neighbors for the summer. Mr. Villiers, at least, was openly pleased, made gestures of amity, and—what Effie was hoping for—of hospitality. "You've got the Dolters' house? How are his sweet peas this year? There's a deadly rivalry between his gardener and mine as to sweet peas, you know."

"Yes," said Effie, though it was the first time she'd heard of it, "I know. It's blighting our gardener's life."

"He always pretends it does. I must see them—I must see them myself. And you must see ours. Run across for tea this afternoon, wont you? Don't be formal; we're neighbors, you know—ha-ha—neighbors." He looked a command at his wife.

"We'll be charmed," she said, as the command registered.

"We're going to the Bishops' for tea," said Effie. "I'm so sorry."

"But drop in on your way home," urged Mr. Villiers. "Do—we're not going out."

"You want me to make my gardener even more miserable, I can see that," said Effie. "You want to boast and brag and swagger about your very superior sweet peas. This is nothing but swank on your part."

Mr. Villiers received this as a priceless jest. "That's what it is—swank! I'm simply going to wipe your man off the map—"

Mr. Bishop had come up, bowed to Mrs. Villiers and was listening. Mr. Villiers turned to him. "Bring them over, Bishop, will you, and come along—perhaps your mother would honor us too."

"My very spoiled and willful mother has

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decided that she isn't going out at all this summer," said Mr. Bishop. "She says she's reached the age when everyone must come to her. That is one reason—of many—why I'm so glad to have Mrs. Reyburn for a neighbor; my mother is so very fond of her and is counting on seeing her often."

"He said that with a purpose," thought Effie. "He is helping me. He is letting them know how I stand with his mother, because that will impress Mrs. Villiers."

"I see, I see," said Mr. Villiers. "But you will come, this afternoon, and bring Mr. and Mrs. Reyburn." He glanced again at Mrs. Villiers.

"We depend on you," said that lady with terrifying archness. "Don't fail us."

"Ah," replied Mr. Bishop, "when it's a royal command, your subjects obey with pleasure."

Whereupon the Villierses departed and so did the Reyburns. Mr. Bishop strolled over to the car with Walter and Effie.

"His great hobby is flower-raising," he remarked casually. "And she's dotty on genealogy, who's who and who's who's great-grandfather—that sort of stuff. She doesn't know very much about it, really, for she's got no actual brains; but she adores talking about it." His eyes rested on Effie as he said these last words.

Effie smiled at him, her dryad smile that quirked the corners of her mouth in an entrancing curve. "You're an angel, Mr. Bishop," she said. "We'll see you at tea-time."

"You and Bishop are getting mighty familiar, seems to me," commented Walter as they drove home. "How come you call him an angel?"

"Oh, he's so kind and nice about everything," said Effie vaguely.

AND as soon as lunch was over, she hunted out the few books on genealogy which the Dolters' library offered, and from then until tea-time she read and pondered them. "Mrs. Villiers is about to acquire the most appreciative audience she ever had," she promised herself.

She had observed many new things about Mrs. Villiers, chief of which was that the stiff and stately matron was quick to do whatever her husband indicated, followed his lead without question. Likewise that she was honestly friendly toward Mr. Bishop, and that she was not so formidable when thus out of her own special setting—but even so, she was quite formidable enough. "It's not going to be easy," thought Effie. "I wonder what the daughter's like."

She saw Margery Villiers that afternoon, a tall plain girl, as high-nosed as her mother, but somehow pathetic, the sort of girl no man ever dances with except as a duty, the sort of girl other girls leave out of every party where they want go and gayety. The two sons were present also, the older, Copley, Jr., about twenty, weak-chinned and watery-eyed, obviously minus sobriety, self-control and intelligence, but to Effie, as pathetic as his sister—a boy with every chance in the world, but neither brains nor will to use them. The younger son, Van, was about James Terry's age, and a shade less vacuous than his brother.

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But the Villiers garden was beautiful beyond words, with its stretches of thick turf, its pool and stream, its artfully massed flowers and shrubbery, and its noble trees. An enchantment fell on Effie instantly, and she longed to be in it alone with Walter. Looking at the stodgy Villiers family in these surroundings reminded her irresistibly of the lines from an old missionary hymn:

Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile.

But this, she instantly reminded herself, was a highly impractical state of mind. She must regard the Villierses as tools to her hand, instruments for her purpose. And at once, with artful tact, she introduced Mrs. Villiers' pet subject into their conversation.

THE effect was enormous. Mrs. Villiers brightened into animation, and Effie hearkened avidly, not making a pose of it but really listening, and remembering. She did not pay much attention to Mr. Villiers; that would take care of itself, she thought; since he wanted Walter's interest in his fight at the bank he would certainly be cordial, at least until the fight was over. Effie hoped it would last all summer, perhaps into the winter.

At the end of the short visit she played her gambit. "It's only early twilight," she said. "Wouldn't you like to walk across and look at our sweet peas, and clinch your victory?" And as if their consent was assured, she led them all along with her, even to the youngest Villiers, with Mr. Bishop unobtrusively aiding the procession.

Once she had them on her own territory, she produced Nancy, vivid and lovely in the simplest of white linen frocks with a tangerine belt and tie. "This is my girl," she said to Mrs. Villiers. "She's not quite happy today; her friend Ariana Wood was coming to stay with her and was delayed. So Nancy's disappointed." She saw Margery Villiers grow alert at the mention of Ariana Wood, saw her draw nearer to Nancy. "Oh, do you know Ariana?" she began; and Effie knew that she might safely leave Nancy to do the rest with Margery. The older Villiers boy, too, had roused from his silent bored endurance at sight of Nancy. A pretty girl, a very pretty girl, was manna indeed in this family Sabbath dreariness. Meanwhile, young Van and James Terry and MacNab had foregathered and were rapidly getting out of earshot of their elders in the way of cautious young animals.

Effie piloted the party toward the sweet peas, once more bringing Mrs. Villiers to the fore with, "And you said that the first Van Gromerich to come to America was from Utrecht?" Whereupon the lady took up her family saga with flourishing details. Once before the flowers this epic must, perforce, pause while Mr. Villiers compared and exulted; but it was only a pause, and without effort Effie found herself shortly after seated on her own terrace while Mrs. Villiers held forth on her great topic. Effie could see that it was never-ending. She could also see that it bored Mr. Villiers to nervous rage. With the pretext of the falling dew she adjourned Mrs. Villiers to the veranda and left the three men to smoke alone.

At last Mr. Bishop rose and came up to them. "I must get along home," he said. "Mother's alone. Mrs. Reyburn, it's always a joy to be with you—I hope to see you again very soon. Shall I summon your young people, Mrs. Villiers?"

"He's rescuing me, the dear thing," thought Effie. "Or perhaps he's warning me not to overplay my luck the first time. He knows these people so much better than I do."

Mrs. Villiers rose too. "I didn't realize it was so late." She was obviously wavering between caution and delight of having found an utterly congenial person. Delight won. "Will you have lunch with me some day this week?" she asked Effie. "Say—Tuesday?"

"I'm sorry, not Tuesday," said Effie, cautious on her own part. "But any other day, except Friday."

They settled on Wednesday. Mr. Villiers and Walter approached, and so did Margery and Nancy, but the young people had made plans of their own. Copley Junior had gone for his car; he was going to take his sister and Nancy over to the Beach Club for supper. For a moment Mrs. Villiers' attention came from the dead generation to the living. Her eyes rested speculatively on Nancy. "I suppose you're bringing your girl out this winter?" she asked Effie abruptly.

"I suppose so," said Effie, as if it were of no consequence. Then to Nancy: "Take a coat, my child, and be home by ten."

Mrs. Villiers majestically approved this. Also she approved Nancy's dutiful, "Yes, Mother." The good-bys were said in an atmosphere positively genial with friendly feeling.

James Terry and MacNab came up the garden when everyone had gone. "Van's not such a bad egg," he said. "We're going to get up a nine among the juniors over at the Beach Club. His brother's pretty poor, though. And gosh, what pills the rest of the family are! Say, if I had a mother and sister as homely as his, I'd have 'em shot at sunrise. Mother, when do we eat?"

"In just about the time it will take you to wash and brush, if you hurry," said Effie.

HE vanished, and Effie put her hand on Walter's arm. "Well, we're off," she said. "In among the Villierses."

"He knows I'm important to him," said Walter. "He knows it's the best thing he can do, to stand in with me, at the present time. As a matter of fact, I'm convinced that one of the reasons I was brought on here was to strengthen Villiers in the bank."

"Prolong the operation as long as possible," said Effie. "We'll need them for quite a while." If Walter wanted to think he had done all this afternoon's promotion of acquaintance with the Villiers family, she didn't mind. . . . . Her thoughts went to Nancy.

"Our daughter made an enormous impression on the son and heir, I suppose you noticed."

"No—did she? By golly, that would be a big match, if she could pull it off."

"Walter, how can you—the boy's disgusting! If the sister hadn't been with them, I wouldn't have let Nancy go out with him tonight."

"He's not handsome, and I dare say he's been around; but all the same, if he wanted to marry Nancy—"

"I thought you didn't want Nancy to marry. You were bitter and unreasonable enough about Bruce Ledge."

"My dear Effie, I don't want to see a girl like my Nancy throw herself away on a small-town sheik like Bruce. Lord, no!"

"He's got more sense, and more character—yes, and he's an infinitely more decent young man than this little Villiers worm! However,"—she laughed,—"we're opening up the immortal row as to who shall sit on the front seat, aren't we? Nancy will choose for herself, I imagine. The thing we must do now is to give the impression to the Villierses and the neighborhood in general that we aren't strangers, that we have plenty of friends; for they'll be much more likely to do things for us if they think we don't need it than if they feel it's a sort of charity. We've got to have house-guests. I thought we might ask the Pressleys for the next week-end, and we'll let young Rascoe Blaine come as often as he likes. He's harmless, presentable, and can run about with Nancy so that she'll seem always to have a young man. That

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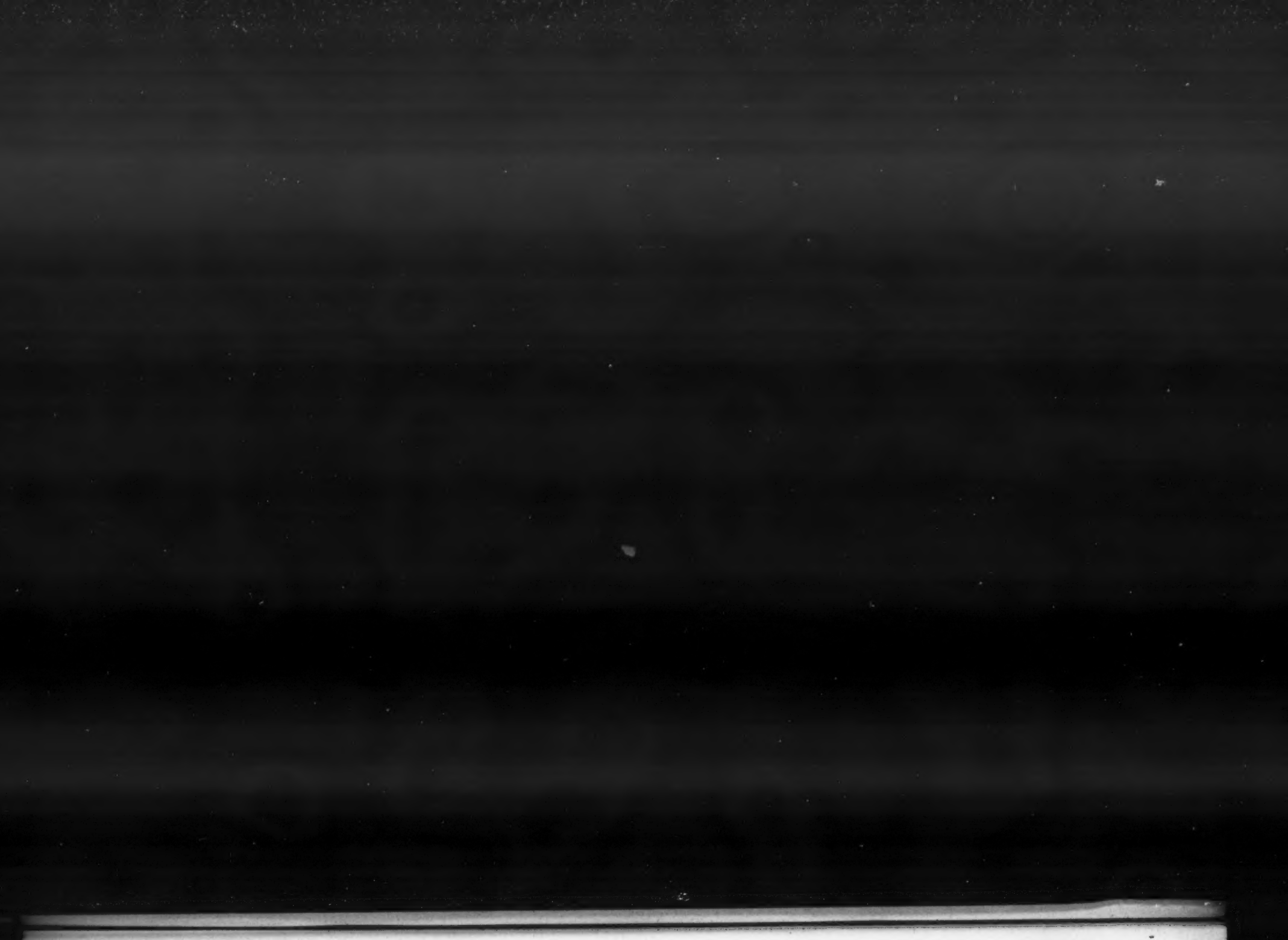

will make her popular with other girls—and men too."

"Aren't you going to ask—" He paused, caught back the name.

"Who are you thinking of?"

He stammered. "You see a good bit of her in town—and she's Bishop's cousin—"

"Oh—Mrs. Evans." Her latent unreasoning jealousy leaped alive, but she managed to answer. "Perhaps—provided the Bishops ask her first. Since she's their cousin, we would be rather putting ourselves forward, wouldn't we, if she came here before she went there? And besides, Walter—"

"What?"

"I consider her somewhat—déclassée, and I don't believe Mrs. Villiers will approve of her."

"All gossip. A woman alone and as attractive as Lora Evans is always talked about. And good Lord, are we going to live by the Villiers' ideas?"

"We certainly are, for a while, at least. I want Mrs. Villiers' influence for Nancy—and I'd like to point out to you that Mrs. Evans can do nothing for Nancy to compare with what Mrs. Villiers can."

"Well, I only thought—"

The waitress appeared at their side.

"Supper is served, Mrs. Reyburn," she murmured.

Effie felt a sudden weary loathing for the day's artifice and the long days before her which must be filled with the same petty scheming machination. It led nowhere; it was all false; it came from base springs. "We are all changed," she thought despairingly. "We are poisoned, all of us, Walter and Nancy and I and—" She saw James Terry waiting impatiently for his supper, long-legged, awkward, downright James Terry; he at least was not tainted with this restless, grasping, mercenary life. "It is a strength inside himself that makes him so," Effie thought. "I might have it, too, but I'm driven by my love for Nancy and Walter; I must go against my own wishes and desires to give them what they want, even when I know it's small and mean and worthless. That's what loving does for you. I hope James Terry will never love anyone so much that he'll have to make such compromises—but I don't believe he'd do it, anyway." She gave the big boy a pat on the shoulder. "You're a comfort to your poor old mother," she said.

"I could be a very nice fellow if I wasn't starving," replied James Terry. "Say, Mods, I wish we were back in Drochester right now, and I had a couple dozen of Helda's biscuits. This cook makes the most undersized biscuits."

"Drochester seems a hundred years away," said Walter complacently. "And a hundred years behind the times."

"It was a hundred years ahead in biscuits," persisted James Terry. He looked up and caught his mother's glance, and they smiled at each other. They knew.

Chapter Nineteen

IT was impossible to hide anything from the all-seeing, amused eyes of Mr. Bishop; Effie knew that, and didn't attempt it. And though he made small comment, presenting always a pleasant detachment, he was invariably her chief aid and counselor in the campaign she had undertaken. He watched Nancy's easy intimacy with Margery Villiers, and the assured, slightly condescending interest of Copley Villiers Junior in the girl, which was now and then broken to bits by the constant presence of Rascoe Blaine, or the competition of other young men who also found Nancy charming and alluring. Copley Junior did not fancy rivals, did not, to be sure, quite understand how any girl could resist him. Nancy, under Effie's strict watchfulness, played no favorites, but smiled on everyone. The Reyburn house was a center for the youthful gayeties; and again, by Effie's orders, Margery Villiers was included and made prominent in all the fun going on. The plain, dull girl was having the most exciting summer of her life, and she had developed a crush on Nancy which, if it endured, would count for much in the coming season. Ariana's visit, which finally happened, did not disturb this admiring affection of Margery's, though Ariana was not specially pleased to go in and out of the Villiers house in a rôle secondary to Nancy's.

MR. BISHOP lost none of this drama. Nor did he miss the deft, shrewd touches by which Effie insinuated herself into the Villiers household, and from that excellent spring-board launched herself squarely in among the intimates of Mrs. Villiers' stiff and starchy matrons of the true Van Gromerich tradition, for the most part living in their vast walled summer places with a solemn formality which emphasized to themselves their own dignity and importance.

In some of their talks Mr. Bishop and Effie discussed these people. "They are still very powerful," he said, "because they still have huge fortunes. Of course the newer, fresher element of society tries to disregard them, calls them old fossils, laughs at their airs and conventions; but they can't be counted out—yet. It's the names from these families that you find on the hospital boards, in the solid charities—and more notably, on the directorates of the oldest, soundest banks, in the long-established businesses. They are the backbone of New York society. And, if I may mix my metaphors horribly, they are the safest port of entry. Once amongst them, and you can be sure you'll not be omitted from any place you really want to gain."

"The thing I'm always wondering," said Effie, "is what place do I want to gain?"

"What, aren't you sure? For one who picks her way so carefully, that's an extraordinary confession. Though I have somewhat suspected that it was your head, and not your heart, that was in this pilgrim's progress of yours."

"It's both."

"Then I do not wonder at your success."

"The trouble is—" She would have liked to say she remembered *Lord Steyne's* speech to *Becky Sharp*, the speech of the "little earthenware pipkin, you want to swim down the stream with all the great copper kettles." She was remembering how very little money she had to go on, but that she could not tell Mr. Bishop.

"What is the trouble?" he asked.

"The trouble is," she improvised, "that I feel I am being cheated. I'm not getting a proper return, as you business men say, for my investment of time and energy. When I look ahead, I don't see the right compensation for me."

"A life spent among the genealogists, for instance, does not appeal to you?" He leaned forward suddenly. "Tell me—what does appeal to you?" he asked with curious intensity.

"If I knew! I've thought and thought about it—"

"I knew you had—"

"And all I can determine, in a general, vague way is that I want, above everything, the love and united companionship of my family. There—that's the truth. It sounds odd, somehow; I've never before put it into words. But that's what I want—yes, I'm sure it is."

Mr. Bishop drew back. "Let me warn you," he said, "that a life which finds its only satisfaction in human relationships is certain to be thwarted and disappointed."

"Nevertheless—I'm afraid I'm too old to change."

HE gazed at her now, she felt, with pity; and she was reminded of that first dinner-party at his house where she had seen the same look in his eyes. She could not understand it. He began to talk about other things—he had bought some prints, a Muirhead Bone, a McBey, an Ernest Roth. He wanted her to see them. After he had gone, she thought about him for a while. A queer man—a very queer man! Always probing—and for no reason. She was glad she had not told him about her money anxiety. This summer was costing beyond all reason, and though Perky Grove had sent her a substantial sum raised by mortgage on the Drochester house, she would not have much of it left to meet the extra expenses of the autumn and winter. These loomed before her menacingly. If she succeeded in getting Nancy into the débutante set they'd be forced to have a car, or hire one by the month. There must be a special, trustworthy maid for Nancy alone, to do dance and party duty. There would be innumerable dresses, silk stockings, smart slippers; Effie knew very well that an entire outfit can be danced to shreds in one strenuous evening. And all this beside the requisite entertaining. There was nothing to do, though, but see it through as far as it would go, to be very careful, spend each dollar to its uttermost advantage.

There were problems. Walter—she had, she knew, been neglecting him. But it wasn't possible to be with him so very much; she must see after James Terry, and chaperon Nancy; she must run this big house; she must keep a continual flow of guests, in and out over every week-end, and she must be ready to grasp every opportunity to solidify her friendship with Mrs. Villiers and the Villiers circle. Walter had his golf; he went to the Beach Club every evening for a swim when he'd come out from town; he was busy and comfortable. But she didn't have a minute alone with him. It came to her forcibly that she saw and talked with Mr. Bishop more than she saw and talked with Walter, her own husband.

"And I said I want above everything the love and united companionship of my family," she thought. "It must have sounded very ironic to Mr. Bishop, considering how my days are filled." But Nancy was happy. There was a solid satisfaction. Ariana's visit had been a triumph for Nancy. And she was counting on her invitation to Southampton with Charlotte Kilvaine in August. But just before that there would be an interval which must be bridged, for Margery and her brother were going to Maine for a fortnight, and several others of the young set were setting off for dude ranches, Canadian fishing, Newport, late trips abroad—Nancy exclaimed with horror that there would be simply no one left.

"You might ask two or three of your Drochester crowd for a week to fill in," Effie suggested. "Manie, perhaps, and Bruce Ledge, and another girl and man or so."

AT this Nancy showed a gleam of almost wistful eagerness. "I'd love to see them!" Then she hardened. "—And just as well to have them here while Cop and Margery are away. Can I have them, really? D'you think Dad wont wave his arms and scream about Bruce?"

"No, I don't believe so. I'll take care of that. But why don't you want them here when Margery and her brother are at home?"

"I don't think Bruce and Cop would get along. And I don't want any heavy jealous stuff staged at present. I don't want Cop to be too serious."

"Don't you like him? I'm not prying, only trying to check up on the news."

Nancy hesitated. "I like him—yes, I suppose I do. It makes the other girls wild to have him crazy about me. And I know

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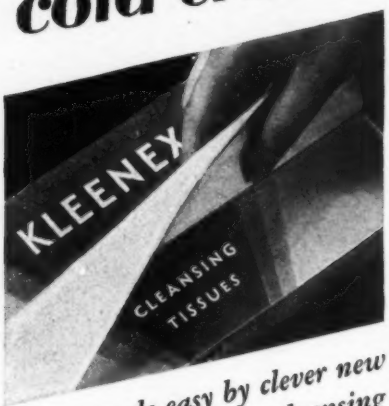

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why he is, too. It's because I wont neck or pet, or treat him a bit better than I do anyone else. He's spoiled to death, Mother. He's always had everything he wants, and when he can't get something, he wants it more. I'm going to play him along; I need him for next winter. But sometimes—it's rather a strain."

"Oh, Nancy, Nancy," said Effie, "this is dreadful! I can't let you—"

"Now, Mother, please *don't* register anguish and parental distress. That's all out of date." She laughed. "I can deal with my boy friends, however hot. Only, I don't want young Cop to think himself my one and only before I've come out and know what sort of a time I'm going to have. D'you see? And since he and Bruce are rather wild over me, if I brought them together, things might come to a head. That's all."

"It's quite enough," said Effie. She decided to take Nancy's own tone. "Bruce may have changed since you saw him, though."

But Nancy would not be drawn further. "Get Dad to let him come, and we'll see," she said mischievously.

EFFIE went at once to Walter, and to her surprise he made no protest.

"It might be a good idea," he said. "She'll see the difference between these small-town boys and the real thing, like young Villiers. If I know Nancy, and she has any lurking romantic ideas about Bruce Ledge, they'll all be altered by a week of him in contrast with the young men of good family she's been thrown with this summer. And another thing, Effie—they'll go back to Drochester and broadcast how well we're living, and who we know, and all that sort of thing. Good publicity. I hope old Parkinson gets a dose of it. *And* the Pardees!"

Effie had no reply to this. But since here was a chance to talk to Walter for a few minutes uninterrupted, she seized it. "How are things going at the bank? Is Mr. Villiers still the big chief?"

"Yes; but as I see it, it's a toss-up either way. So long as Bishop's for him, I think he'll win out. There's a powerful influence against him, though, headed by that chap Burton, the one who talks so much."

"But Mr. Bishop is for him—he isn't going to change, is he?"

"I wish I knew. Effie, if you have a chance, you might sound him out. He's such a pal of yours."

"I'd as soon dream of sounding out the sphinx. And if there's one way to lose Mr. Bishop as a pal, I'd say it was to pry into his business affairs."

"Maybe you're right; only men do some foolish things under the influence of a pretty woman."

"I hope you're talking observations, not experiences."

He flushed, though she had spoken jokingly. He went on hurriedly: "Bishop's put me on to two or three good things at the market lately. I'm due to make some extra cash very shortly."

Instantly Effie knew that Mr. Bishop had guessed her penny-pinching, her preoccupation about money. She was thankful that she hadn't told him, but somehow this uncanny divination of his was not quite pleasant. "You didn't say anything to him about how hard up we are, did you?" she asked anxiously.

"Lord, no! Downtown it's only the multi-millionaires who dare to hint they're poor. I've never opened my head to Bishop about money."

She sighed with relief. "We're spending a frightful amount," she said. "It frightens me. And when I think of next winter!"

"Now, don't you give it another moment's thought," he said grandly. "Just spend what you want. I'll make money, plenty of it. I've had to get my bearings a little before I started in, of course."

"Yes, of course." She wondered if he had talked like this to Mr. Bishop. If he had, Mr. Bishop must have found it dryly humorous.

"I haven't forgotten about Nancy wanting pearls. She's going to get them before long. And I'm going to hand back to you the money you got Perky to raise on the Drochester house. I've hated to think we were living on that."

Compunction rushed over her. "Oh, Walter darling, what does it matter? It's all ours; it isn't mine."

She would have gone up to him, flung her arms around him, but he had turned away and was settling his tie before the mirror. "By the way," he said, "Mrs. Evans came out on the train tonight. She's staying at the Bishops. We ought to ask them over for dinner, don't you think?"

In her present mood, touched by Walter's solicitous generosity, released from the anxiety about funds, Lora Evans did not seem specially formidable. "Yes, we'll ask her for dinner," she said, "and Mr. Bishop and that rackety pair of Ardberrys we met at the Country Club—you remember, the woman with the highest-heeled slippers in the world, and her husband, the tall man with red hair? Yes—and that funny old Miss Stokes; she's one of Mrs. Villiers' friends but hates her contemporaries! She's a cute old thing, full of ancient wickedness. Let's see, Rascoe'll be back tonight—we can ask them for tomorrow or the next night—"

"Is that Blaine lad living here?" demanded Walter.

"Just about. He's writing a new play, you know. But he'll help; he's one of Mrs. Evans' pets. If Nancy's going out, that'll just make eight, with us. If she's staying in, she can ring up the Thomas lad, or Wilder Hill, but I think she's going on a beach picnic with the Villierses—"

"I wasn't aware that Mrs. Evans was interested in young Blaine," Walter returned testily to her first phrase.

"I don't suppose she's very interested in him, because he hasn't made a big hit yet, and hasn't any money; but she's stringing him along in case he should. And d'you know, I believe he will. He's really very clever, in spite of the way he wears his hair, and he's very useful about the house."

"Effie, I think it's abominable, the way you talk about that poor little woman—"

She burst out laughing. "Oh, Walter, Walter! We'll never agree about her, but please don't call her a poor little woman. If there ever was a woman able and willing to take care of herself, it's Lora Evans. I know she's got a wonderful line and makes herself out to be the simplest, sweetest, most clinging female since *David Copperfield's Dora;* but if you watch her, she never bothers much about anyone unless there's something pretty substantial to be had out of him; and I say *him* advisedly— Oh, heavens, the telephone again—" She ran into the upstairs sitting-room to answer it.

WHEN she came back, Walter had put on his flannels and gone out, presumably to the beach with James Terry, as was their custom. He had hung up his business suit, but apparently in haste; through the open closet door she saw that his coat had slipped off the hanger and was lying in a heap on the floor. She went in to pick it up, and a slip of paper in the inside pocket rustled under her fingers. Unthinking, she pulled it out. There in her hand lay a canceled check, signed with her husband's name. It was made out to Lora Evans, and the amount was four thousand dollars.

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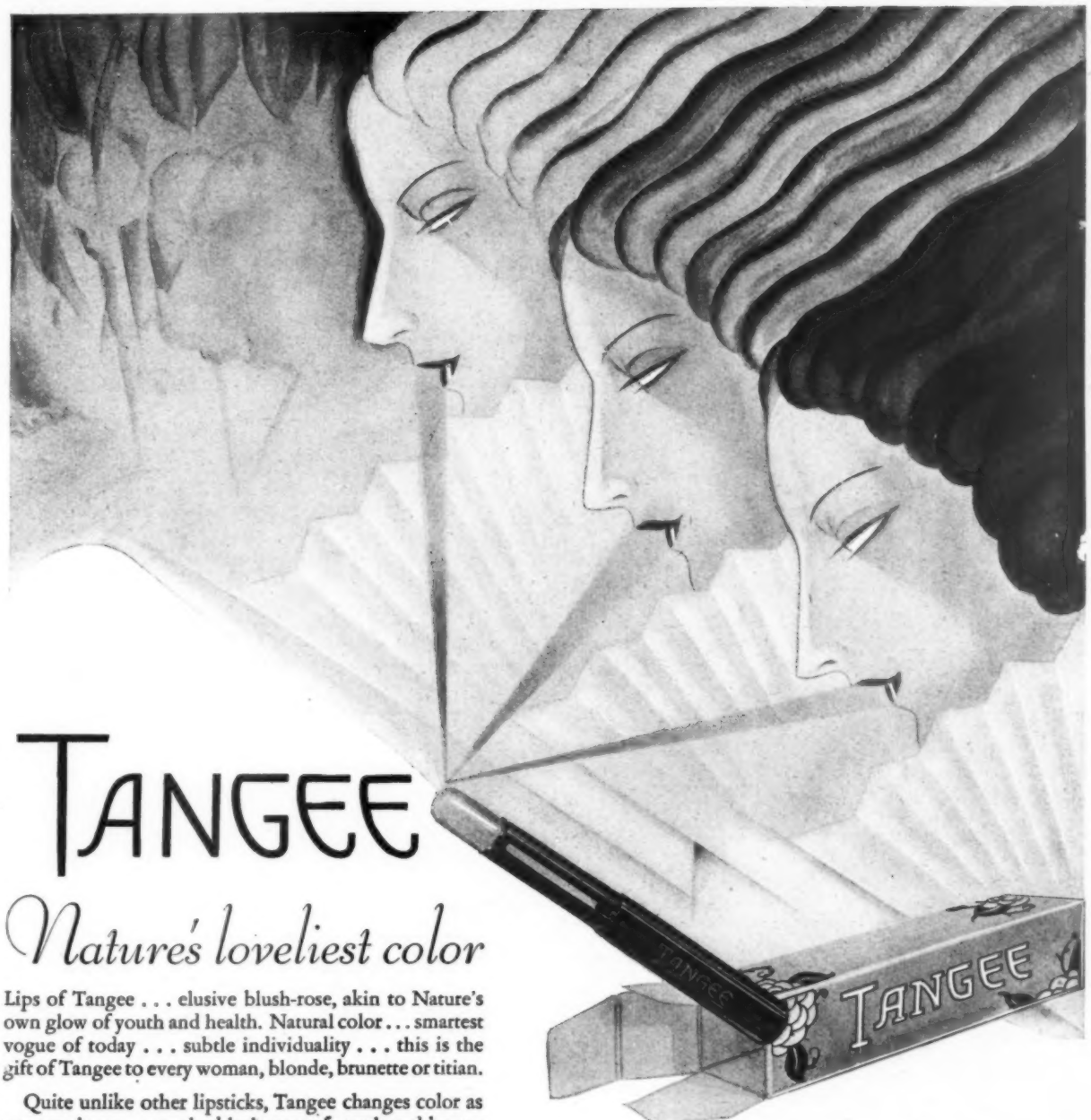

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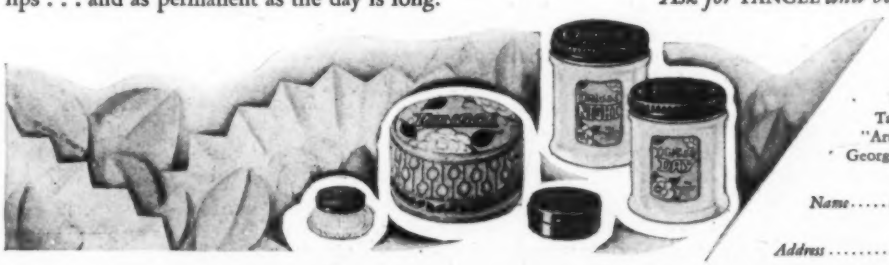

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THE MURDER IN THE STORM

(Continued from page 89)

Daylo fiddling, leading, smiling; heat drenching the dance-hall, and Harry smelling warm and earthy and pushing his stub nose into her hair so it rested against her scalp. Breathing harder, pressing her tightly, dancing, dancing, dancing (music and laughter), swinging her right off her feet and waltzing her, holding her, clear around the room, and people applauding, and Martha Heminway looking sick because it was Alice he was dancing, dancing—dancing. . . . . Poison in a bottle in the sink, and Vera turning brittle eyes, and the brittle sound of breaking glass. . . . .

"Vera—Vera—"

It wouldn't do to stop and puzzle over why somebody was shouting for Vera. The little lost links must be fitted into the smoothly gathering chain (how easily they were coming back and slipping into their appointed places!) and the dining-room was dark when Vera shut the kitchen door behind her, and in the darkness and the stillness, distantly sifting through the archway, sifting through the darkness, gently ruffling up the stillness, came a little cough—very dry—just before the bullet struck her, it had come: Mr. Hurme's gently hacking little cough. The chain snapped taut with strengthened links. Her eyes were open, and she was out of bed. And in the hallway some one was shouting at the top of his lungs for Vera, who was dead, and (a link strained fragilely, precariously), who, yes, who had been killed by the same person who had shot her—no, that wasn't it—yes, it was; it must be—a voice had told her so.

BUT that wasn't everything. There was something else. She had to get out of here quickly and run to Harry with her desperate knowledge, and nothing but Harry's strong arms would quiet her and make her safe. Where was her coat? Down in the kitchen. Her galoshes were there too. A quarter of a mile, it was, to Harry's farm along a drifted road. She wouldn't scream until she was right outside his door, and then she'd pound with her fists against it and scream and scream. . . . . She started on exaggerated tiptoe from the room.

There was nobody in the hall, and whoever had been shouting for Vera had stopped it. Her slippers were weighted with nightmare. Her fingers touched and slid along the velvet-covered railing of the stair well. Her slippers sank into the deep pile of the stair treads, lowering her gently into a sea of darkness. She felt herself immersing into darkness, and when she reached the bottom of the stairs, it would close in over her head. Boards of the lower floor clicked beneath her heels. . . . .

"Where are you going, child?"

She looked back up the curving stairs. Mr. Hurme was standing at the head of them. His fingers tapered whitely on the velvet railing as he started quietly walking down the stairs.

Her tongue was welded, and the sight of him shot through her like a pain. When he stepped, she stepped; backward into the living-room, its doorway shutting out the sight of him, itself a dim rectangle in the darkness. She could not turn and run. Backward she kept on going with her eyes unwinking, staring at the empty rectangle that was suddenly occupied in outline by Mr. Hurme.

"My dear child, let me take you back upstairs to your room." His voice was gentle, carrying softly in ribbon-like steel. "If there is anything you want in the kitchen, let me get it for you."

The knob of the kitchen door was cupped behind her in her hand. She turned it ever so gently, and the door swung inward into the cold lardlike smell of the kitchen.

"Your place is in bed, child."

He was coming at her through the archway, never hurrying his deliberate steps or the calm monotony of his voice—just a slender blotch against blackness coming at her step by step—

She almost stumbled down the step into the kitchen, and her hand shook as she closed the door and fumbled for a key. Her fingers slid across smooth empty metal of the lock. The key was on the other side of the door. The key was always kept on the other side of the door, so that the kitchen could be locked off from the house at night. She must have light. Her fingers fluttered gently about a switch and found the strength to turn it. Her fur coat was across a chair where she had thrown it. It hung about her shoulders like a warm and heavy anchor. She brushed a hair impatiently from in front of an eye so that nothing would interfere with her staring at the dining-room door. Its knob was turning. It was opening, and there, preceded by a hacking cough, was Mr. Hurme. His expressionless eyes rested impassively upon her warm fur coat.

"What madness have you in your head, child?"

He stepped down onto the kitchen floor. The movement released a word that had been imprisoned in her mouth.

"Blood."

He hesitated in his gentle advance.

"Blood?"

She nodded: "Blood."

"Where, my dear?"

"In a pitcher of water." It wasn't her voice at all. No sound of it belonged to her. Her mouth was an empty box, and sounds just came out of it of their own accord. An edge of the kitchen table checked her retreat. She began to sidle along the edge of the table. She had to reach the shed door. She had to open it and leap out behind the merciful curtains of snow that were further obscuring the already impenetrable night.

"There is some blood in a pitcher of water?"

"No. There's water."

"Then where is the blood, my dear?"

If her lower lip wouldn't tremble so, she could keep it shut and stop those words from coming out of her mouth. They were for Harry, those words, if God let her live until he could take her in his arms.

"Tell me where the blood is, child!"

She never could make it. Mr. Hurme was sliding along the table-edge too. The table's other edge. And he would reach the shed door before her. It was sort of helpless, and she began to cry a little.

"I can't tell you about the blood, Mr. Hurme, sir."

"No, no, of course not, dear child. Let me take that coat off for you, and make you a quieting drink. I shall make you a pot of tea."

If she could hurry just a little more—but it was so difficult to walk backward. The table-edge slid away from her like a dock. The latch of the shed door was cold iron in her fingers, and the feel of Mr. Hurme's fingers was like ice as they slid between the fur collar and her neck. They started tugging gently at her coat, and his face was pale above her like a visiting moon. His cheek was smooth chill marble as she pushed it violently with the palm of her hand.

"My dear child!"

THE shed was a black iced vault tenanted with exploring winds. Its sliding door was rocklike with banked snow, and a nail split as her fingers wrenched against it. Snow drifted in to fill the widening crack. Somebody was screaming and lunging desperately through knee-deep snow. She hadn't waited

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until she got to Harry's door, after all. She was lunging desperately and screaming, screaming, screaming through the knee-deep snow.

Chapter Twenty-one

WILL was sitting on a chair in the bathroom. His forehead was resting upon the cold white porcelain edge of the basin. He felt immeasurably better. He was weak and shaky, but the abominable sick feeling was gone. His head still ached, but it was a sharp clean pain, and he could see things quite clearly through it. Vera was dead. That much he had saved in his memory. Vera was not only dead, but somebody had killed her. He was sincerely astonished at his total lack of feeling about the whole business. His life with Vera, their contacts, had been based on nothing but the most momentary sort of passion. Marriage, for them, had been utterly free from bonds either of intellect, mutual interests or of the heart. It wasn't his wife who was dead. It was a woman who was dead.

"How did you say Vera was killed?"

Valcour answered him. He was standing, with Dr. Harlan, quite close to Will's chair. "Mrs. Hurme was stabbed."

Will did not lift his forehead from the cold comfort of the porcelain. "Why couldn't it have been suicide?"

"There wasn't any weapon found near her."

"Oh."

"There is no question about that, Mr. Hurme. Your wife was murdered."

Will thought this over for a moment. "Did he escape?" he said.

"The murderer?"

"Yes."

Valcour said very seriously: "We do not know."

"Have you looked through the house?"

Dr. Harlan broke in, with impulsive impatience: "What was the use?"

"The use?" Will sat back in the chair and stared at him. "What do you mean by that, Fred?"

Valcour stepped in swiftly. "Nothing, Mr. Hurme. A pair of snowshoes are missing from the kitchen, and one of the north windows showed signs of having been opened."

"Then he did get away."

"Who, Mr. Hurme?"

Will shifted his stare to Valcour. "Whoever killed Vera, of course," he said.

"Where do you keep your gun?" Valcour said.

Will's expression did not change. "What's a gun got to do with it? You just told me Vera was stabbed."

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William Slavens McNutt

"You have a gun, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"What make?"

"It's an automatic—twenty-five; but what about it?"

"Where is it, Mr. Hurme?"

"In the drawer of the smoking-stand."

"What smoking-stand?"

"The one in my room. Why?"

"Did anyone else in the house know that you kept it there?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. Look here, what's this got to do with Vera?"

"I don't know. You see, it's the gun that was fired at Alice Tribeau."

Will stared steadily at Valcour. "Well?"

"Have you a permit for it?"

"Yes."

"How long have you had the gun?"

"Years—several years. I don't know—five or six, maybe. I didn't shoot it, if that's what you're driving at. I—"

HE stopped abruptly and stared at the bathroom door. The bathroom door was opening. Mr. Hurme was standing there and looking at them.

"Gentleman," he said, "something serious has occurred."

Valcour felt a sinking feeling of tenseness.

"Well, Mr. Hurme?"

"Alice has lost her reason. I saw her at the foot of the stairs, and she did not answer me when I called down to her. I followed her down; her movements were suggestive of a somnambulist's." Mr. Hurme was speaking with, for him, extraordinary rapidity. His voice was a little frayed, like a delicately constructed machine that is being driven too fast.

"She walked backward," he continued, "staring at me. Her eyes were positively staring. I cannot describe it—her look; I was worried about shocking her by either speaking or acting suddenly. I have heard that such a course is very dangerous to the nervous system. You agree with me, Doctor?"

"Yes." Dr. Harlan was sharp and impatient. His own eyes as he stared at Mr. Hurme were avid for further information.

"She retreated into the kitchen, gentlemen, and shut the door. When I opened it, she had turned on the light and had put on her fur coat. It still seemed most unwise to shock her either by speaking or by using force. I tried to prevent her from leaving the kitchen—her intention was patently to go out by the shed door; but she confused me momentarily by shoving her hand against my face. The force was enough to throw me off my balance, and I barely prevented myself from falling. When I did follow her into the shed, its door was open and she had gone. I caught a view of her forcing a path through the drifts and giving curiously muffled screams. It is exceedingly serious, gentlemen. One of you must find her at once and bring her back."

"She must have gone crazy," Will said.

"Her words made me think so. She spoke incoherently about blood, about blood in connection with a pitcher of water, and about having to inform Harry Beaudrez of the fact."

"In this weather—in her condition—" Dr. Harlan was already starting for the door. "I'll go. Stay here, Valcour. There's no use in both of us plunging about. She can't go far. People don't get far in storms like this. They go in circles."

His voice came trailing back up to them as his feet almost stumbled in their haste down the curving stairs.

Valcour had started for the door too, but Mr. Hurme checked him.

"Dr. Harlan is quite correct, sir. There is no necessity for both of you to go. Alice can not have gone far—a stone's throw at most. If they do not return within five or ten minutes, then I should suggest that both you and my son join in the hunt."

Mr. Hurme did not look at Valcour. He looked at Will.

"If you should require the services of my son, you will find him in his room," he said. "I shall be in there with him."

It was a definite combining of assertion and command. Valcour went into the dim quiet hall and waited at its farther end until Mr. Hurme, followed by Will, came out. They were swallowed up by Will's doorway; and the door with a faint click, closed.

Valcour felt nervous, and fidgety as a cat. He did not go downstairs. He went swiftly, softly across the hallway and into the room belonging to Mr. Hurme. Every movement was rapid, and so silent that the hush of the brooding house was unchanged. He opened a cupboard door and explored, with fingers pressing gently among hanging clothes, its contents. His eyes carefully studied the bed. He stooped and looked beneath it into emptiness. He lifted the covering spread and ran his hand between the box-spring and the mattress. His fingertips touched wood and tight-stretched gut: the missing snowshoes!

He took one swift glance around the room. It passed—hesitated—returned. He went to the desk. On it was a prescription blank, and beside the blank stood an empty bottle. He picked up the prescription blank and studied it. The symbols were jargon, but the directions for taking the medicine were written plainly and at some length. It was signed by Dr. Harlan. It would be Mr. Hurme's medicine. He placed the prescription blank in his pocket. He took one final look around. Nothing was disarranged. He went out into the hall a rather shaken and an extremely puzzled man.

He looked at his wrist-watch: two minutes since Dr. Harlan had gone after Alice Tribeau. The door to Vera's room was open, and light from lamps flooded it softly. Probably at no later time would there be such a fortuitous opportunity. He went inside, and standing in the center of the room, stared around. The walls were without interest except for one etching, hanging crookedly—and in a house devoid of vibration. He went to the etching and lifted it from its hook. The slit in the frame's paper backing was immediately apparent. He extracted the folded letter, read enough of it to identify it, and placed it carefully in a wallet in his pocket. The plain envelope that had been hidden with the letter was sealed. He tore open its flap, removed a sheet of paper and read the message scrawled on it. He placed it in his pocket, and his eyes were more worried still. He looked at his wrist-watch. Three and a half minutes had passed since Dr. Harlan had gone in search of Alice Tribeau.

He noticed on the floor, at a distance from the door, a metal object in gilt filigree. It appeared to be a door-stop, but its location, its distance from the door, seemed incompatible with its use. Valcour picked it up. He examined it curiously. There was a little piece of knotted thread tied to one of its decorative knobs. He took a penknife from his pocket and cut off the piece of thread. He tested it. The thread was very strong. He put it in the envelope that already held the bits of paper from the poison label and the flecks of floor-wax from underneath the arch downstairs. He looked at his wrist-watch. Four minutes had passed since Dr. Harlan had gone in search of Alice Tribeau.

VALCOUR knocked on Will's door, and opened it without waiting for any response. They were sitting there (father and son) in two chairs placed so that they faced each other exactly. It was most ritualistic. Their heads turned automatically toward the opened door.

"You must come with me at once." Valcour spoke directly to Will. "Do not question me—come quickly."

Will was out of his chair and had joined

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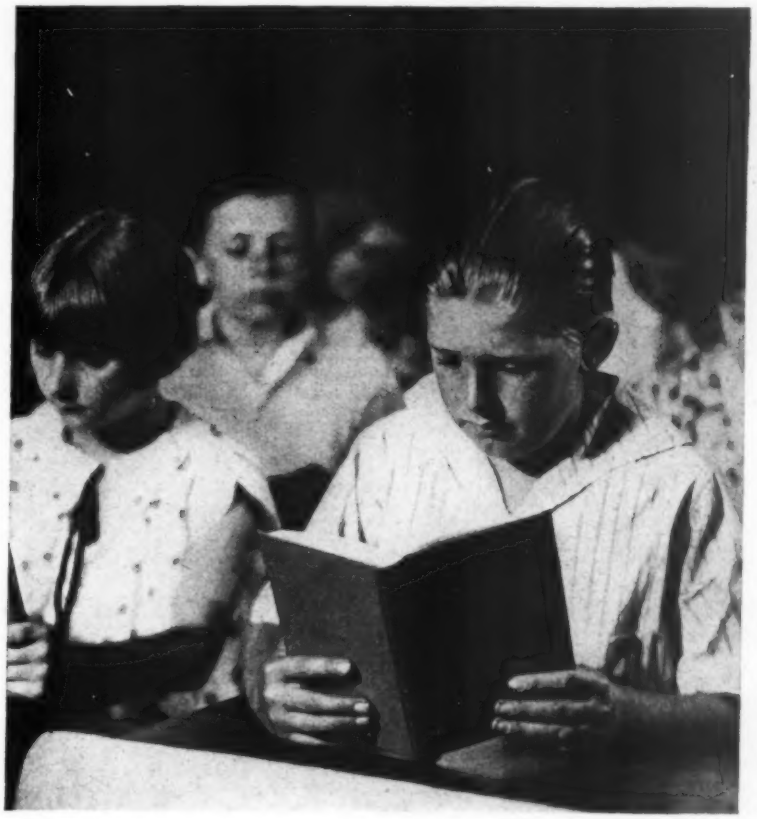

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Valcour in the hall. They were starting down the stairs.

"Is your coat down here?"

"Yes," said Will. "Aren't you a little too apprehensive? Fred hasn't been gone more than four or five minutes, you know."

"We must get to him at once."

Valcour was lifting his heavy fur coat about him, struggling into it as he hurried.

"Aren't you going to put your galoshes on?"

"No, no—be quick, please, Mr. Hurme."

They were through the dining-room, the kitchen, and before the still opened shed door through which, into their faces, drifted snow-laden winds of the black bitter night. Valcour flashed his electric torch, and shallow cups were seen that had so recently been deep tracks.

"As quickly as we can—follow me, Mr. Hurme."

He lunged up to his knees in the dry sifting drifts, snow sifting up his trouser-legs, chilling and numbing the flesh with needle-pointed ice. . . . . Shallower and shallower were the cups as the protecting wing of the house was passed and the boisterous strength of the wind made fog of the snow. "Hello!" he called. "Harlan—hello!" Wind gathered his voice and crammed it back against his teeth. His cheeks seemed solidifying with pain.

There were no cups. Nothing. A lazy, singing shifting of smooth-surfaced drifts, fat driving flakes flattening against cheeks, and blinding, speckling eyelashes with melting fire. Nothing. . . . . The thin strong shaft of the torch cutting incisively through bewilderment. "Harlan—hello!"

The wind, immeasurably brusque and superior, smothered the call as with a quilt. Valcour, plunging hip-high into a deeper drift, lost his footing. The torch flew in an arc from his hand; its beam shone in a crazy dance, plunged into feathers. . . . .

"Mr. Hurme!"

The noisy, stinging dark brought back no sound.

"Mr. Hurme—where are you?"

Ice was already caking on his brows and lashes. A ribbon of fire lay circled beneath his chin where snow drove in under his collar. Go in circles—that was it; people went in circles and ended up at the spot where they'd started. And if they didn't go in circles, they stood still or fell down. Then, pretty soon, they froze, and it wasn't very long before they were dead.

HE extricated himself from the drift and forced a passage to the right. It was possible to get some sort of direction from the wind. He had been facing it when Will and he had started out. It burned, now, upon his left cheek; to return to the house meant plunging before it.

Will must have got on the track of something, gone off on a tangent. But why hadn't he called? Perhaps he had called. The wind—this pitiless, snow-bulleted wind—

Then he found Dr. Harlan. He found him, that is, by plunging with ice-blinded eyes into him. They clung roughly to each other.

"You, Valcour?"

"Yes, Doctor."

Their loud voices were whispers.

"You find her, Valcour?"

"No, did you?"

"No. Like a fool, I brought no light—"

"Mine's lost." Valcour added in a shout: "And Will's lost."

"Will? He out here too?"

"Yes."

"We ought to separate. You go that way—"

"No, Doctor."

"What?"

"I'm going to stay with you."

"That's foolish." Dr. Harlan's voice was an angry shout. "Waste of time—valuable time—"

Dr. Harlan turned and lunged off. Valcour went after him, struggling to keep the broad back in view, to keep pace with the Doctor's greater vigor and strength. The wind was in back of them. They would be going toward the house. He wondered whether Dr. Harlan knew they were going toward the house. The Doctor turned his head and waved a hand angrily to one side. Valcour ignored the suggestion and stumbled heavily on through iced white quicksands. The gap between them widened. . . . .

A pinpoint of light swung in arcs, grew greater suddenly, became a lantern being swung in the shed door, became a waving pool of light that illumined the fur-coated and hatted figure of Mr. Hurme. Valcour saw him speak briefly to Dr. Harlan, saw Dr. Harlan swallowed up by the shed. . . . .

His legs were molten lead, and his cheeks pained terrifically. The final ten steps were torture. . . . . "Alice Tribeau?" he said.

"My son has carried her upstairs, sir, to her room." Mr. Hurme stood aside to permit Valcour to enter. "Dr. Harlan has hurried up at once to attend to her. If you are not too exhausted, perhaps you will assist me in heating blankets by the kitchen stove—"

Valcour was gone. His fur coat lay misshapen on the kitchen floor where he had dropped it. His feet were aching with pain as they flew with him up the curving stairs.

Chapter Twenty-two

WILL wondered why his father hadn't left the lights on. The kitchen was a well, glowing feebly a bronzy red, and Alice Tribeau was very heavy in his arms. His father *had* left the lights on. The incandescent bulbs were hot copper wires clearly visible through the glass.

Where were the candles? There weren't any candles. Vera had ordered them, and they hadn't come. . . . . Probably she'd lied; Vera always lied. Must get Alice Tribeau up to her bed and wrap her (his father had outlined the course of treatment as eminently proper) in heated blankets. No use, though, stumbling about in dark, and the power-line giving out as it always did during storms. . . . .

The stump of a candle in a glass stick showed pallidly on a shelf beside a round-faced, importantly busy alarm-clock. He shifted Alice Tribeau in his arms so that he could reach out and get the candle.

He opened, with difficulty, the door of the dining-room and went on without closing it. (Golly, how heavy she was!) There was a chair near the foot of the curving stairs, and he sat on it for a moment before negotiating them.

He could hear her breathing quite plainly, coming just from below his chin where her head was leaning. It was a languorous sort of breathing, very indifferent and not at all peaceful, as if she didn't care much one way or the other. If her lungs cared to keep up the business, all right. It was up to them, rather than her—

The curving stairs were endless. (It was too dark to see a thing, for the power-line had definitely decided to succumb to the storm, and every light in the house had gone dead completely.) And he had to feel for each tread with the toe of his foot. What a fool he'd been to drink tonight! His nerves were ten-penny nails jabbing the entire inner surface of his skin.

Well, they'd got to the upper hall and were passing the door of Vera's room. He pressed for guidance against the railing of the stairwell and continued toward the end of the hall. There wasn't any use in stopping to light the candle, as he never could hold it and Alice Tribeau at the same time.

His feet felt the way before him, and he kicked open the door to the maid's room.

He managed to find the bed and lowered Alice Tribeau onto it with heaven knew how great a sense of physical relief. His arms felt as if they wanted to be replaced in their sockets, and the tendons in his legs were painfully tight and stiff.

The candle had tumbled helplessly to the floor during the operation, and he struck a match and found it. Its light was ridiculously insufficient to dispel such a tremendous quantity of darkness, but it served to show him Alice Tribeau (he hadn't had a good look at her since the moment he'd caught sight of her black blotch lying off to one side in the snow) and to reassure him that she looked perfectly solid, safe and all right.

He set the candle on a table beside a water-pitcher, and then pulled a heavy comforter from under Alice Tribeau's legs. Her fur coat was still on, and he imagined it wiser to leave it on. Later, when Fred got back, Fred could undress her and roll her up in heated blankets. Doctors were the lads for such jobs.

He threw the comforter over her and tucked it deeply in around the edges, covering her arms completely, and her scarlet, icy hands. Her face was absurdly little (it reminded him of a French radish) on the big thick pillow, and from her chin down, her body was a cocoon tightly wrapped in the comforter's representation of pumpkin vines giving strange birth to flowering yellow roses.

He ought to go back and find Fred and Valcour, and tell them that the search was ended. But his father was down at the shed door swinging a lantern, and there wasn't much sense in making the business a silly relay chase, and—

Some one was walking with hurried steps along the pitch-black hall. He hoped it was Fred, so that the right thing could be done for Alice.

"Hi—Fred!" he called. "That you?"

The steps increased their haste, and Fred was in the room, a mountain of shaggy fur with ice crustings on his brow and lashes, and with hard cheeks of mulberry scarlet.

"She's O. K., Fred. I've bundled her up."

Funny that Fred didn't say anything. Maybe his voice was frozen (what an idea!), but he certainly looked winded. He wasn't even bothering to take off his coat, but was staring about for something,—not at Alice Tribeau; he hadn't even glanced at Alice,—but for something that he needed in a hurry.

"Where's my bag?" he said. "I know—it's in Vera's room."

Will saw him snatch up the candle and vanish into the hall. The blackness, filled with running footsteps and Alice Tribeau's indifferent breathing, was very brief; then Dr. Harlan and the candle and the medicine-bag were back in the room again.

"Why don't you take off your coat, Fred?"

DR. HARLAN was fumbling among bottles. He selected one (it was plain that he shielded its label) and poured some of its contents into a glass.

"Her heart," Dr. Harlan said. "She needs a stimulant. Such exposures have proven fatal." He paused in his breathless hurry long enough to look very steadily at Will and say: "In nine cases out of ten such exposures have proven fatal."

Dr. Harlan poured a little clear water from the pitcher. He shook the glass to blend the water with the medicine.

"Hold her shoulders up," he said, "so I can pour this down her throat."

Will shoved his hand and arm in under Alice Tribeau's back and lifted her so that she was sitting upright. He braced her with his shoulder.

"How can you make her drink when she's unconscious?" he said.

Dr. Harlan was steadying Alice Tribeau's head, leaning over her, his shaggy fur-coated bulk masking the candle and shrouding her in a storm of black.

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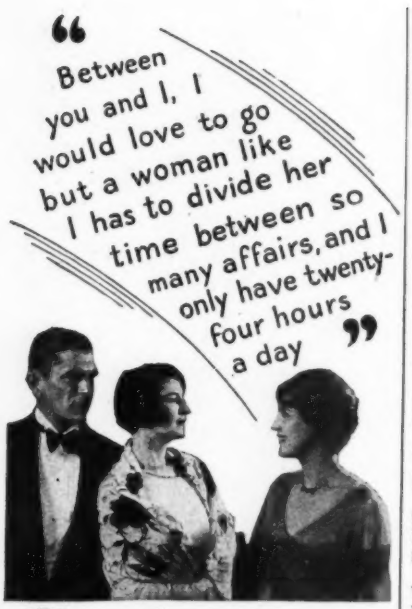
"Between you and I, I would love to go but a woman like I has to divide her time between so many affairs, and I only have twenty-four hours a day"

She *thinks* she is speaking Correct English!

Can you find her FIVE mistakes?

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"Reflex action of the throat muscles," he said. "Keep her steady—"

The rim of the glass rested against Alice Tribeau's lips and Dr. Harlan had started (his hands had grown suddenly quite controlled) to tilt it—

"DO you think that is quite wise, Doctor?"

Valcour, his lungs so overstrained that he could scarcely speak, was reaching out and taking the glass from Dr. Harlan's hand, was holding it in his own hand. It was his left hand he had transferred it to, because his right hand had instantly gone into his right coat pocket and stayed there, gripping the butt of his gun.

Will was the more astonished of the two. He removed his supporting shoulder, and had presence of mind enough to lower Alice Tribeau with some sort of ease back against the pillow, before standing up and advancing angrily upon Valcour.

"You don't understand about her heart," Will said. "Nine times out of ten these exposures are fatal."

Valcour evaded Will's hand, outstretched to get the glass, and continued staring at Dr. Harlan's face while he regained some sort of normalcy in his breathing.

"Do not interfere with me," he said to Will. "Go down and help your father heat blankets. Do anything you like. Leave me here with Dr. Harlan."

There was something funny about this. Will felt an unflattering deficiency to cope with it. His father was a good idea—always, whenever there was a climax to any trouble. He looked at Fred, sitting on the edge of the bed, a shaggy bundle of muscle with bright black eyes glittering under ice.

"Leave us, Will," Dr. Harlan said. "Just leave me here with Valcour."

They waited until the sound of Will's footsteps had died away, until nothing could be heard in the big black house at all, but the uneven breaths of the two of them, and the impersonal breathing of Alice.

"What put you wise?" Dr. Harlan said.

Valcour's eyes were not unfriendly. He wasn't looking at Dr. Fred Harlan. He was looking at a lump of living clay that had been driven into doing certain unnatural and unfortunate things by the incomprehensible power named, among so many other names, Destiny.

"You saw, as you thought, your chance," he said, "and you took it."

"That's right, Valcour. I wanted to get back the letter. The amounts she kept asking for had grown pretty steep, and she was threatening exposure—my wife, you see, and my practice. What made you know it was my letter?"

"You left a prescription blank on Mr. Hurme's desk. The writing on it was the same as the writing in the letter. I apologize, Doctor, believe me, for any comments—"

"That's all right, Valcour. Any fool who calls a woman like that his Star Child—calls anybody his Star Child! I had no intention of killing her."

"I don't think you had. What was it you used? One of your surgical knives?"

"Yes. I always keep two or three of them in my pocket. They fit in a flat metal case, you know. I use them for lancing and different things. You aren't basing this case simply on that letter?"

"Oh, no. I don't mind telling you the other things. You used surgeon's thread, of course, to swing the metal door-stop against the downstairs window when you broke its glass. I've got a bit of it that was left when you yanked it off. Mrs. Hurme surprised you, didn't she, when she found you in the cupboard?"

Valcour wanted to brush some melting snow from his eyebrows, but he did not do so. His left hand still held the glass of medicine; and his right hand still closed relentlessly about the butt of the gun.

"Yes, she did. I'll ask you to believe me when I tell you that I don't remember killing her. I know I killed her—there's no doubt of that; and I remember hurrying in that suffocating swelter of dresses to get the knife out; and I remember her face when she separated them and looked at me. I know my hand went out and that (it seemed instantaneously) I caught her before she fell; and I knew she was dead. I think the thing I hated most of all was answering you when you called through the door and asked her if she was all right—answering you in her voice, imitating her—and she was dead."

"There's a towel, too, Doctor. You moistened it by dipping an end in that pitcher of water. Then you wiped the knife off with it and cleaned the blood from your hands. Alice Tribeau saw you. Her incoherent statements reported to us by Mr. Hurme about blood and a pitcher of water made you realize that she must have seen you."

"How about those missing snowshoes, Valcour?"

"They are no longer missing, Doctor. They're under the mattress in Mr. Hurme's bed. I don't think that for a minute he ever really believed his son guilty, but he was taking no chances, and also strengthening a line of defense that might conceivably have had to be used. He said to me, earlier tonight, that there were no limits, either illegal or unmoral, that he would not go to to protect his son."

THE candle sputtered, dimmed, recovered, and threw steadily its little ineffective light.

"You may know all those things, Valcour, but there are certain matters about all this you'll never know." Dr. Harlan's laugh was unpleasant. "I might call them the guiding hand. You yourself formed part of it."

Valcour was frankly puzzled. "I did, Doctor?"

"Why, yes; it came over me while I was in the cupboard. You were so obsessed with the idea that whoever had shot Alice Tribeau had done so under the impression that she was Vera, and therefore anyone who should kill Vera would naturally appear to you to be the same person who had shot Alice. Well, I was at Mason's Corners, over four miles away, and in your company, when Alice was shot. I figured, during that wretched moment when I was getting the knife from its case, that that would let me out. Who did shoot Alice Tribeau?"

"Mrs. Hurme shot her, Doctor. I have a letter which she evidently intended leaving for Alice Tribeau in the morning. It isn't an absolute confession—Mrs. Hurme was too good a blackmailer herself to write anything as foolish as that. But it states that she will send Alice Tribeau five hundred dollars as soon as she is again in 'funds.' Alice Tribeau herself has admitted to me that the five hundred dollars is nothing less than a bribe to keep her from admitting that she saw Mrs. Hurme poisoning her father-in-law's tonic. She further states in the letter that she hopes Alice will recover entirely from 'that unfortunate little shooting affair' which, of course, Alice must realize was accidental."

"Alice isn't a fool."

"Undoubtedly not, Doctor. But she was very fond of Mrs. Hurme. Such women have the ability to stir up strange friendships and affections in others. We can check up later on that poison she bought, ostensibly for rats, from the druggist. I imagine it was something that acted slowly, that she'd been making a regular practice of dosing Mr. Hurme's tonic with it. She felt, you see, he was slated to die, and undoubtedly argued herself into hastening the process. Her mind we can easily consider as having been diseased. Heaven knows when or why she took the gun from Will Hurme's smoking-stand. She'd look there for cigarettes, of course, if

she needed any, and the gun may have appealed to her as something handy to have about for—well, for possibilities. She wasn't exactly sane."

Dr. Harlan said very deliberately: "I wasn't, either, when I killed her."

SO that was it. Valcour smiled a little. The insanity plea was even at this advanced stage being established.

Dr. Harlan went on: "And then too, Valcour, there were those things I've hinted at and bundled under the title of the guiding hand."

The remark in itself was an added stone to the bulwark of insanity.

"I'm not worrying, Doctor," Valcour said. "There's a stumbling-block before you that you haven't thought about. There's Alice Tribeau."

"What of it? I'm not saying, am I, that she didn't see me wiping the knife off and cleaning the blood from my hands."

"It isn't that. It's premeditated murder I'm speaking about. That will counteract the force of your possible insanity plea. You were quite sane, I'm sure, when you mixed this dose of poison."

Valcour gently indicated the glass in his left hand.

Dr. Harlan didn't say anything for a while. He stared heavily at the glass of liquid in Valcour's hand. The candlelight glowed through it smoothly.

"That isn't poison," he said.

"I'm having it tested in the morning, Doctor."

"Rubbish! Here, I'll prove it to you. Pour some in this empty glass on the table and I'll drink it. It's nothing but a mild stimulant for the heart."

There was something queer about Dr. Harlan's eyes as they looked at Valcour. They weren't sharp any more, and not nearly so emphatically black. They gave to his face, to his whole body, the semblance of a tired and heavy animal asking a superior intelligence for help to stop some incurable pain.

Valcour wasn't sure (he was never sure even years and years after) just what he would have done if Mr. Hurme hadn't come into the room just then, followed by Will with an armful of hot blankets. He did know, though, that his hand had deliberately and consciously started toward the second glass.

"I can't do it, Doctor," he said. "But I'd like to do it, very much."

Chapter Twenty-three

A CERTAIN man in the City of New York, who was influential both politically and financially and who was, as well, a man of family, sat in the chair with difficulty. He wanted to get up and rush to the desk. He wanted to snatch the folded letter from the Police Commissioner's manicured fingers.

"It's it, isn't it?" he said.

The Commissioner idly tapped the desk top with the letter.

"Yes," he said. "It's it."

The man felt better. He rested more easily in the chair. Then he stiffened nervously again. "Photographic copies," he said. "Did Valcour look for photographic copies?"

"He's staying on up there. This is all he sent. If there had been any photographic copies there, he'd have found them and sent them down by now."

"What's he still sticking up there for?" the man said.

"She was murdered."

The man's pudgy hands closed convulsively. "That's a help." He began to sweat a little. "Who did it?"

"Some local light up there. She'd been blackmailing him,"—the Commissioner paused an instant before adding,—"too."

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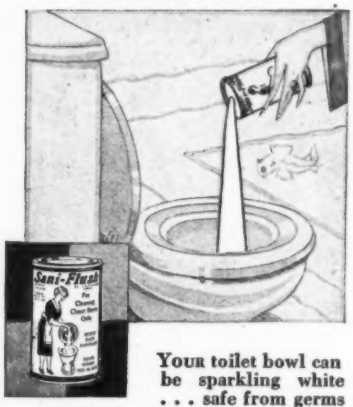

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....C. P. A. & Auditor	....Draftsman & Designer
....Bookkeeper	....High School Graduate

Name.....Age.....

St. and No.....

Town.....State.....

The man was out of the chair. He was leaning across the desk and his breathing wasn't very steady. "Murder—that means publicity—" His slightly piglike eyes were filled with fright. "I've seen nothing in the papers."

"It's been in the papers."

"You're crazy—I've read the papers." The man's pudgy hand gave an ineffective thump on the desk top. "I always read the papers."

The Commissioner let the folded letter drop onto the desk. He pushed it across the surface. "Here's your letter," he said. He took a small clipping from his wallet and pushed it over too. "And here's what was in the papers."

The man snatched the letter, looked at it, started tearing it into bits. "Got to burn it," he said. "Here—shove that ash-tray over—give us a match—"

The Commissioner permitted disgust to settle for an instant on his face. "You can burn it more easily if you don't tear it up," he said.

The man's fingers succeeded in striking a match. Smoke from burning paper filtered ceilingward. He crushed with his fingertips the hot charred bits.

"Don't you want to read the 'publicity'?" the Commissioner said.

The man picked up the clipping. He read:

WOMAN KILLED
IN UPSTATE VILLAGE

ROGER'S LANDING, N. Y., FEB. 11 (XP).—Mrs. W. Hurme was stabbed last night in her home situated just outside the village of Roger's Landing. The wound proved fatal. It is said the attack was made by her physician, a Dr. Harlan, during a moment of temporary insanity. The Hurme family are said to be socially prominent locally.

The man flipped the clipping back onto the desk. He felt much better—well back into the forties again.

"Pretty soft," he said.

"Yes," the Commissioner said, "for *you!*"

THE END

CITY ROMANCE

(Continued from page 73)

"Dear Miss Evans:

"I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your singing. It was fine and very beautiful. I live across the street and heard it. Would you mind singing the same songs tonight? Never mind who I am. I am nobody, but thank you just the same."

At length he gathered enough courage to make the sortie. He crossed the street and slipped the letter into Mrs. Skoyles' postbox. It was seven o'clock before he got round to the business of washing up. The table under the green light was in confusion.

He ate the bologna and cheese and afterwards felt so ill that he could not see his papers clearly. The lines crossed each other at weird angles. The ink blotted. It was no use. He capitulated and went to the window. The children were there, and the blowing papers. The curtains up and down the street bellied in and out. At Number Seventy "Lovin' Sam" was going lustily. Mrs. Skoyles sat stiffly taking the air on her high stoop. Mrs. Berkovitz stood in her doorway making jokes with the policeman. As he leaned from the window, the magic sound began, the flamboyant accompaniment, the crystal-clear voice, large and tireless.

"Less than the dust benee-uth thy
charyut whee-uls,
Less than the rust—"

Jimmy almost fell into the street. She was singing the songs he had asked for! Then he became terrified. He was a mouse caught suddenly in a trap. He blushed from head to foot. And Mrs. Skoyles' was a boarding-house where it was whispered wicked things took place. He was trembling now, but he put on his glasses in order to see the room with the red curtains more clearly.

Yes, there was the girl swaying back and forth, pouring out all her soul in song.

"Farewe-yul, farewe-yul—"

It was too beautiful. Jimmy almost wept from loneliness.

There seemed to be another girl in the room moving about in the background. She too seemed to have red hair. He looked more closely. Yes, it was certainly red. He grew suddenly cold with horror. Who could have known there were two girls with red hair at Mrs. Skoyles'?

Until midnight he hung out of the window listening to the singing, trying all the while to shut out "Lovin' Sam" and the shouting of the children. The other girl left after a time, and the street grew empty. When Jimmy finally went to bed, he was unable to sleep. He tossed and writhed, impatient for the coming of tomorrow night. Still, it never occurred to him that for the first time he was in love. Love, according to the Y. M. C. A. lectures, wasn't like this.

MISS EVANS, as the saying went in her profession, was "pounding the pavement." At nine she arose, bathed in the little pool of tepid water in her washbowl, brushed her red hair and started out on the round, up Broadway, in and out of the cross-streets, back into Broadway again. She visited agents who had nothing for her, and managers whose office-boys showed her the door. By evening her slim small body ached with weariness. Her feet became lumps of lead dragged along painfully. By evening her hair had become draggled and stringy. It was red hair, but it was straight as a piece of worn string. Each night she carefully wrapped it about leather curlers, but the weather was hot and the atmosphere muggy. By noon it was straight, and by evening it straggled. It had been weeks since there was money enough to have it curled.

In the offices on Broadway and in the side-streets the answer was the same.

"We're not casting now. No, we have no small parts for you. Yes, come in again if you like. I can't promise anything."

The answer was always abrupt and chilly. Clearly there was nothing for her, and day by day as her clothes grew shabbier and her small face grew thinner, the chances grew more and more slim.

At night she wrote home to Chillicothe that everything was going well, and that some day she would be a great actress. If only the chance came for her to show what she could do! That's what counted, she wrote. It was the chance. If only some one had faith in her!

She bit her lip. She would show them yet that she wasn't a fool. She would not come home crying that she was a failure! Her room at Mrs. Skoyles' was dismal enough. As she surveyed it, the tears flowed weakly. The wall-paper was dingy, the pictures moldy. The view into the back court with its dust and dreary ailanthus wasn't much. At home her bedroom window looked out on a green lawn, and here was only fence after fence in a dismal row. "Lovin' Sam" filtered up through the back window from Number Seventy.

Nothing ahead but "pounding the pavement."

She took out the pin that fastened her black velvet purse in place of the clasp broken last Tuesday. Inside there were three dollars in bills, and another dollar and eighty-five cents in change. Lest she be weak enough to spend too much, she put all the money save thirty cents under the mattress, and with this she sallied out, after straightening her hat and powdering her nose.

At the delicatessen shop Mrs. Berkovitz loomed behind the counter, beaming as usual. In one hand she held a large knife which cut thin slices off an enormous cheese with the skill and sureness of a chisel in the hands of a sculptor. At the sight of Miss Evans, she paused.

"Vell, dearie," she said, "vot is it you vant tonight?"

Miss Evans stiffened her chin.

"I'm not hungry tonight," she said. "I'll have a pint of milk. And how much are your ham sandwiches?"

The door of the ice-box banged, and Mrs. Berkovitz waddled toward her with the milk. Her fat perspiring face shone like the sun.

"I know a young man who vanted to know your name. Haf you heard from him? He iss a nice fella," she said, and went about the preparation of the sandwich.

"No," said Miss Evans wearily. "Haven't heard from him." She sat on the edge of the counter to rest her feet.

"Vell, aindt you interested in such a nice young man?" continued Mrs. Berkovitz. "He lifs across the street, and he vorks hard. He's a goot young man, make you a goot husban'. I know him vell. He's lived there for three years now."

Miss Evans' eyelids fluttered faintly with interest.

"He vorks hard," said Mrs. Berkovitz, deftly wrapping the sandwich. "He vould make a fine husband—steady and reliable." She puts the sandwich beside the pint of milk. "There aindt many young men like him these days. Vy, my own Abie aindt so polite and got such good manners."

Miss Evans looked across the counter.

"What's his name?" she asked.

"It's Mr. Schmitt—oh, he's a good fella. He asked me your name, yes, he asked it right here while he was buyin' bologna and cheese."

Miss Evans' tired body straightened a little. "Oh, *him*," she said, as though she dismissed him without further thought. "Oh, *him*—I had a letter from him. He wrote about my singing—I guess he's crazy. I just threw the letter away."

Mrs. Berkovitz shook her fat head violently. "No, he aindt crazy at all. He's a nice fella. I vish my girl Sadie vould take up with such a nice fella."

ON the third night of the music it rained mercifully and the block became silent save for "Lovin' Sam." There were no shouts in the street, and the dusty papers lay in wet and dirty patches on the asphalt. Mrs. Skoyles was forced inside by the downpour. All this Jimmy saw as he hung out of the window listening to the music that came from the room with the red curtains.

Now that the music came every night, his work went better. He could count on it now, so he had no worries. He worked for an hour at the table under the green light and then rested for fifteen minutes, leaning out of his window, straining to see the girl who sang so beautifully. He could see her body swaying with the music, but he could not make out her face. The light was too dim and the shadow from the curtain obscured her features. She sang:

"When I am dy-eying, when I am dy-eying,
Lean over mee-ah, softly, tenderlee."

Jimmy looked at his watch. The fifteen minutes was up. Drearily he dragged himself back to work for another hour.

By ten o'clock "Lovin' Sam" died for good.

Photo by R. Jones, Hollywood

Beautiful MARY PHILBIN, *Universal star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is such a lovely soap—and keeps my skin marvelously smooth."*

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It was a good sign. Jimmy knew it would be played once or twice tomorrow night, and then its sounds would die forever. The caretaker's children were bored with it.

For the rest of the evening, save for the passing of a fire-engine, there was no sound to interrupt the beauty of the music from Mrs. Skoyles' top floor front.

IN the morning Jimmy rose, did his exercises discreetly in pajamas, washed, brushed his teeth and put on a spotless collar. The sun was shining and the air fresh and cool. He was a healthy young man, and daily exercises kept him fit. This morning he did his set of exercises twice because somewhere he had read that exercise keeps the mind off women. He set out briskly, his four-room houses in a neat roll under his arm. At the corner he bought his paper, and then an extraordinary thing happened.

Just ahead of him, in the shadow of the elevated, he saw Miss Evans walking, trim and neat in her worn suit, her red hair just visible beneath the battered little toque. He slackened his pace lest he should overtake her, yet his whole body tingled with a wild desire to walk more rapidly and step up to her side. She was taking a great interest in the shop windows, regarding them with sidelong glances as she swept along. Try as he would, she walked too slowly for him. He must cross the street to avoid her. But before he could act he saw Miss Evans fall suddenly in a limp heap over a grating on the pavement.

His good manners, so admired by Mrs. Berkovitz, turned the trick. He rushed to her and helped her to her feet. Her hat was a little on one side, and her face was white as though with pain.

"Did you hurt yourself?" he asked, dropping her hand lest she should misinterpret the motive behind his gallantry.

Miss Evans regarded him for a second, with irritation: "Well, I guess I can fall if I want to," she said sharply.

Then all at once she grew limp and feminine. "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to be cross. Thank you. I'm all right. Just turned my ankle."

She started to brush the dust from her shabby suit, and suddenly Jimmy was overcome with confusion because he found himself helping her. Something told him that it was really all right to be brushing her suit and that she liked it, but he stopped instantly.

"I guess you live across the street from me," he said. "I've seen you coming in and out."

They walked slowly side by side, and Miss Evans lost her interest in the shop-windows. She limped a little, and he helped her when they came to a crossing.

She was a nice girl, he reflected, not silly like most.

"Yes, I've seen you coming out too," said Miss Evans. "Do you live alone?"

"Yes, I've been living there three years." He wished he could keep from blushing. "I want to tell you how much I liked your singing. I hope you didn't think I was fresh for writing you a note."

"Oh, no," said Miss Evans, "I'm always glad when people like it. I love to sing."

"That's just the way it sounds," said Jimmy.

And for ten blocks they continued a stiff conversation. When at last they separated, she shook hands and said: "Thank you, Mr. Smith. Funny how people meet sometimes, isn't it?"

She was very refined, Jimmy thought, and she knew just how to act.

"Maybe we could go for a walk in the evenings or to the movies," he proposed. "It's hot staying at home these nights. Maybe we could go tonight. Could you?"

Miss Evans reflected for a moment with an air of going over many engagements. "Why, yes," she said. "That would be fine."

"Maybe we could eat some place beforehand."

"Why, yes," rejoined Miss Evans with a startling promptness. . . . .

All that day Jimmy worked cheerfully at the office. He ignored the frisky stenographers, and once he began to whistle over his drafting-board. All day he thought of Miss Evans, and it was not until four o'clock that it occurred to him how strange it was she should have known his name was Smith.

At seven Jimmy, fresh and clean and well-brushed, advanced upon Mrs. Skoyles' stoop. She sat in her chair, stiff and neat as a catbird, in raiment as sober as that hedge-dwelling creature. Her voice was the voice of a catbird.

"A bright evening," she said sharply, "but the days are getting shorter."

She too knew Jimmy, though she had never spoken to him before.

"Miss Evans?" she said in answer to his question. "Miss Evans? Yes, she's in." Without rising from her chair she turned and called into the hallway: "Lizzie—Lizzie." As she strained her scrawny neck, the likeness to a crow was overwhelming. "Lizzie—call Miss Evans. There's a young man for her."

Then she turned and regarded Jimmy coldly. He leaned on one foot and then the other, and at last, to avoid her stare, he pretended to brush the dust from his shoes. Her look seemed to say: "Young men out courting worry a good deal about their clothes." Jimmy, trying to believe he was not courting and that he was only being friendly, resented this look. Why did people always smirk or stare at the sight of a young couple? And Mrs. Skoyles' look seemed to say as well: "You'd better be careful, young man. I'll have no monkey business in my house."

When Miss Evans appeared in the gloomy doorway her face was whiter than ever and there were dark circles under her eyes. But her suit was neatly brushed, and her hair moist and slicked into a glossy smoothness.

"What a beautiful night!" she remarked, showing her white teeth in a brilliant smile. Together they hastened down the stairs.

"How's your foot tonight?" asked Jimmy.

"Oh, it's all right again. I never let little things like that upset me."

How brave she was, thought Jimmy.

When they passed the delicatessen store Mrs. Berkovitz was standing in the doorway, her heavy figure obscuring all view of sausages and cheese inside. She beamed on them such a smile of benediction that Miss Evans' cheek showed a faint color and Jimmy's neck went bright red.

"Such a nice quiet couple!" remarked Mrs. Berkovitz over her shoulder to Sadie, whose bobbed hair stood out from her head in a bushy halo. "Such a nice boy! He should have for a wife a good girl like that Miss Evans."

They dined on Broadway in a vast table d'hôte where the air was thick with smoke and the dishes clattered in a hideous barrage. The memory of the girl who ate four dollars' worth of food filled Jimmy with a sense of restraint, and this time he took no chances. There was a whole meal for one dollar and twenty-five cents. But Miss Evans cared nothing for the price. She ordered everything the table d'hôte allowed. It was her first square meal in a week.

The food brought color to her cheeks and made her eyes shine so that she was no longer so plain, and to Jimmy, who did not find her plain at all, she became beautiful. As the evening went on, he became courtly and Miss Evans became arch. For a little time Jimmy glowed with a sensation of devilishness.

OUT in the open air on Broadway, where they were surrounded by the glittering lights, the rush of motors and the excitement of the crowd, Miss Evans slipped her arm gently into his lest they become separated. Jimmy felt heroic. He'd never known a girl like this before. They walked until they were arrested by the gaudy posters of a movie house.

"It's Janet Gaynor," said Miss Evans. "Let's go in here. I just love her in the movies."

So they went in, and for two hours sat through the intricacies of a "society film." It was satisfying and stirred the soul.

When they left, Jimmy said: "Now, when we go home you'll sing something before you go to sleep, wont you?"

But Miss Evans demurred. "Not tonight," she said. "I'm tired, and besides it isn't fair to keep other people awake in the block. Let's walk home instead," she added. "It's such a beautiful night."

So that night Jimmy went to sleep without any music, but he had pleasant dreams just the same, because the evening had been so glorious.

In the morning the memory of it remained so astounding that he was eager to repeat the experience. He dared not face Mrs. Skoyles, so he wrote a note and left it in her letter-box.

"*Dear Miss Evans,*" he wrote, struggling in agony over the wording. "*We had such a fine time last night, I thought you might like to take a walk this evening and perhaps go to the movies again. Leave a note in my box if you want to, and I'll meet you on the corner by the delicatessen store at eight.*"

This time he did not propose dinner, lest she think him too forward. That morning he had no roll of four-room houses under his arm when he set out. They lay deserted and unfinished on his table under the green light. But he worked furiously at the office and even whistled during the afternoon.

In the evening he returned and opened his letter-box with a beating heart. Inside was a single letter addressed to Mr. Smith. He opened it breathlessly and read:

"*Dear Mr. Smith: I think it would be fine. It's such a wonderful night. I'll be at the corner at eight. —Miss Evans.*"

At eight she was waiting for him, and the rendezvous took place under the very eye of Mrs. Berkovitz, whose bulk again blocked the doorway. Mrs. Skoyles, from her look-out on the high stoop, watched the meeting, craning her long neck as she leaned forward in order to get a better view. According to her code, meeting on a corner was suspicious.

When Jimmy proposed the movies, Miss Evans put forward another plan. "Let's walk in the park," she said. "Maybe we might take a boat ride."

THE surface of the lake was covered with a coating of dust, of peanut-shells and floating paper. Their boat bumped other boats, and the giggles of Miss Evans were echoed by giggles from other girls who remained invisible in the darkness. Jimmy took the oars and she sat discreetly in one end. Twice he made a complete circuit of the tiny lake before it occurred to him that they might pull into a cove shadowed by trees.

In the shadow they still remained at a discreet distance though many a more ardent couple passing by paused for a moment in envy of the sheltered nook that was being thus wasted.

"There used to be a little lake just like this at home," said Miss Evans. "My brother was a great one for rowing."

"I lived on a river always," rejoined Jimmy, "—at least, until I came here."

At this remark Miss Evans registered astonishment. "Oh, haven't you always lived here? I would have thought you were a born New Yorker."

In the darkness Jimmy flushed with pleasure. She had such a pleasant way of saying nice things. "No," he replied. "I lived on the Ohio River."

"Oh, I come from Ohio too," said Miss Evans, "—from Chillicothe."

"That's funny. I'm from Steubenville—almost neighbors and never knew it."

There followed another silence. Another boat sought to jockey them from their shelter and passed on, defeated.

"My name's Jimmy—it seems we ought to know each other well enough to call each other by our first names."

"Mine is Mary—Jimmy," she added with a little gasp, as though the boldness were too much for her.

"It's a lot pleasanter in New York if you know some one."

Still the discreet distance separated them.

"I wish you'd sing something," said Jimmy presently. "That song about 'less than the dust'—that's a great song."

Miss Evans in her end of the boat blushed in the darkness. "No," she said, "not here. It would be silly with all these people about. The lights look pretty on the water, don't they?"

All the same she began to hum the tune softly under her breath. And to Jimmy the little lake with its film of dust, peanut-shells and torn papers became as beautiful as a lagoon in the gardens of Versailles.

AT the end of exactly two hours Jimmy rowed back to the boathouse and paid for exactly two hours' rental. When they stepped from the little pavilion he again proposed that she should return to her room and sing.

"I'll listen at my window," he said, seized by a sudden boldness.

But again she protested. "It's too late and it's such a beautiful night. Let's sit down here for a while."

So they sat on a bench and watched the lights swimming in the water. They had nothing to say, so they sat silent and happy. Five minutes passed, and then ten, and presently Jimmy felt the touch of a hand against his, gentle as the brush of a bird's wing. He said nothing, and very slowly he allowed his hand to move nearer.

"My, what a lot of people stay out late!" remarked Miss Evans.

"I suppose it's because it's so hot," said Jimmy.

"You'd think they'd want to get some sleep."

"Well, I don't know but it's more restful here—so quiet and everything."

A policeman sauntered by, and a pair of sailors with their girls. The dirty water lapped the steps of the boat landing.

"Tomorrow night there's a band concert," remarked Miss Evans.

"I love music," rejoined Jimmy. "Let's come and hear it. What d'you say?"

In the darkness the hands were joined now and the last vestige of loneliness had vanished, but they pretended they knew nothing of what their hands were up to, and went on talking.

When they returned, the block was silent and empty. Even Mrs. Berkovitz had closed for the night. The high stoop at Mrs. Skoyles' was empty, and there Miss Evans and Mr. Smith bade each other good-night.

The formal handshake ignored the informality of the park bench. It was polite and gentlemanly and left Miss Evans with a faint sense of disappointment.

The next day dawned hot and moist. Even Mrs. Skoyles, so frigid and spare of build, complained of the heat. "It's awful," she told Mrs. Berkovitz. "I have no inertia at all today."

By nine o'clock the leaves of the two ailanthus trees in front of Number Seventy hung drooping and wilted. At noon the heat was infernal and at four o'clock the downpour began. The rain fell in torrents and the water rushed along the gutter. In his office, high above the street, Jimmy regarded the flood with a mournful countenance, for he saw the band concert slowly melting away under the downpour. At six the rain slackened a little and a deceptive streak of yellow light showed above the Jersey skyline across the North River. But at seven it settled in

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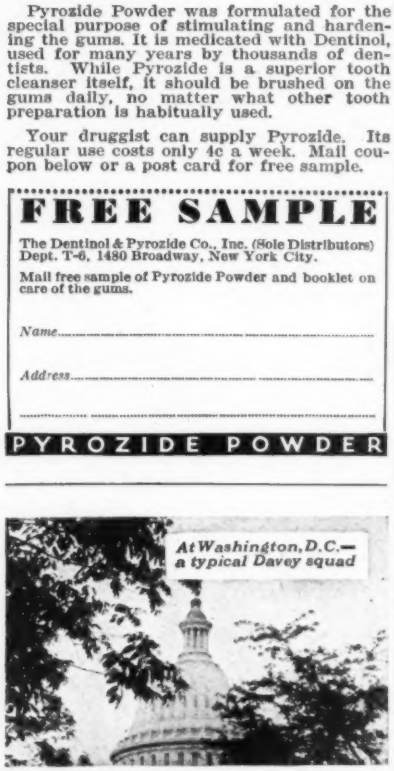

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once more for the night. The spouts poured water; the gutters became rivers. Jimmy, his white collar wilted, his trousers sagging and his shoes soaked, climbed drearily to his top floor room.

While he changed to his other suit he considered new plans for the evening. Across the street there was a light in the room with the red curtains, but the red curtains were drawn tightly together. Modesty, he reflected, was a fine thing in a girl, especially nowadays. Perhaps they could go to the movies. He regarded the street with its torrents of water, and decided that it was impossible without a taxicab. He would call for her at any rate. She was such a clever girl, she might think of a plan. For a time he considered the propriety of seeing her in her own room. She could sing for him then. It would be better than the band concert or an evening at the movies.

Tonight, if he could get up his courage, he would propose. Yet something deep inside him told him that he would never get up his courage and that he would therefore go on to the end of his life being just as lonely as he was now.

AT exactly eight o'clock Jimmy rang the bell at Mrs. Skoyles' and was admitted by the landlady herself. She gave him a hostile look, and without addressing him leaned over the well of the stairs, craned her thin neck and shouted, "Miss Evans! Miss Evans!" Above-stairs, far up, a door opened. "That Mr. Smith is here to see you."

Turning to Jimmy, Mrs. Skoyles said, "You can wait here," and opening a pair of folding doors, she thrust him into a parlor, where a single gas jet of a heavy bronze chandelier was burning. Hat in hand, Jimmy sat on the horsehair sofa to wait. The room was high and cheerless. Goldfish swam dimly in a bowl by the window. In one corner stood an ebony piano laden with photographs of Mrs. Skoyles' relations and a red glass vase full of pampas grass plumes. On the wall hung two large and moldy engravings. After waiting nervously five minutes, Jimmy got up and examined them. One depicted a young girl, decently clad even to stockings on her feet, in the Colosseum. Lions fawned at her feet. She looked toward heaven, and on the ground lay a rose. The title was "The Last Token." Jimmy turned to the other. Figures in fancy dress writhed in a state of excitement. A young girl, her bosom partly exposed, lay on the floor in a fit. This, the title said, was "The Trial of Effie Dean." He was regarding this masterpiece when he heard the sound of light steps on the stairs. As he turned, Miss Evans entered the room.

She walked lightly, the last trace of her lameness vanished. Her face was white and tired under the carefully brushed red hair. But in the dead parlor she was alive and pleasant.

They shook hands.

"Well, I guess there's no band concert tonight," she said with false gayety. "What shall we do?"

Jimmy blushed.

"I came anyway," he said. "I thought you might have a plan. I thought we might go to your room and you could sing for me."

Miss Evans lowered her voice. "Mrs. Skoyles don't allow that; we could sit here. It's not very cheerful," she added dubiously.

Weakly they sat down, Miss Evans on the horsehair sofa and Mr. Smith on a straight-backed chair. From his position he saw that the doors leading into the next room were open a little way, and through the crack he saw a black object appear and disappear with astounding regularity. At length he discovered that it was the toe of Mrs. Skoyles' shoe rising and falling as she rocked. It was a pendulum in its regularity.

"Just listen to the rain," remarked Miss Evans. "Have you ever heard anything like it?"

She seemed a little tired and cheerless now.

"And it was such a beautiful night last night," said Jimmy.

"The most beautiful night I've ever known," rejoined Miss Evans with such feeling that Jimmy felt warm all over.

"Well, there will be other nice nights," he added with a show of philosophy.

Beyond the doors Mrs. Skoyles, watchful of her respectability, rocked back and forth, her eyes intent upon the pages of "The Romance of the Duchess," her ears intent upon the conversation in the front parlor.

"How did your work go today?" asked Miss Evans.

"All right," said Mr. Smith. "I'm doing six-room houses now—they liked my work so well. Don't think I'm boasting," he added hastily.

"I guess some day you'll be a great architect."

"I can work better now—it's not so lonely since I know you."

At this speech Miss Evans looked shyly at her feet, and in the next room the pendulum ceased swinging for a moment and Mrs. Skoyles put down her book. She resumed her reading, however, when the remark seemed to produce nothing more than a painful and unrelieved silence.

The bronze clock struck nine and the sound seemed to give Jimmy courage. "Wont you sing something? I'm crazy for some music. Please do."

He was so eager in his pleading that Miss Evans looked away modestly.

"No, not tonight." She put her hand delicately to her throat. "My throat is so tired."

But Jimmy persisted. "Please. You don't have to sing loud—just soft, you know, just loud enough for me to hear. Or maybe you'd just play over the music."

He still held his hat, and now he sat on the edge of his chair, all aquiver with eagerness.

"Not tonight," said Miss Evans. "Mrs. Skoyles wouldn't like it—not down here." There was a quaver in her voice. She looked tired and small.

"I'll ask her—I'm not afraid," said Jimmy, and before she could answer he had gone to the door and knocked. "Mrs. Skoyles," he called, "Mrs. Skoyles, do you mind if Miss Evans sings?"

FOR a second there was silence and then a voice answered: "If she wants to sing, let her sing—*if she can.*"

Jimmy went to the sofa and took her hand. "Just play one song," he said; "that'll be enough."

Miss Evans permitted herself to be led to the ebony piano. She made her way unsteadily and sat down nervously. Awkwardly she ran her hands over the keys. "They stick so. I don't think I can," she protested, still with the same quaver in her voice. Jimmy bent over her, his eyes aglow with admiration.

Again she ran her hands over the keys and from her small body came a sound like a tired sob. She kept fingering the notes without playing any tune. She didn't seem to know quite what to do.

"It's all right," said Jimmy, relenting suddenly. "If you're too tired, don't play."

Down the street at Number Seventy "Lovin' Sam" broke into passing life for the last time, and as if the sound were an evil omen there came suddenly from overhead a crashing roulade of notes. The sound rose and fell in a burst of sentimental and exaggerated emotion. A voice sang:

"Less than the dust benee-uth thy charyut whee-yuls,
Less than the rust that nevurr stained thy swo-ord."

Clearly Miss Evans was not singing. And the voice above-stairs was the same voice that had sung night after night!

In Mrs. Skoyles' parlor, Jimmy Smith

leaned suddenly against the ebony piano. The room whirled about him. Miss Evans fell forward on the piano, her face buried in her thin arms, sobbing dismally.

"Love's last regard, dea-uth, come to me toni-yut,
Farewell, Zahiroudin! Zahiroudin, farewell!"

Jimmy Smith regarded Miss Evans with horror. It couldn't be true that she had deceived him and poked fun at him like all the others.

"I wish I were dead!" she sobbed. "I wish I were dead!"

In the next room Mrs. Skoyles put down "The Romance of the Duchess" and moved her chair. Through the crack in the door she saw Miss Evans hysterically seize Mr. Smith's hand and cover it with tears.

JIMMY turned red and white, hot and cold. The experience of having a woman clasp his hand and cry so bitterly shattered all his nerve. He believed that his brain had suddenly exploded.

"Just let me tell you," sobbed Miss Evans. "I've been out of a job for six weeks. I liked your looks and you were good to me—not fresh like most fellows." Her sobbing overcame her again and left her speechless. To Jimmy, shaken and trembling, it seemed that she was a pale, drooping flower. He laid his hand awkwardly on her shoulder.

"When I got your letter," she sobbed, "I thought you were crazy. And then Mrs. Berkovitz told me how you'd asked for my name. I knew the letter was meant for the woman on the top floor. I lied and cheated. She had red hair too. I went myself and asked her to sing the same songs again and pretended it was me." She coughed and snifiled. "Why, I can't even play the piano!" she added.

Jimmy's arm slipped about her shoulder. Her thin body trembled. It warmed his arm and filled him with a novel sense of heroism. He would protect and comfort her.

"It's all right," he said. "It's all right. Don't cry any more."

But Miss Evans refused to be silent. "She's got red hair, too, but she's an old woman. She must be at least thirty-five."

Although her sobbing had ceased she was still trembling. "I've been a fraud all along. I turned my ankle on purpose that day just to meet you. And when I really hurt myself I was mad. I did it because I was down and out, because I've been pounding the pavement for five weeks without a single square meal—except the one you bought me—and because I liked your looks. Oh, I'll go away," she added tragically. "I'll go away. And you can forget you ever knew me."

Jimmy's legs gave way and he found himself all at once sitting on the piano bench.

The hand laid on Miss Evans' shoulder became an arm encircling her waist. Outside, the rain fell in torrents. Down the street "Lovin' Sam" sounded distantly. Overhead the voice went on singing:

"Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar-uh,
Where are you now? Who lies benee-uth your spe-yul?"

IT was too beautiful. Miss Evans mopped her eyes. "Her name's Lilli Delorme," she said. "She's the Hungarian Nightingale on the two-a-day. She's been resting." She coughed. "But she's old, Jimmy," she added. "She'll never see forty again."

Jimmy's arm drew closer. "It's all right," he said. "It's all right. I like you just as well without singing." It was all he could say. Words stuck in his throat but he was happy. The worst was over and the ice broken. It wasn't so hard. He held a girl in his arms—and such a girl!

"I was so tired," sighed Miss Evans.

As her sigh faded into silence there came a warning rustle. The doors were flung open noisily and Mrs. Skoyles swept in. Under the

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flickering gas she was like a crow. When she spoke, her words carried an echo of the high-flown air of "The Romance of the Duchess."

"Miss Evans! Miss Evans!" she croaked. "I must protest. There are certain things—"

But she never finished the speech. Jimmy, rising to his feet, regarded her with cold dignity. His short body trembled with emotion.

"You needn't trouble yourself, Mrs. Skoyles," he said. "Miss Evans is doing me the honor to become my wife."

There, a voice said deep inside him, it is done!

Without another word he turned his back and sat on the bench. Miss Evans regarded him with shining eyes. To her he was a hero. From overhead came the voice of the Hungarian Nightingale. To Jimmy it suddenly seemed an old, tired voice.

"I would have rather felt you round my thr-oat,
Crushing out ly-if than waving me-ee fare-we-yul."

"It's too bad a night to go out to a restaurant," said Mr. Smith, "but maybe Mrs. Berkovitz could fix us up with something to eat. She might like to hear the news."

KING'S CREW

(Continued from page 37)

learn even if he started in then and there, and kept on studying until the morticians called for him.

It would have been a long, long fight, one of those "wars of attrition" that you read about, and George might even conceivably have lost it, except that, almost without intention, he, George, uncorked all that he had in a blind reply to a stinger on the nose, and Stanley quite by accident happened to be in the line of fire.

The lad went down like a shot.

The other, who was his twin, went to him and lifted his head.

"Oh, Stan!"

THE voice was the first intimation that George had that it was a girl. Dressed exactly like the boy, with hair similarly cropped and no feminine ornamentation of any kind, there was practically nothing to differentiate them to the casual observer unless they spoke.

George was gazing in open-mouthed astonishment at this girl, whose like he had seen on the screen and at vast distances on the bridle-paths in the park, but whose existence as a practical species he had not hitherto conceded. She came out of a story, so far as he was concerned, a misted romance through which the figures moved in a glamorous fantasy amid scenes and properties that were almost real and tangible but not quite.

And the idea that she stepped out of a story was not so far wrong, either. That's exactly what she did; she stepped out for a moment to take George by the hand and take him back with her into the rainbow mist from which he never really returned—ever.

Not that she took him by the hand, literally speaking. Not at first. The initial contact between George and herself was when she dropped her brother's head upon the ground, sprang up in a perfect whirlwind of fury and demonstrated her manicure upon George's cheek. He was too surprised to retaliate even if he had had the inclination. He would, in fact, have been completely clawed up if the other man had not interfered.

It was he who confined the girl's arms to her sides and drew her gently away.

"Easy, Duveen," he said. "This is my affair, you know."

"But did you see what he did to Stan? I think he's dead."

"No, Stan will be all right in a few minutes. This chap didn't even mean to hit him hard. I saw that. It was just an accident. Besides, Stanley asked for it."

"But you aren't going to let Stan lie there without doing anything about it, are you?" the girl stormed, almost weeping with rage.

"No," David retorted, smiling. "I'd rather planned to have this other gentleman lie down beside him, after giving him, of course, the proper anesthetic. Now, like a good girl, you hold my watch and see how long it takes to do it."

DAVID handed the girl an old hunting-case chronometer which he carried in the watch pocket of his trousers. Then he turned to George. "Whenever you are ready, young fellow, you may whistle, stamp your foot or give any signal you prefer to attract my attention and I'll put up my guard. I might mention before we start that it will not be necessary for you to hit gently or aim over my head as I noticed you were doing during the engagement with my doughty bantam brother. I have fought with bigger men than you are, and up to yet I have never lost a fight. So be yourself. Hand me all you've got, and I'll see if I can stop 'em."

This was also a new way of starting a fight as far as George was concerned. Usually you got sore and called each other names for a few minutes till somebody got careless, and then the rest was simply a matter of brute strength. But this chap—Dave, she called him—was not, apparently, thinking of anything in particular but sort of swishing an imaginary blade in the air, testing its temper by bending it from tip to hilt in his hands.

Stanley in his methods was something that George could understand, but the girl and Dave were creatures behind a gauze curtain. They moved, but he was not quite sure that they existed.

Well, the way to lay a ghost is to put a fist through it. So George said, "Let's go!" and led with his left.

David promptly hooked over the lead and smashed George in the left eye.

Nothing ghostly about that. It hurt like hell, and George knew that it was going to have semi-permanent results. It wouldn't be long before that eye would be entirely closed. He knew that if he were going to win, he had better settle down to business during the remaining period that he could see with both optics.

So, while he still had the passionate strength of surprised anger, he broke down Dave's guard by sheer force and jolted his opponent's chin.

David stepped back and smiled cheerfully at him.

"Well bowled," he said. "I notice that we are playing for keeps. Stand aside for this one."

But George didn't know how. There was some trick about it; and the swing, apparently aimed at his left ear, hit him when he ducked right on the side of his head, and made his neck feel as if somebody had been using it for a corkscrew.

George sat down to consider this. The other man stepped back politely.

"How many minutes, kid?" he asked merely to fill in time.

"Only forty-five seconds," she replied.

"Not so long as I thought. And of course, there may be more."

"You said it." George got up, with a poppy in his hand, figuratively speaking, and planted it right between Dave's eyes.

"Ugh!" the latter grunted. "You do have

the vitality of youth, don't you? Take this as a slight token of my esteem, and this other one as an evidence of my admiration." Both were in the ribs, one on each side.

GEORGE knew something about that kind of fighting, and he socked Dave right on the jawbone hard enough to roll the other over on the turf. But Dave didn't stay down, and before he ceased rolling he was up on his feet again.

"That was a peach," he admitted. "Here's the way it feels."

He returned the identical blow. It made George suddenly remember everything that he'd had for breakfast. But he didn't fall or even sit down, for George was built on the general specifications of the Colossus of Rhodes, and he could ordinarily stand up even when he was unconscious.

Quite unnoticed, even by his solicitous sister, Stanley had recovered from the accidental knock-out and he now got to his feet —just in time, it seemed, because none of the others saw what he saw as he got up.

"Hello, below! Cops dead ahead and coming this way."

The combatants paused to see a patrol wagon coming down the street. How could they have foreseen that Mrs. Hopkins in the apartment building overlooking the field of honor had witnessed the beginning of the engagement and had telephoned for the forces of law and order?

"Sure enough, the Cardinal's Guards," conceded Dave coolly. "Stranger," he addressed George, "will you be willing to defer this until a later date?"

"We'll have to run," advised Duveen. "Here they are."

She was quite right. The police car had drawn up in the street, and four officers in uniform were dismounting.

"Run? Just from a few cops?" inquired George doubtfully. "I never did it before."

Dave laughed. "Far be it from me to get you into bad habits. I choose the one on the right with the mustache. You take the sergeant with the big nose, and after that's over, we will toss up for the rest."

Of course it wasn't quite so simple as that. Every plan of campaign has to be modified somewhat after contact with the enemy is made. The officer with the mustache was not so formidable as he looked, and in a minute or so he had sat down to attend to a bloody nose and to wonder whether the police rules forbade shooting in a case of this sort.

But the sergeant, who was George's dish, had a lot of vitality. He didn't mind using a club, either. He tapped George once on the side of the head in a big way. George would probably remember it as long as he lived—if he regained consciousness.

Dave, temporarily disembarrassed of his own opponent, turned around just in time to see what had happened to George, and he took the officer's stick away from him and made him eat it—figuratively speaking, that is, because he really only punched him in the stomach with it.

It was at this point that Mrs. Hopkins telephoned the police station again and suggested that perhaps they had better call out the militia.

MEANWHILE, what of the other two officers? Why has history not mentioned them? The reason was that Stanley, quite sufficiently recovered for any ordinary trouble, was dancing around one of them trying to teach him the waltz clog, while Duveen had embraced the other like a wildcat welcoming its husband back from a lodge-meeting, and now hung around his neck just high enough off the ground so that her spurs got him right under the knees, which is a form of attack not covered by police regulations, and confused the officer and caused his mind to wander while he speculated whether or not his wife, Mrs.

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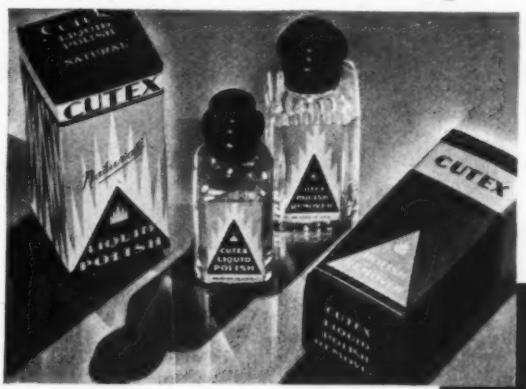

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Murphy, would be able to mend his pants in time for inspection on Monday.

Evidently Officer Murphy knew that Duveen was a girl, because he refrained from killing her as he was tempted to do, and instead merely swung her around until centrifugal force dashed her from him and threw her into a conveniently situated bed of ice-plant. Officer Murphy was a strategist. He saw Dave coming for him. But he saw also out of the tail of his eye that George was getting up from his recent recumbent position. Murphy thought he could handle one of them, but both together seemed too much to expect of a Hollywood policeman. So he did exactly the same thing that Napoleon would have done if he had been a cop —namely and to wit, with a swift side-swipe he bounced his night-stick on George's skull once, which was plenty, and then turned to face Dave.

George was lucky to be unconscious again, because he had all the ingredients for a headache that would last for months.

Officer Murphy and Dave closed in an epic struggle that attracted the attention of two passers-by. One of them said he was a news camera-man and asked them to keep it up until he could go home and get his camera, while the other offered a thousand dollars for the victor to sign a cigarette testimonial.

The struggle went on. Murphy was a cool fighter. He used his head for other purposes besides stopping punches.

SOMETIME during the entertainment Stanley got his man.

"Need any help, Dave?" he asked, watching the fairly equal contest that was going on.

"No, thanks," panted Dave. "Just keep the bystanders out of the way so that nobody will get hurt when he falls."

Stanley had his own hands full again, in a minute. Dave's first sparring partner had managed to bend his nose back into shape. Looking around for somebody to play with, he said to Stanley:

"You're under arrest."

"I wish that you and I both thought so," replied Stanley as he took the officer's club away from him and tagged him with the back of a hand on his cheek. "You're it. Now you try to catch me."

The officer did, but Duveen must have tripped him or something, because he fell down and bumped his nose again. He saw red; so did everybody else. The ice-plant was covered with it. In fact, you couldn't tell the ice-plant from the poppies. It was gayer even than Flanders Field, and more profane.

Duveen withdrew her fascinated attention from the scarlet Niagara. It was instinct maybe—feminine intuition, if you will.

Anyway, she saw what was coming, over a block away.

"More police," she yelled. "Two patrol wagons and half a dozen motorcycle cops."

This was good news to Murphy, who was beginning to wonder if he was not getting too old for violent exercise. It was overconfidence, perhaps, which made him swing just an eighth of an inch wild for Dave's jaw. That eighth of an inch was all that Dave needed. In fact, the force behind Murphy's blow helped Dave a lot. He met him rather more than halfway. The solar plexus was the spot where the police surgeon marked the X later.

"Just in time, I should say," declared Dave, rolling down his sleeves. "I think we'd better beat it."

"What a faceful you have said!" concurred Duveen.

THERE was no time for discussion. Stanley cranked the car. Duveen got in.

"Here, lend a hand," ordered Dave, standing by the unconscious George.

"What are you going to do with him?" Duveen asked.

"We aren't going to leave him here, that's certain," Dave told her.

George opened his own eyes just then. "Don't let anything happen to my truck."

"All right, old-timer."

Dave picked up George's shoulders, and Stanley handled his feet. They threw him into the car. "You kids beat it for home now," ordered Dave. "And don't forget that this lad is a good scrapper and a sport. Take care of him until I get back."

"Where are you going?" asked Duveen plaintively.

"I'm going to deliver this load of cement blocks."

Dave ran for the truck and stepped on the starter before he was fully in the seat. The flivver turned down the alley. The truck followed and blocked the way so that even the motorcycles couldn't get through. When they had all emerged once more on the boulevard, the runabout had disappeared. No one could tell in which direction it had gone, although the various police vehicles—all but one motorcycle—scattered in various directions to find it. Dave grinned. He knew what kind of a driver Stanley was, and he had an idea that the Police Department was going to use up a lot of gasoline to no very tangible purpose.

He himself went on down the boulevard pursued by the solitary motorcyclist. Outside of Beverly Hills, Dave stopped and asked the officer if he didn't want to ride with him, putting his motorcycle in the back.

"I'll go back to the station with you," volunteered Dave, "as soon as I deliver this load of blocks."

Dave had a way with him. By some means, known only to lion-tamers, AA-1 successful husbands and hypnotists, he got away with it. The officer rode with him and smoked one of Dave's cigarettes. The bill of lading for the truck-load of cement blocks was in George's coat, which Dave had found lying on the seat. It gave the destination of the freight.

When they got there, the cop helped him unload the cement. Then they had a chocolate soda together on the way back, in that place on Wilshire Boulevard where they mix them with real cream; and then, by the time they had gotten clear back to Hollywood, Dave asked for permission to return the truck to the yard where it belonged.

The policeman laughed and told him to go on by himself.

"I'm getting tired of riding all over the county with you, and besides I've got a date for tomorrow morning, and I don't want to appear in court. On your way, and don't ever do it again."

"Do what?" asked Dave.

"I dunno, but whatever 'twas, don't do it."

Chapter Two

DUVEEN'S Scotch terrier puppy Tightwad had had one terrible scare already that morning. He had caught sight of himself in a dressing-table mirror. Not having realized before that such an awful-looking animal could really exist, he had given one frightened yelp and fallen over backward onto the floor along with a couple of bottles of expensive perfume, a crystal powder-box and a few other knickknacks that happened to be on the dresser-scarf in which his foot got tangled.

Therefore—because he hadn't gotten over his fright plus a Pandoralike sense of guilt that maybe he had done something he shouldn't—Tightwad was very glad to see Duveen returning, even if she did bring with her an inert and formidable stranger.

The big stranger, however, as Tightwad found out upon investigation, smelled simply splendid, much better than any other human being he had ever met. He even tasted pretty good, Tightwad discovered, by licking his neck and ears as he lay on the davenport while Duveen had gone upstairs after bandages, arnica, liniment and other disagreeable things which later ruined, at least temporarily, the budding friendship between Tightwad and George Porter. You simply could not entirely trust a man who smelled of arnica, no matter what favorable opinion you might have held previously.

UPSTAIRS, collecting medicaments, Duveen wondered mildly at the presence of the stranger within the gates. Ordinarily theirs was a closed corporation, and they treated no wounds save their own. Her actions now were governed entirely by David's orders—she would do anything for that reason. Personally she was not entirely committed to approval of the idea of introducing a pickup guest into their household. The only thing that reconciled her to the proposition was the fact that the only alternative had been to turn George over to the police. Duveen had the instinctive young hoodlum reaction toward the police. They gave you traffic-violation tags; they objected to nearly everything that was any fun; and unless they knew you, were quite apt to inquire into why you climbed into the window of your room at night instead of going around by the front door.

Duveen was not so masculine as her costume seemed to indicate. Her emotional and reasoning faculties were distinctly feminine—quite to her own dismay, be it added. She wanted to be exactly like a definite idol that she had set up in her heart, but it could not be accomplished without installing an entirely new engine.

The thing that she did, then, and always whenever either David or Stanley was away from the house without her, was to go to her window and look down the long hill that led to Hollywood Boulevard. She liked to watch them coming home. Sometimes they came together—then they usually were laughing. Sometimes Stanley came alone; he whistled—probably just to prove to himself that he had wind left in spite of that long climb. But David, when he came in by himself, always marched to an invisible band. Duveen, proud feminine fool that she was, could spot him away off, even in the dusk, by the gallant white uniform that he was not really wearing, and by the swing of his step as he flattened out the hill as if it were not there at all.

A glance through her window was all that she needed. He was not in sight. There was no one but just people who climbed doggedly —not soldiers who scaled a height.

She came down with her arms full of hospital supplies, and found Tightwad busily engaged in polishing George off and making him as presentable as a puppy, who has unruly hair himself, is able to do.

After she had spanked Tightwad twice for putting his feet in the warm water with which she was bathing George's head, and had begun to apply the adhesive, Stanley, who had been making a few minor repairs himself, reported.

"Anything I can do, Beautiful?" he asked cheerfully.

What is the immediate future of marriage—for the man and wife?

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"Not until I get through vulcanizing him. When Brain is through, then Brawn will have its chance."

STANLEY regarded their patient speculatively. "Say, Dub, doesn't it seem to you that this bird has been out an awful long time for anybody who has only been tapped a couple of times with a cop's club?"

"He does look more durable than that," Duveen agreed, "but perhaps they hit on an especially vulnerable spot, like Achilles, you know."

"Yeah, I know, but they hit this baby on the head, and that aint his vulnerable spot."

"Sh! He might hear you."

"Not a chance. That's a real trance he's in."

"Get out of the way, Wad." Duveen waved the puppy to one side with a rag saturated in witch-hazel. It was effective.

"I wonder why Dave wanted us to take care of him," mused Stanley.

"Because he helped us fight the police. He didn't have to, you know. You could see in a minute that Dave took to him, couldn't you? And he liked Dave, too. But that doesn't make him any different from anybody else. There must be something about this blond robot—look at the way Tightwad fell for him, all in one blot!"

"The mongrel likes everybody."

"Why, Stanley King, you know you lie, and if you don't, take that." She swung the wet towel so it slapped him on the side of the head.

"I got it," he admitted, wiping off his face. "You aren't falling for the big hunk of meat yourself, are you?" inquired Stanley, watching her deft ministrations through a haze of cigarette-smoke.

"You know I never have vulgar cases on men."

"Yeah, but there always has to be a first time. This might be it."

"No, and I'm the one that ought to know."

"Wrong! The party that's hurt the worst always thinks it's only a scratch."

Duveen finished her work on her inert patient and made a sort of turban to encase his head.

She listened to his heart. "Sounds as strong as a pneumatic riveter. I guess he'll be all right as soon as the dent gets out of his skull. You and Stivers had better put him to bed, though."

Stanley rang the bell for the butler; but Stivers, upon looking over the job, was of the opinion that more help, either mechanical or manual, was needed, and he summoned the cook and a colored wash-lady who happened to be "in" for the day. All five of them together, for Duveen lent a hand too, finally got the unconscious George up the stairs and into a bed.

Duveen, departing, admonished: "You watch him, Stan, while I go and change my own clothes."

"All right; and say, kid, try disguising yourself as a girl, will you—just this once? Some day one of your sweethearts is going to kiss me once too often; and then he'll be in the morgue, and I'll be in jail waiting for a verdict of justifiable homicide."

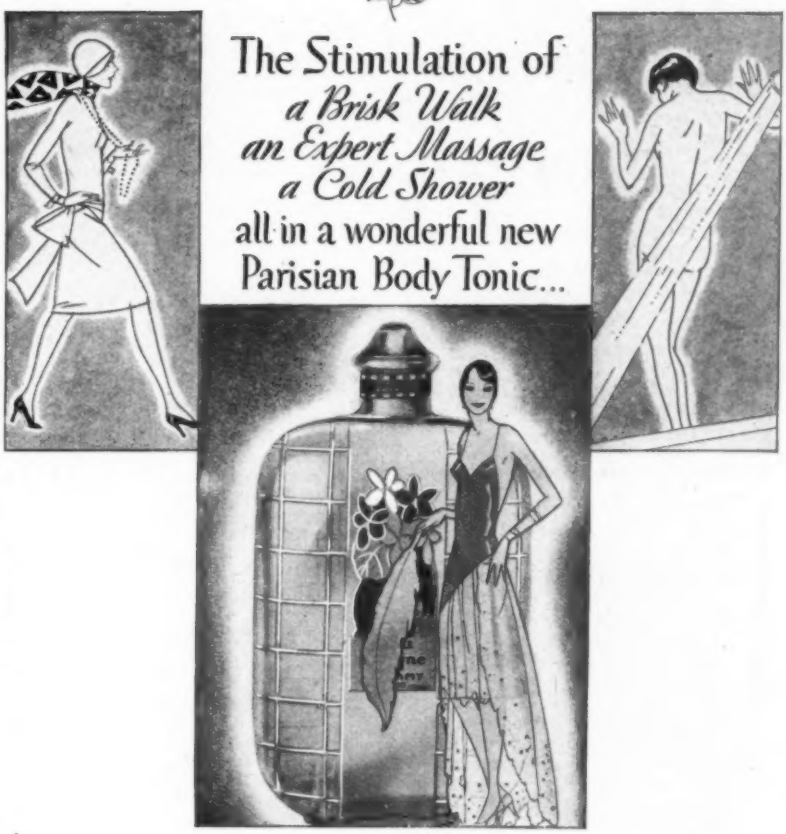
Stanley and Stivers were getting George's clothes off. Their ungentle, by comparison, touches jogged the patient into a moment of semi-consciousness.

He opened his eyes partly, and looking at Stanley, thought he recognized him.

"Hello, sister!" he said faintly.

"There, that proves it," declared Stanley with outraged vehemence, and he yelled after his departing twin: "I'm going to grow a beard and burn every pair of pants in your closet."

FROM the threshold of her own room, Duveen laughed; then she disappeared from view and locked the door. It was the



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only way of being sure that Stanley would not soothe his own feelings at her expense.

She took a bath and put on a dress. As to her appearance after that, if you have ever seen Beatrice Lillie (Lady Peel) upon the stage, you wont have to use your imagination so much for the balance of this paragraph. Suffice it to say that Duveen was like that. She wore her dark hair in a bang across her brow. It hung in little exactly spaced wisps so that it looked like an old-fashioned side-comb worn in front with the teeth turned down. Descriptive, what? But some people will get the idea. Further details just fresh in over the direct wire from the scene of the disaster: Blue eyes, awfully innocent-looking ones,—infernal liars,—with long interfering lashes, a swell, tanned complexion with peach spots in it, a sensitive nose turned up,—actually, not just retroussé,—a perfect mouth over slightly irregular but nice white teeth, and the entire face just a little small—perhaps only in appearance because it had not seemed so when she was dressed for polo.

NOW she wore something with panniered skirts on it, a demurely old-fashioned sort of dress in a delicate lettuce green. It didn't look either old-fashioned or demure, however, on Duveen. Her legs, of which there was quite an expanse in sight and more whenever she bent over or sat down or did anything but stand straight up, in sand-colored stockings, looked like those of a golden-skinned pickaninny—you know, with just no shape at all to them. Not a thing about them proclaimed that they belonged to a girl, but when you knew that was what she was, they were absolutely fascinating and cute.

She had nice ankles, ditto feet, absolutely adorable arms, wrists and hands, all of them on view, unadorned, in this particular dress.

Nobody thought she was beautiful, and nobody cared. But she was like a slim, bounding waterfall that makes an animated rainbow mist of its own as it dances down a rocky cliff. You never quite saw her, but you were aware of movement wherever she was. Not fluttering,—heaven forbid!—but pure kinetic energy sparkling and tingling even when her outward semblance was in repose.

Almost invariably you laughed at and with Duveen, and yet sometimes when you looked a little more carefully, you wondered if maybe you ought not to cry instead. There was something frustrated about her—something she had wanted and never quite had. Her gayety was real, all right, and not one of those "Pagliacci" masks you've heard so much about, but woven with it was an unseen thread of warm tenderness that had never been used. No one, at least not the right one, had ever looked for it.

And now Duveen was twenty-two, adored by two men, her brothers, and totally indifferent to the rest of the world, which she seemed to regard as merely the setting for the bizarre activities of their super-threesome.

She was a housekeeper for the Orphanage (nickname for their gold-plated shack in the hills); she wrangled as an equal with her twin Stanley, although she actually bossed him; and she dwelt low down on the hillside of the Olympus upon which she had enthroned David. She pretended to rule him too—was certainly more openly dictatorial than she was with Stan, though they all knew that it was a joke. But unless it was something really important, David obeyed her exactly—certainly with better grace than Stan did.

DUVEEN went back into the room where they had disposed the inanimate body of George Porter. Stanley was sitting at the bedside smoking a speculative cigarette.

"Still out?" questioned Duveen, leaning over the bed in the dim light looking like some slim, winged messenger from a pagan heaven bringing the magic talisman of life.

"Practically," Stanley replied, teetering back and forth on the heels of his chair. "But breathing as regularly as a fish out of water. In my opinion he's just getting a good night's rest."

"I think that maybe we should send for a doctor."

"Not yet," Stanley counseled. "Not until Dave gets back, anyway."

Duveen didn't know whether or not they should wait that long.

She was still debating the matter with herself when Mrs. Boyd Tremayne was announced.

Duveen stiffened imperceptibly at the mention of the name, thanked her lucky stars that she had changed from riding attire to an indoor costume, and started down.

At the turn of the stair she paused, a lovely picture of an English child sent from the nursery to meet "company," to take a preliminary survey of her guest.

Mrs. Tremayne was very little older than herself—Duveen knew that; but she moved in an atmosphere of maturity that made them almost unintelligible to one another. Hélène Tremayne had probably never been a tomboy such as Duveen was now; and Duveen, for her part, could probably never become as femininely sophisticated as Hélène, no matter if she arrived at a sprightly great-grandmothership.

Duveen admitted grudgingly that Hélène was the most beautiful thing she had ever looked upon. So did everyone else, except that men did not do it grudgingly. A little tall, fair without insipidity, she wore clothes as if they were costumes. Romance surrounded her in successive auras. The nearer you came to her, the more strongly you were caught in the spell, and if you were a man and came very near, you died and became a part of her.

THAT Hélène should ever have married just one man seemed rather preposterous. Even if he had been an emperor, it would have been presumptuous for an individual to expect to monopolize her.

Duveen came the rest of the way downstairs. "Good evening," she said.

"Is it that already?" Mrs. Tremayne asked. "I hadn't noticed."

She must have, though. That black velvet was not an afternoon frock.

"Dusk, anyway," Duveen compromised. The lamps in the living-room were lighted, and the curtains had been drawn.

"I came to see David," Hélène stated.

"Yes, I know," Duveen answered without explaining how she knew. "He isn't home."

"But you're expecting him?"

"Some time, but I scarcely know when."

"Have you any idea where he is?"

"Not very definitely." Duveen was having considerable enjoyment out of the other woman's importunity. "He was driving."

"With whom?" Hélène cut in sharply.

Duveen laughed. "With a couple of tons of cement blocks," she answered, "on a truck."

"But how—" Hélène began.

David himself came in. His key in the door had arrested Hélène in mid-speech, and when he entered, she stepped toward him.

Duveen watched them from across the footlights—Hélène, who might easily be a princess, and David quite undeniably a figure out of a crusader's pageant, even though he wore the breeches and laced boots of a mountain surveyor, and that faded flannel shirt open at the neck.

David knew that Duveen was there, but his eyes drank only at the one cup. They always did. David grew very far away from everyone else when Hélène was near. At other times he was one of a very rough trio of comrades, "King's Crew," as the newspapers had once called them after that time,

several years before, when they had been held up by masked bandits in Laurel Cañon and had come home with four revolvers, a black-jack, a thousand dollars or so in money and all the masks.

"But what are you doing here?" David was arguing. "I thought we had decided not to see each other again."

"I love you so," Hélène countered.

"Hush!" David glanced swiftly at Duveen.

"She knows it." Hélène laughed. "I can tell by the way she looks at me, and has for months."

"This is madness," David told her.

"I can't help it. Besides, I'm not breaking my word. You told me you would come to me if I needed you."

"And so I will, but—"

"I need you tonight."

"Tonight? What for?"

"For dinner, dear—"

DAVID disengaged her hand almost impatiently from his sleeve. "Hélène, you mustn't be silly. I meant I would come to you if some serious emergency arose."

"This is serious. I had not finished explaining."

"Well?" David prompted.

"That man Einmetz will be there."

"Well, what of that?" David asked. "He has been there before to dinner. Seems to be quite a friend of your husband's."

Hélène shook her head. "He's not, though. Einmetz has cultivated my husband to get what he wants, but that is all. You know the kind of a man he is—one thing on the surface, and something entirely different underneath; an ardent communist in speech and a rapacious and greedy individualist in deed, a philanthropist with his visible right hand and a smuggler of drugs and manacled Chinese with his left—"

David interrupted her. "And what is it that he wants of your husband?" he asked.

"Me."

David laughed. "Egotist."

Hélène laughed too. "I might as well tell the truth. He came right out with it himself yesterday at lunch."

"At lunch? You invited him to your home for lunch?"

"No." Hélène was on a wistful defensive. "We had luncheon at the Biltmore."

"Oh! Boyd was there?"

"N-n-no. He doesn't know about it."

"Still you tell me?"

"But you are different. You understand that it was only something to while away the time. But Boyd would be jealous. You see he is so much older than I that he constantly doubts his ability to hold me, while you know that there is something about you that weaves into a woman's heart so that you could never be taken out without breaking it."

"Anyway," said David a little grimly, "you took luncheon with this renegade Russian who has adopted a German name and is a disgrace to both countries?"

"He is very fascinating."

"So are snakes. What happened?"

"Nothing exactly, except that he said he loved me and expected me to come to him."

"Well, that's nothing very serious. The solution of the problem is not to do it."

"I know, and I believe it when I'm with you, and you tell me. It's when I'm alone that I'm afraid. Or if I see him. You know what a powerful personality he has. Sometimes I think he is a hypnotist. And, David," she pleaded, "without you I am woefully weak."

The man who could successfully resist Hélène would have to be made of something that had been left out of David King's composition. Duveen, standing by, sensed that he was going to yield, sensed it and knew that she could not stop him. So she said nothing but rather, like a good soldier, offered to help.

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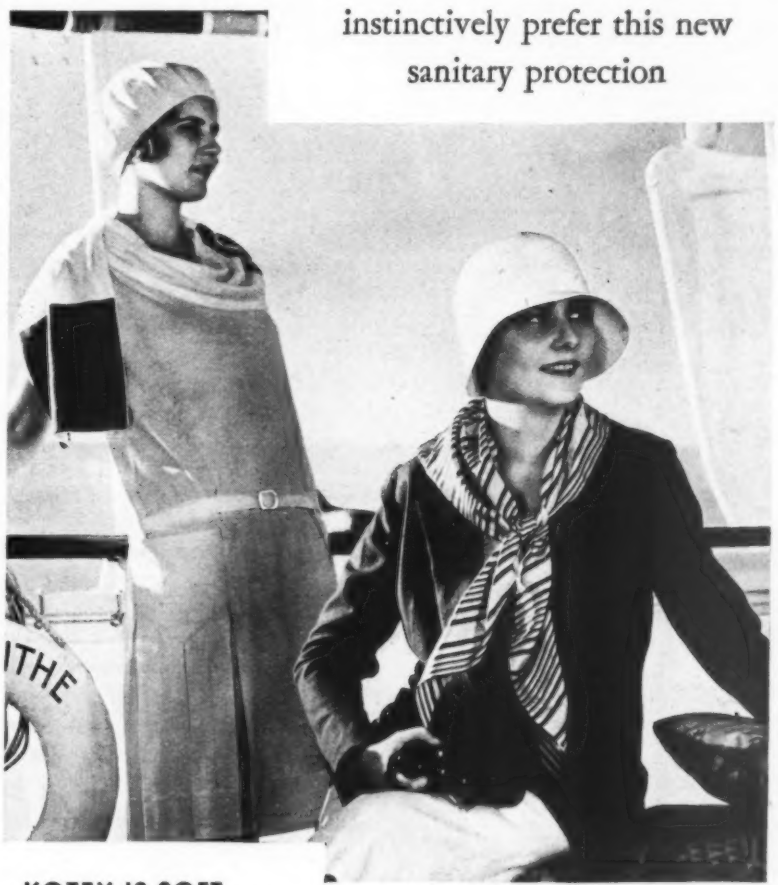

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"I'll take care of everything here, Dave," she said.

"All right, I'll come," David conceded. "Dinner, you said? Shall I dress?"

"Not formally. I like you best in flannels, anyway."

"When?"

"As soon as you can get ready. I'll hurry back right away myself in case Boyd comes home early. But you must hasten, too. It has taken so long to convince you."

"Not so long as I thought it would," said David. "I'm as weak as you knew I was."

"My dear, the only weakness I know anything about is my own. And it makes me very unhappy."

HÉLÈNE left and David stood looking after her. He turned finally, to find Duveen standing there.

"Hello, Dub, how do you like seeing me in the rôle of a spineless jellyfish?"

"I don't see how you could help it."

"I'd a little rather you hadn't been in on it."

"It doesn't make any difference. I've known it all the time."

"Known what, kid?"

"That you are in love with Mrs. Tremayne."

David winced. "Calling her Mrs. Anything makes it sound worse." He rubbed his brow perplexedly. "I think of her as Hélène. Her husband is really a lot older than she is, and they have not much in common."

"His money, perhaps," suggested Duveen.

The silence that thudded between them was impenetrable. She knew that he was there, but he had suddenly gone so far away that she was frightened.

"No, no, David," Duveen pleaded, "don't look at me like that. I don't honestly think it. I was only supposing."

He smiled. The curtain went up. Her current was turned on again.

"That's all right, kid."

She asked anxiously, "Then I'm back?"

"Back where?"

"With you—under your arm?"

"Always—God willing." He put his arm across her shoulders, and they mounted the stairs that way. "Now, how about your patient?"

Duveen told him.

"Not so good," Dave commented. "Let's have a peep at him."

He stood at George's bedside.

"He somewhat resembles the Woolworth Building lying on its side, doesn't he? I didn't dream he got hurt as bad as that." He too felt George's pulse. "Valves and timing-gear working perfectly. He'll come out with an awful headache in an hour. If not, call Dr. What's-his-name from around the corner, and have him give him a shot of red pepper and thistles. Tell the young gentleman himself when he wakes up that I delivered his building blocks and took the truck back to the yard. From what the foreman said, I think he is fired, but I told him about the scrap the boy put up, and I have a hunch it will be all right for him to go back Monday morning, anyway. The foreman didn't seem to think very highly of the Police Department himself except as a diversion. 'If it wasn't for them, we'd probably be fightin' amongst ourselves,' was the way he put it."

DAVE touched the bandages gingerly. "Some of your work?" he inquired.

"Yes, some of my best," admitted Duveen modestly. "He has nice curly hair under that, too."

"I rather liked him myself," conceded Dave. "Although there are one or two things he ought to know about handling those big hams of his."

"You would have licked him, wouldn't you," asked Duveen, with natural pride of family, "if the police hadn't butted in?"

"I dunno," Dave replied thoughtfully. "I think I can box better than he can, but he's got an awful push right from his shoulder to the end of his mitt. If anybody tried to stand in the way of it without dodging, he'd probably wake up parading on a diamond-studded golden pavement behind a band of forty harps playing 'Clap Hands, Here Comes Charley.'"

Stanley came in.

"If you are going to shave before dinner," he suggested, "you've just about got time to make it."

"Right." Dave felt of his chin. "But I'm not going to be here for dinner."

"What about the meeting of the Crew?" inquired the younger brother casually.

"In the excitement I'd forgotten about that."

"I guess we can get along without a meeting all right," Stanley agreed, "but I've got to have some money."

"And me too," added Duveen.

Dave laughed. "No meeting, no money. That's the rule, and you know it."

"You made up the rules yourself," Stanley pointed out gloomily, "and you can make up a special one to fit this case if you don't want to stay home and 'tend to business."

"Well, come on, you two kids," ordered Dave. "If there's got to be a meeting, we'll hold it anyway. You follow me around while I get ready, and we can transact the business of the organization on the run."

The other two followed him to his room.

WHILE he threw off the first installment of his clothes he went through the parliamentary formula.

"The meeting of King's Crew is hereby called to order."

He stepped into the bathroom. "The secretary will please read the minutes of the last meeting. I'll leave the door open a crack so I can hear."

He undoubtedly lied, because he couldn't hear anything with the water splashing, but he emerged clad in a bath-robe just as Duveen was saying: "Respectfully submitted, Duveen King, Secretary."

"All in favor of adopting the minutes as read will please say 'Aye.'" Dave was rubbing shaving-cream into his skin.

"Aye," said the others perfunctorily.

"Any communications?" demanded the president from the bathroom again, stropping his razor.

"Nothing that's very important," offered Stanley.

"Don't you believe him!" corrected Duveen. "There's a letter from the dean of the university notifying you that your brother, Stanley J. King, has been indefinitely suspended from the senior college owing to his participation in an undignified and unseemly parade on the campus just after the Stanford meet."

"How about this?" demanded Dave.

"It would have been all right," Stanley defended, "only my nightshirt slipped."

"Your excuse isn't worth a damn," Dave decided. "You are hereby fined one month's allowance, and I'll go around and see the dean tomorrow, and you'd better be prepared to walk on your kneecaps three times around the stadium if he says so." Dave emerged from the bathroom. "Anything for you?" he demanded of Duveen.

"Nope," she admitted. "I'm practically perfect."

"Yeah, I wish you thought so,"—sneered Stanley.

"Well," she defended, "I haven't been caught at anything, anyway."

"If there is no further business, somebody hand me my shirt and we'll adjourn. I'll instruct the treasurer to draw checks for allowances with fines deducted, and—"

"That doesn't leave me anything," grumbled Stanley.

"And damn' little of that," concurred the president, "and it's just about what you deserve. Do you think I like this idea of taking a day off to go over to implore the dean to take you back?"

"I don't want to go back."

Dave considered this reply thoughtfully. "There's something in what you say. Perhaps the fields of higher learning are not for you. I began to suspect it when your connection with Harvard was so unexpectedly and summarily severed. And that little episode at Princeton was not particularly reassuring either. I'll think it over. Maybe you can get that job so recently vacated by the sleeping beauty in the next room. Your mind may be better adapted to handling freight than to selling bonds and insurance."

Dave was all dressed by this time. He stopped long enough at his desk to write a check, which he handed to Duveen.

"I'll probably be home early, so don't plan any devilment that will leave traces after about ten-thirty."

HE left the room, followed downstairs by the others, who sidetracked themselves into the dining-room, while David let himself out the front door.

"You'll have to lend me some more money," muttered Stanley as he graciously seated his sister, a ceremony he would have omitted if it had not been for the request which accompanied it.

"But I've got to pay something on my own bills, haven't I? I still owe for three pairs of shoes, and this dress isn't paid for yet."

"Gee, if you're going to be stingy, why don't you say so?"

"Shut up! I'll give you five dollars, but that's all I can spare."

"Great Scott! Five dollars! What can I buy with that?"

"I don't know. Don't you want it? Take it or leave it."

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, thank you, darling sister, and I hope all your children are radio tenors."

BUT Duveen paid little attention to his sarcasm and insults. She was so preoccupied that even Stanley noticed it after a couple of courses had been served, and he shifted his tone.

"What's the matter, kid? Something worrying you?"

"A little." She was breaking up the lettuce of her salad, but not eating any.

"What is it that's biting you?"

"Dave. He's gone over to the Tremaynes' for dinner."

"Well, I don't see anything to worry about in that. He's done it about twice a week for the last six months."

"But this is a little different." Duveen was thinking out loud. "He promised that he wouldn't."

"Promised who? You?"

"No, not me. He made the promise to himself, and to her. She made him break it tonight."

"Oh, is that why she came over? I wondered."

"That isn't the trouble," Duveen explained patiently. "I don't mind his falling in love with her. The worst of it is, she's fallen in love with him, and I think it's the first time it ever happened to her. If you could see the way they looked at each other there in the living-room! I was standing by all the time. They both knew it when they started, but I don't think either one of them thought of me again while she was here."

"Did it make you sick?" asked Stanley, interested immediately in the biological reaction.

"Only in my heart. It means so much trouble."

"Rats! They'll get over it."

"I hope so, but I've got a funny feeling about it, Stan. I don't know what it is."

The telephone-bell rang.

Duveen started from her seat.

"What's the idea, Sis? Let Stivers answer it."

She shook her head. "No, I think this is the beginning of the trouble."

Chapter Three

"THIS is Hélène Tremayne speaking."

Duveen could not have recognized the voice without the introduction, it was so high-pitched and agitated. Hélène was usually so perfectly poised and her tones were so well modulated that this shrill hysterical announcement sounded like a summons from a madhouse.

"Yes, Mrs. Tremayne," the girl answered hastily. "This is Miss King—Duveen. What's the trouble?"

"Is your brother David there?"

"Why, no. He's at your place, isn't he? He left half an hour ago."

"He's been here, yes, but—oh, something dreadful has happened."

The agitation in Duveen's voice had attracted Stanley from the living-room, and he now came up beside her.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Hush," cautioned Duveen. "What's happened?" She resumed the conversation into the transmitter.

"My husband—"

That was all. The voice died away with a curious sort of guttural sound. Duveen could not entirely describe it.

"Hello, hello!" she repeated into the telephone.

No answer.

"Are you through?" asked the operator pleasantly.

"No, no," protested Duveen.

"Your party has hung up."

"Then ring them again." Duveen gave the number.

Again and again she tried.

"Your party does not answer," was the only satisfaction she got.

She was still trying to get some response out of the telephone when the front door opened, and Dave entered.

His clothing was not torn, nor was it soiled in any way; but somehow he gave the appearance of having been in a struggle. His hair was slightly mussed; perhaps that was it. His necktie and collar looked as if they had been disarranged and carelessly adjusted afterward.

"What's the matter?" Duveen asked anxiously.

"Not a thing," Dave replied with a not very clever assumption of calmness. "Forgot something. Left it in my room. You kids go back to your dinner."

He dashed up the stairs, two at a time. His door slammed.

Duveen and Stanley looked at each other blankly.

"What the hell—" began Stanley, and would have gone up after him.

But Duveen detained him.

"I don't think he wants us just now. Wait a minute."

The front door-bell rang. Stanley, now on a nervous edge, would have answered, but Duveen again held him back.

Stivers passed them on his way to the door.

"Put on the chain, Stivers," she cautioned, "and don't let anyone in until they have told you who they are and what they want."

"Very well, Miss Duveen." The butler acknowledged the order.

There was a murmured colloquy at the door.

"What's the idea?" Stanley asked.

"Idea of what?" his sister countered.

"This stunt of putting the chain on the door and all that stuff."

"It gains a little time," Duveen told him.

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"We've got all the time there is, anyway."

"Don't be stupid."

Stivers returned.

"It's a gentleman from the police."

"A detective?" Duveen asked.

"No, just a plain policeman."

She gave a sigh of relief. "Let him in. I'll speak to him."

The officer entered, ushered by the butler.

"Good evening." Duveen took over the formalities of the reception. "I don't believe I know your name, but your face is familiar."

"I'm a new man on this beat," the officer told her briefly. "But I've been in this town long enough to know all about you folks."

"Such is fame," admitted Duveen demurely. "What can we do for you?"

"I'm looking for Mr. King."

"I'm Mr. King," said Stanley.

The officer looked at him. "No, I don't think you are the one. You wasn't over to Mr. Tremayne's just now, was you?"

"No." He turned angrily on his sister. "What are you kicking me for?"

"I didn't know I did. I beg your pardon," Duveen apologized with a glance in his direction that should have paralyzed him for life.

"I want to see Mr. David King," said the officer.

DUVEEN took it upon herself to reply as she prayed that Stanley would not have any further inspirations. "You mean my other brother? I'm sorry you can't see him, but he's been badly hurt."

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised," the officer admitted grimly. "But he aint the only one. There's hell to pay down the block."

"What's the trouble?" Duveen demanded. "Where?"

"At Mr. Tremayne's," the policeman told her, "and I've come to ask your brother what he knows about it."

Duveen steadied herself. "Why should my brother know *anything* about it?"

"Don't ask a lot of foolish questions." The patrolman was getting impatient. "Save 'em for the Chief. Whenever there's any trouble around here, one of you Kings is always at the bottom of it. Everybody knows that. My orders is simply to bring in Mr. King, and by your leave I'll be looking for him right now unless you'll be kind enough to show me the way. I know he's here in this house."

"I'll take you to him," answered Duveen, and she started up the stairs.

The policeman came next, and Stanley followed in the rear, slightly mystified.

At the head of the stairs, Duveen opened a door and pointed.

"He's unconscious," she said. "So all you can do is look at him."

The policeman sat down by George's bed.

"Gee, I didn't know he got hurt as bad as that. Well, I'll just sit here until he comes out of it."

"I think you'll find that a very nice place to sit," said Duveen.

"Here's a magazine," offered Stanley.

"And," supplemented Duveen, "which do you smoke, cigars or cigarettes?"

The officer looked at them suspiciously and refused everything.

"I'll have to turn in a report on this," he said finally. "Where's the telephone?"

"There's an extension right here," Duveen returned, showing him the instrument immodestly concealed beneath a bisque lady's petticoat.

"Thanks." He dialed a number. "Gimme the desk," he requested.

There was a pause. Behind the officer the door to the hall swung open just a crack. Duveen saw it, and her eyes snapped, but she did not move a muscle.

"Patrolman Crane talking," the policeman reported over the telephone. "I'm here at King's residence, but the man you want is unconscious. You'll have to send an ambulance if you want him brought in."

There was a message of some sort from the other end.

"Sure he's unconscious," repeated the officer truculently. "'How can he be?' sez you? . . . . How do I know that? What I'm askin' you is what will I do with him?"

More sizzling silence.

"All right. I'll wait right here until Detective Morse arrives. Is Mr. Tremayne dead yet, do you know? . . . . Well, there's no harm in askin', is there? I wondered if it was murder, manslaughter or just a row. Oh! Then it's murder. . . . . Yeah. Thanks. And Mrs. Tremayne has run away, too?"

There was a sound, almost a gasp, from the hall. Duveen coughed loudly, but the policeman paid no attention to it anyway. He was too interested in what was coming over the wire.

"No, she aint here. Just Mr. King, and he don't look like he could of committed no murder—not recently. It must of been her that swung the knife, then."

Patrolman Crane was still talking as the hall door was drawn silently shut once more.

Duveen held rigidly still until the telephone conversation came to an end; then she burst forth into voluble questions—just in case the stairs should squeak.

Finally a door downstairs slammed.

"What was that?" the policeman demanded.

"I can't imagine," said Duveen. "Perhaps it's Katie going to the movies. This is Saturday night, you know, and she's keeping company with Patrolman Jennings. You know him, of course."

"Sure I do," concurred the officer. "Wait until I tell his wife about this. You're sure you're right?"

"Oh, certainly. I wouldn't for worlds cause a policeman any trouble."

"I thought you wouldn't."

George on his bed stirred slightly.

"Look at those fenders," he muttered.

THE officer regarded the huge bulk of the man on the bed with some dismay. He reached into his hip pocket and drew forth a pair of handcuffs. "I'll just put these on him in case he gets violent."

He picked up one of George's thick wrists and snapped the bracelet over it. Then he tried to bring the arm across in order to link it to the other wrist. The maneuver stimulated George's return to consciousness. He opened his eyes, saw the man in a blue uniform bending over him.

"The same to you," he yelled, "and many of them," as he brought the handcuff down on the officer's head.

"One, two, three, four and other numbers up to ten," counted Duveen, admiring the officer's countenance in repose. "Hand me the arnica, Stan."

George sat up in bed, and then suddenly realizing that he wasn't exactly where he expected to find himself, and that he was very sketchily dressed to be in the presence of a lady, he jumped back under the covers.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"Never mind about that for the moment," Duveen soothed.

She bent over the officer, who was resting on the floor, and extracted his keys from his pocket.

"Let's have that bracelet," she suggested to George, and the latter stuck it out from under the covers.

Duveen unlocked it and took it off. Then she snapped the two manacles on the policeman's wrists.

"The question now," she said, "is what are we going to do next?"

The rapid pace of this delightful novel is even accelerated in the next installment—in the forthcoming November issue.

THE GIRL FROM EVIL LANE

(Continued from page 84)

Then a report came in from the doctor on the case. None of the injured men would die, although they would not wield guns again for a few weeks, at least. Pluma was asked a few more questions and then held under bond as a witness. The bond was supplied at once by a professional bondsman and Pluma left the station.

I received no more attention from Pluma as she left the station than I had when she entered. She had played to perfection the part of a badly frightened young woman, eager to tell the truth. In dulcet, well-modulated tones, but in a voice that trembled just enough and at just the right time, she had lied like a trooper—even better. There had been tears trembling on her eyelids throughout the questioning. Her fingers had twisted nervously at the straps on her handbag.

I stayed a few minutes to talk to Lon Forbes and then called a cab and drove to my apartment. Pluma had not yet arrived. Kelly was sitting in an easy chair, blowing smoke rings at the ceiling. Jimmy Fowler was pacing the floor.

"What happened?" demanded Fowler as I closed the door behind me.

I told them of the events at the station. Kelly got up and poured a drink from the "perfume" bottle. He handed the glass to Fowler.

"I've had the devil's own time," chuckled Kelly, "keeping this young buck's shirt on. I don't know what he wanted to do and neither does he. Love is certainly grand."

Kelly again seated himself and Fowler turned suddenly and faced him. He spoke in an earnest voice.

"Mr. Kelly," he said, "I believe Miss Meyers said that you have known her a long time."

"Why the *Mister?*" Kelly smiled. "Make it plain Kelly. It is true that I have known Pluma Meyers for some years."

"The reason I ask," said Fowler, slowly, "is because tonight's events make me inclined to believe some things Miss Meyers recently told me about herself. I thought she was spoofing me. I do not like to discuss Miss Meyers during her absence and still I would like to check up with you. She told me that I might discuss the matter with anybody I wished, but I have never repeated what she told me to a soul."

"Pluma Meyers told you something," repeated Kelly, "about herself—and you want to know whether it is true. Is that it?"

"Yes," nodded Fowler.

"I'll bet that whatever she told you is true," rejoined Kelly. "But, as long as you have Pluma's permission to repeat it, why not tell me and get it off your mind?"

"I'm going to," said Fowler.

HAVING lighted a cigarette, Fowler proceeded to tell us all that Kelly had told me concerning Pluma's past. He also told some other things that were evidently news to Kelly and amused that Irish renegade greatly.

"Pluma Meyers told you all that, herself?" asked Kelly when Fowler had finished.

Fowler nodded an affirmative.

"Wise girl," chuckled Kelly. "Well, my friend, I can vouch for the truth of a great deal of it and I am willing to bet my other shirt on the veracity of the rest."

"I still can't believe it," said Fowler, dragging grimly on his cigarette.

Kelly grasped his pipe by the bowl and pointed at Fowler with the stem.

"It is true—every word of it," snapped Kelly. "But what's the difference? Get that fallen-woman stuff out of your head. Don't be a damned fool like the rest of the human

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Dragons for Three!

He-Fang-Manchu according to tradition slid from secret panels and vanished into disappearing stairways.

By Donald Ogden Stewart

IT was in China that Mr. Titcomb discovered that all Chinamen do not run laundries. It was a delightful discovery.

Mr. Titcomb had had grave doubts about the advisability of visiting China at all. In the first place, he had with him, on his round-the-world tour, his wife Daisy and his little boy Junior. In the second place, he didn't speak Chinese. And there didn't seem to be any of those "Chinese for the Traveler" conversation books which had led to so many delightful talks with the French and Italians on the subject of: "By what route, please, does one arrive at the best store for purchasing hairpins?" And finally, Mr. Titcomb was very doubtful about the Chinese themselves. The natives of the Yellow Empire (which Mr. Titcomb had observed from a comfortable chair in the best moving-picture theaters of Indianapolis) did not seem to be exactly the kind of people one would want as, let us say, constant companions. Mr. Titcomb had no desire to have Mrs. Titcomb carried off to an opium den; or, if he did have such a desire, he quickly suppressed it at the thought that her disappearance would leave him alone with Junior.

There still remained, however, in Mr. Titcomb's mind that sinister image—that lurking figure of He-Fang-Manchu, who, according to tradition, slid oilily from secret panels and vanished into disappearing stairways. And on the night before they left for Honolulu, Mr. Titcomb was horrified to observe that Mrs. Titcomb was being followed around the lobby of the hotel by the eyes of just such a Chinaman—a Chinaman who, one would know at one glance, was up to no good. Mr. Titcomb shuddered and took his wife's arm protectingly, and at that moment she remembered that she had left her diamond ring (or rather, one of her seventeen diamond rings) in her room.

Mr. Titcomb left Mrs. Titcomb and Junior seated securely under a bright light, and went upstairs. He found the ring—and descended. But his wife and son had disappeared!

The Titcomb heart sank. And then he dodged quickly behind a convenient pillar. He had caught a glimpse of Mrs. Titcomb, standing in a dark corner. Beside her was the Oriental with the evil eyes. He was smiling—a sinister smile.

The Titcomb jaw tightened, and Mr. Titcomb edged quietly toward the menace. He was a little doubtful as to just what particular action to take, but after a brief consideration he decided temporarily against violence. After all, the fellow had done nothing as yet which particularly warranted knocking him down in the name of American decency. So, with a careful glance around to assure himself against hidden panels and trapdoors, Mr. Titcomb cleared his throat and stepped from behind the nearest pillar.

"Velly nice night," he remarked, eying the foreigner.

Mrs. Titcomb started to speak, but the Chinaman gave her a swift glance that seemed much too familiar to Mr. Titcomb, and said, with an oily bow, "Velly."

"This lady," continued Mr. Titcomb with dignity, "velly much Amelican lady,—no wantum Chinee, you savee?"

"Me savee." The heathen bowed again. "Melican man wantum Chinee man go chop-chop."

Mr. Titcomb nodded and pointed to the door. And at that point Mrs. Titcomb joined the conversation. "Ferguson, I want you to meet Mr. Kai Mok. He was at Yale with my brother Ed."

"Well, well," said Mr. Titcomb, "it's a small world after all!"

And that marked another milestone in the Titcomb education.

(Next month Mr. Titcomb puts the Lulu in Honolulu.)

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race. Pluma Meyers has lived a strange life—what of it? Had she insisted upon being married each time, and taken the trouble to get a divorce before each new marriage, she would now be eligible for full-page write-ups in the Sunday papers each time she changed mates. Each man who led her to the altar would be proud of his conquest.

"It isn't what Pluma has done that upsets you—but the fact that she has come through it with her head up and her chin out. In the light of her past, she should be a faded and bedraggled rose. Instead, she is a gorgeous and untarnished tiger lily. It don't seem right—but what are you going to do about it? Let me tell you that the man who can win the love of which Pluma Meyers is capable is lucky. The fact that she voluntarily told you of her past proves that she is one woman in a million."

"Now," exclaimed Fowler as Kelly paused to relight his pipe, "let me tell you something!"

"Tell ahead!" Kelly grinned, flipping his match into the waste-basket.

"I am no spotless youth, myself," snapped Fowler. "I have never claimed to be. I love Pluma Meyers and have been trying to get her to marry me. I have proposed at least once a day for months. That is why she told me about her past. And let me tell you that the past makes no difference. I would marry her tomorrow if she would let me."

A MERRY laugh sounded in the room and we turned to see Pluma standing in the doorway. She had opened the door softly in time to overhear Fowler's outburst.

"In justice to yourself, Jimmy," she laughed, "you should tell them that each time you proposed, I offered to go away with you. The only reason I didn't do so was because you insisted on a ceremony here."

Jimmy's face turned a dark red, as Kelly laughed.

"Jimmy," continued Pluma, speaking to Kelly, "admits that he is not a spotless youth, but where I am concerned he remains the most determinedly virtuous youth I have ever met."

She walked to Jimmy and put her hand on his shoulder. A soft light glowed in her dark eyes.

"Perhaps," she smiled, "I will marry you tomorrow—we will talk about that later. Just now I have something to do. I didn't want to be in this game, but Jerry Ware has dealt me a hand and I am going to play it out. I want an escort to go with me to Ware's gambling-rooms."

As soon as we could find our tongues, Pluma had three volunteers. Jimmy protested the visit and asked what she meant to do.

"No, Jimmy," she said, "you can't go. I am going to teach Jerry Ware that monkeying with other folks' affairs is dangerous. This affair has closed my club. I was ready to close it of my own accord, but I will not be run out by Jerry Ware. He must be paid in his own coin. If you want to marry me tomorrow you will give me your word to stay right in this apartment until I return. The other boys may come with me."

After a few more vain protests Fowler gave Pluma the desired promise.

"May I ask a favor?" I inquired of her. "Is this likely to make a story for the paper?"

"It may," she said.

"Then may I call Lon Forbes and ask him to come along? He is a good scout and will do whatever you say, so long as he is in on the story."

Pluma stood silent until Kelly spoke up and advised her to let Forbes come, since I vouched for him. Then she nodded and I went to the telephone. Kelly went into the bedroom and returned with two automatics. While I waited for Forbes to answer the phone, Kelly loaded the guns and the one

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Pluma had given to him after the shooting at the club.

"Tell him to bring a gat," Kelly called to me as Forbes answered.

It was just past midnight when Pluma, Kelly, Forbes and myself entered the gambling-hall of Jerry Ware. We left the taxi waiting. The place was doing a good business. Nearly a hundred persons were scattered about the smoke filled room, flirting with the various games of chance. Attendants were darting about with trays of drinks.

Jerry Ware was standing near the roulette-wheel. He had taken care to be in evidence in the gambling-room during the entire evening, in case he should need an alibi.

PLUMA walked over and stood directly in front of him.

"Mr. Ware," she said in a soft voice that nevertheless carried a taunt, "I have heard that you are a gambler. I am here to find out. Will you please show me about your place and explain the games of chance to me? I intend that you shall be a pauper when I leave, unless you refuse to gamble with me to that extent."

Pluma had not raised her voice, but she seemed to have put a strange carrying quality into it. Kelly, Forbes and myself were thirty feet away, but we heard every word. Scores of others also heard and turned to stare at Pluma and Ware. The red face of the gambler reddened a trifle more and his black eyes narrowed for a moment. Then he smiled.

"Certainly, Miss Meyers," answered Ware, bowing slightly. "I am delighted that you have come and I promise to loan you cab-fare when you leave."

"Thanks," said Pluma, shrugging. "Please explain the games to me."

Kelly spoke in a low voice to Forbes. "You hang around this door," he said, "and handle that doorkeeper if it becomes necessary. We will stick close to Pluma."

I felt Kelly's fingers bite into my arm as we moved toward the curious crowd that had followed Pluma and Ware to the roulette-table.

"I wouldn't have missed this for all the money in the United States," whispered Kelly.

Pluma and the gambler, followed by an ever-increasing gallery, moved from table to table. Ware explained the games and Pluma asked the questions that a novice would ask. She made no offer to play until the crap table was reached.

"I think this is where I will play," said Pluma, after Ware had explained the game and answered her questions.

She took a place at the rail of the billiard-table that had been marked for the dice game. Jerry Ware walked to the end of the table and took a place beside the banker. Pluma opened her hand-bag, produced a roll of bills and counted the money onto the table. Twenty thousand dollars in thousand-dollar notes!

"Can I bet all this?" she asked.

A hush fell over the room. The other games had suspended and everybody had gathered about the crap table. Kelly stood at Pluma's left and I stood next him. The banker glanced at Jerry Ware. The gambler's lips were closed tightly over his cigar. He nodded.

"Twenty thousand dollars is the bet," proclaimed the banker in a hoarse voice.

Somebody handed Pluma the leather box from which the dice were to be flung. Gamblers agree that it is next to impossible to do anything crooked with dice flung from a box. Pluma picked up the two transparent red cubes spotted with white that lay on the table. She dropped them into the box and her eyes met those of Jerry Ware.

"Let me get this straight, Mr. Ware." Pluma smiled. "If I throw seven or eleven

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the first time, I win? If I throw two, three or twelve at the first throw, I lose?"

Ware nodded an affirmative.

"And," continued Pluma, "if I throw any other number, I must throw it again before I throw seven or I lose?"

Again Ware nodded.

"My Gawd!" groaned a man in the crowd. "She never saw a crap game before and she bets twenty grand!"

Without taking her eyes from those of Jerry Ware, Pluma gave the leather box a flirt that sent the cubes dancing across the table. Something between a gasp and a gurgle went through the watching crowd.

"Seven!" came a chorus of hoarse voices.

The dice lay a few inches apart on the table. A four and a trey showed on their tops. Ware took a fat roll of bills from his pocket and handed it to the banker. Twenty thousand-dollar notes were shoved across the table to Pluma. She laid them on top of her original stake.

"I shall bet it all," she said, reaching for the dice.

Again the banker looked at Jerry Ware and again the gambler nodded.

"Craps," said a yellow-faced man, reaching across the table to lay a one-hundred-dollar bill in a circle thus marked.

Pluma stood with the dice in one hand and the leather box in the other and looked at the hundred-dollar bill.

"What does he mean?" she asked. "What is he betting?"

"The gentleman is betting," explained the gray-faced banker, "that you throw two, three or twelve on the next roll. If you do, he wins eight dollars for each dollar he bets."

"I think I will," said Pluma, calmly pushing her forty thousand into the circle with the century note.

The silence in the room was ghastly. The eyes of the banker caught Jerry Ware.

"Shall I roll them?" asked Pluma sweetly.

"Shoot!" said Ware.

Pluma dropped the dice into the box, raised it to the level of her shoulder, swept it downward and spilled the dice onto the green cloth. Again the gurgle ran through the crowd. The dice stopped with an ace and a deuce staring upward. A woman behind Pluma fainted.

"Craps!" came from the awed crowd

THE banker pushed his box of money in front of Jerry Ware. With trembling hands the gambler began to count out the money.

"Bring the cash from the other tables and the safe," he ordered.

Smiling faintly, Pluma reached for the money in the circle. She flung the hundred-dollar bill and a thousand-dollar note to the yellow-faced man.

"Please stay out of this, Mister," she said.

The yellow-faced man nodded as he thrust the bills into his pocket. I heard Kelly's voice in my ear.

"That roll cost Ware three hundred and twenty thousand dollars," whispered Kelly.

All the cash in the place totaled two hundred and eighty thousand dollars. Jerry Ware pushed it across the table and laid his check for forty thousand on top of it. Pluma looked at the stack of bills and the four canvas sacks of silver, each labeled five hundred dollars. Her eyes again met those of the gambler.

"Now, Mr. Ware," she said, "if you are a real gambler, tell me how much more money you have in the bank."

All eyes were upon Jerry Ware. The man's chief pride was in his reputation as a gambler. He was cornered and he licked his lips as he fumbled for a bank-book and made a calculation.

"Eighty-seven thousand," he croaked.

"How long does your lease on this place run?" asked Pluma.

"Seven more months."

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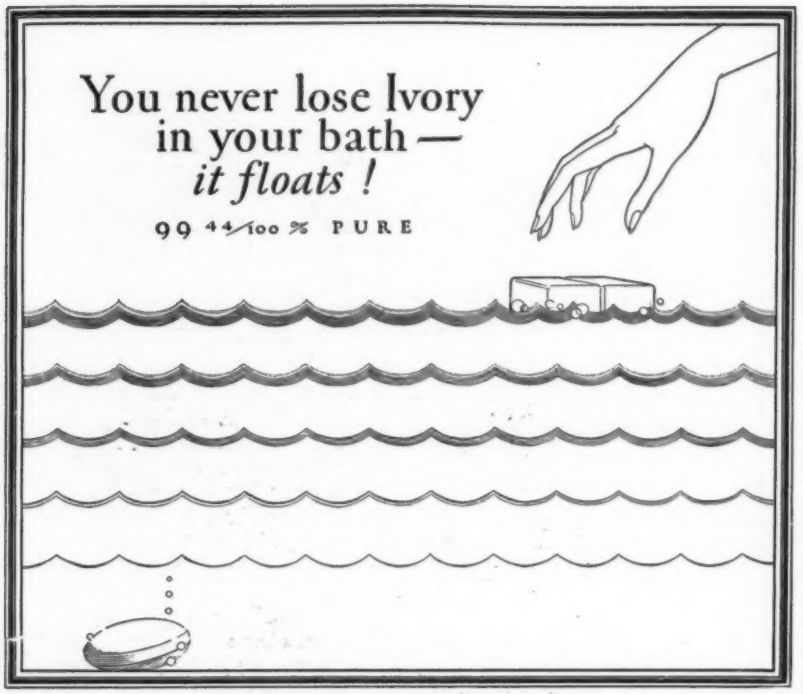

"At how much do you value your lease and fixtures?"

"Fifty thousand."

"Write a bill of sale for your lease and fixtures and another check for eighty-seven thousand and bet it against this," said Pluma softly, "if you are a real gambler."

Ware produced his check-book and wrote the check. On the back of a blank check he wrote the bill of sale.

"If I make this bet," he said, "we pee-wee for the dice."

"What do you mean?" asked Pluma.

I felt Kelly's elbow dig my ribs. Ware explained that to pee-wee for the dice meant that each of them would throw one die and the one who rolled the higher number gained the right to throw the dice for the stake.

"That sounds interesting," said Pluma. "Let's pee-wee for the stakes. Nothing could be fairer."

The crowd gasped. Ware licked his lips and swallowed hard. He tossed his check and the bill of sale onto the heap of money.

"Give me one die and roll out the other," muttered the gambler.

Pluma dropped one of the dice into Ware's outstretched hand and the other into the box. She gave the box a flip, and the cube rolled out upon the table and stopped with six spots up.

"Fair," remarked Pluma, handing the box to Ware.

The gambler dropped his cube into the box and grasped the leather cup with both trembling hands. He shook the box and flung the die onto the table. It stopped with a trey up. . . . .

Then things began to happen. The strain had been too great for the worn-out heart in Jerry Ware's rum-soaked and dissipated body. Clawing with fat, pasty hands at the rail of the table, the gambler slid gasping to the floor. As his body slid from sight, Kelly leaped to the table beside the heap of money. I saw he had a gun in each hand.

"All hands in the air," snapped Kelly. "Back away from this table!"

BEFORE the last words were out of his mouth, Pluma Meyers was on the table, her back against Kelly's and her gun in her hand. Kelly spoke to me, but his eyes never left the crowd.

"See about Ware," he said.

I knelt beside the fallen gambler. I know apoplexy when I see it. There was neither breath nor pulse.

"Stone dead," I informed Kelly.

"Let us hope the community will be able to bear the blow," answered Kelly. "Tell Forbes to herd that doorkeeper in here with the rest of this bunch and then you find something to put this money in."

When I came back with a cardboard carton that I found under a cigar counter, Lon Forbes had brought the doorkeeper and was standing beside the body of Ware. He helped me to gather the money and checks into the carton.

"You two," said Kelly, "cover this gang until Pluma and I have cleared out. Then call the cops and tell them what happened. You know where we will be."

Forbes and myself covered the crowd with our guns and Kelly picked up the carton of money and left, followed by Pluma. When they had been gone five minutes Forbes and myself put away our guns and told the crowd that we were calling the police. I left ahead of the crowd, leaving Forbes to call the police and cover the story. Forbes told me afterward that there were but three persons besides himself in the place when the officers came.

I reached my apartment ten minutes behind Pluma and Kelly. I found them with Jimmy Fowler standing around the table on which stood the carton of cash. They had told Jimmy what had happened at the gambling joint.

"Bolt that door," said Kelly—and I did.

Kelly poured drinks from the "perfume" bottle for all but Pluma. Fowler seemed unable to take his eyes from the fortune in the carton. Pluma fished out the two checks and the bill of sale that Ware had written and calmly tore them to small bits. She tossed the bits into the wastebasket.

"His wife and kids will need that," she said. "Now all of you sit down and listen."

We sat and Pluma perched herself on the arm of Jimmy Fowler's chair.

"Jimmy, dear," she said, "do you want to marry me in the morning?"

Jimmy's arm tightened around her waist.

"You know I do!" he cried.

"All right, you shall—if you agree to my own terms before these witnesses. How much money have you in the bank?"

Jimmy confessed to sixty thousand, and at her request wrote a check for that amount, payable to Warren Kelly. Pluma took the check and handed it to Kelly.

"Now, witnesses," said Pluma, "listen closely. Jimmy Fowler owns a farm in the southern part of Illinois. He owns nothing else and owes no one any money. He has just given away all the money he made bootlegging. I came to Chicago with nothing but my automobile and I shall leave as I came. The money in that box shall remain at the disposal of my friend Warren Kelly. If those terms suit Jimmy, we shall be married as soon as we can get to a preacher."

"Anything suits me," said Fowler as he drew Pluma into his lap.

"A whale of a gesture," remarked Kelly, "but where's the sense? And why pick on me as the receiver of unearned wealth?"

"I gave you the money," answered Pluma, "because we don't need it to be happy, and because you can scatter money more rapidly and with less benefit to yourself than any other person I know. Go ahead and scatter it. Jimmy and I are going to start all over with nothing but a farm and our hands."

"Why?" insisted Kelly.

"Because it has dawned upon me that the world was made for families and that the human race is not fit to live in any larger groups. Because I am so sure that Jimmy and I can be happy that way that I am even willing to be married by a preacher."

Kelly laughed heartily. I sat trying to convince myself that I had not dreamed the whole thing—was not still dreaming.

"Can—may we come to the wedding?" asked Kelly.

"No," answered Pluma. "A ceremony is bad enough without making a show out of it. Anyhow, it is only two hundred miles to Jimmy's home town and we ought to be there before the preacher gets up. I don't want to be in Chicago in the morning and be called before a coroner's jury. By the way, settle with my bondsman for the bond I am jumping. Come on, Jimmy!"

LIKE that, they were gone. Kelly sat smiling at the door that had closed behind them. Then he slowly tore up the check Jimmy had written and tossed the pieces into the wastebasket.

"His wife and kids will need that!" And Kelly grinned.

"What about that?" I asked, pointing to the carton on the table.

"I shall guard that with my life until morning," chuckled Kelly. "Then I shall place it in a well-built bank."

"You mean to keep it?"

"Well, I might give a little of it to some blind man on a corner."

I sat in silence while Kelly rose and poured drinks. I could not realize that it was less than nine hours since Kelly had dropped in.

"What do you make of it?" I asked.

"I am reminded," said Kelly, "that the Lord moves in strange ways His wonders to

Arthur Hawthorne Carhart

The author of "The Thinkin'est Dog," in this issue, will follow it in an early number with the story of another dog of the Colorado mountains, entitled—

"The Dog Who Walked with Courage"

perform, and that Cupid doesn't ask his targets for references."

"What do you plan to do now?"

"Now that I have become a charitable institution," chuckled Kelly, filling his pipe, "I rather think I will settle down for a while in Chicago."

"In that case," I remarked, "I shall at once resign from the paper. My nerves are not up to covering the news with you in town."

"Don't resign," said Kelly. "Some of my enterprises may need publicity."

"CRAWL OUT ON THE WING!"

(Continued from page 65)

fly—and Scott Leighton was going to teach her—and he was going to admit that she could fly and was a regular flyer, if it took a million years—and that was that.

So when she said, "You don't know what I went through in that darn' ground-school," she was quite right; Tommy didn't, and what is more, wouldn't have believed half of it, anyway.

"Never mind, sugar," he soothed. "It's all over now. When you were up in the air, that blame' old Scott Leighton talked a lot different. Honey, he said you were one of the best flyers he had ever seen."

"Did he?" demanded Nancy, her eyes shining. "Oh, Tommy, isn't it a lovely day and —and everything! I love you, darlin'. You were a right nice boy to wait for me. Tommy —I've just thought of something. You must let him teach you to fly, right away."

"Yeah," said Tommy without much enthusiasm. "I reckon I will."

"Here's the Carlton, honey. I'll tell Ann Martha about it, and then we'll go over to Katherine's. Come back for me in about an hour. Where are you going, Tommy?"

"Why, I reckon I'll go and see William Henery Norcross, and—"

"France and Shirley are there, Tommy. They're right pretty girls; you better had be careful. I think I'll take you up to see Ann Martha with me, right now."

"Darlin', you know I think—"

"I know," interrupted Nancy, her lips curving up in a smile as she looked at the slim, much-tanned young Mr. Dinwiddie. "I know, Tommy dear, but at the same time I reckon I'd feel much safer if you were with me."

"Doggone it, I've got to see Henery on business. I can't help it if there's some pretty girls around."

"That's right, Tommy," agreed Nancy, getting out. "You can't. Come back for me in an hour, darlin'."

ANN MARTHA RANDOLPH was the primary reason of Nancy's flying. Before her marriage to Dr. Randolph, Ann Martha had been graduated under Captain Leighton, and it was her plane and the way she handled it that had started Nancy on her flying career.

"I did it," announced Nancy triumphantly, as she entered Ann Martha's rooms. "I soloed. The first time the darned old engine stalled on me, and I cracked up. Then I went up and—"

"You what?" demanded Ann Martha. "Nancy Moncton, do you mean to tell me that you cracked up and then went right up again and—"

"I did—and what's more, in Captain Leighton's own bus. It wasn't anything, Ann Martha. I've been thrown a lot harder."

Then she told what had happened and wound up with: "And now all I have to do is to pass the Department of Commerce test, and I'll have my license. I don't have to have it to fly, but I want one, like yours."

The telephone rang, and Ann Martha answered.

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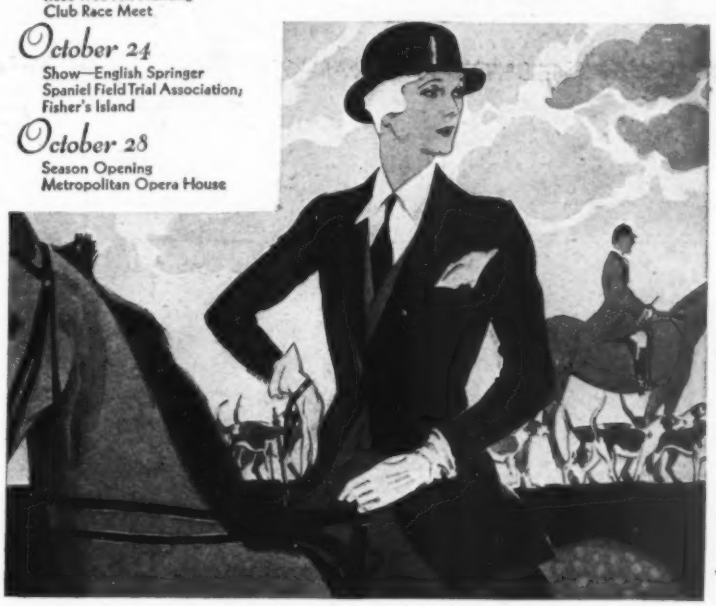

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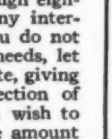

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"Mrs. Randolph speaking. . . . . Why, Tommy, dear, come right up. Yes, Nancy is here." Then as she put up the receiver: "What does Tommy think about your flying?"

"I don't reckon he cares much about it," confessed Nancy.

"Why don't you take him up with you sometime? He might like it, and then he wouldn't mind."

Tommy's knock at the door ended further suggestions for the moment. "Howdy, Ann Martha; howdy, Nance! Ann Martha, you better had be staying out of Garrett County and give the rest of the girls a chance. You get any prettier, and they wont—"

"Thank you, Tommy," Ann Martha said gayly. "You really and truly think I'm a lot prettier than this Nancy Moncton, don't you, dearest? Tell the truth now, Tommy!"

"No suh, I don't," answered Tommy hastily. "That no-'count old Nancy Moncton sitting there is the best-looking girl in the world, let alone Garrett County."

"Why, Tommy Dinwiddie," teased Ann Martha, "here I've been thinking all along that you loved me."

"I do," said Tommy stoutly. "How could I help loving you, darlin'?"

"I'll tell you one thing you can help, I reckon," said Nancy firmly, "and that is running around telling every pretty girl you see that you—"

"Doggone it, Nance, why don't you be a good girl? You know I don't do anything of the kind. I don't know every pretty girl I see, anyway."

"Are you going to stay up here, Tommy?" put in Ann Martha hastily.

"As long as Nance does," Tommy answered firmly. "Until she gets through this darn' fool flying stuff, anyway."

TOMMY DINWIDDIE sat in the shade of one of the tobacco-barns on the Garrett plantation. With Bud Johnston, Frances Garrett, Betty Wythe, Buck Montgomery and several more, he had just finished inspection of the two planes that stood in one of the tobacco-fields that Captain Anse Garrett had cleared and leveled.

"Doggone, it's hot," Tommy announced. "France, let's you and I take that plane of Ann Martha's and go way up north."

"I'd love to, darlin'," drawled Frances Garrett, who was considered by most of the county as being the loveliest of the Garrett clan. "When will we go—right away?"

"Reckon there's a little matter Tommy will have to 'tend to first," said Buck Montgomery lazily, "before he goes north with you—and that's killing me."

"Shucks, that wont take a minute," laughed Tommy. "Bud will 'tend to it for me, wont you, Bud?"

"No suh," answered Bud, from where he sat with pretty little Betty Wythe. "Do your own killin'. If it weren't for passin' all those dogged tests Nance was tellin' us about, reckon I'd get me one of those things."

"Don't get so blame' ambitious all of a sudden," Tommy said. "Boy, howdy, you ought to see what that Department man made Nance do! She did everything but turn the darn' thing inside out and I reckon she'd have done that if Major Carnduff told her too."

"Oh, my goodness!" said Betty Wythe. "I was going to learn myself, but I reckon I wont now."

"Three cheers for that," announced Bud Johnston. "Tommy, how come you didn't? You most always try anything once."

"Nothin' doin'," answered Tommy firmly. "I haven't lost anything up there. One flyer in the family is enough. Reckon I'll stay on the ground."

"Well, I'll be darned!" Buck Montgomery grinned. "Has Ah libed to see de day dat a Dinwiddie is skeert?"

"Not yet," said Tommy hotly, "and what's more, you never will. If you think that you—"

The sound of a bell came to them from the big house.

"First bell," warned Frances, getting up. "My goodness gracious, I'm all dusty and everything. Better hurry, everyone! Fried chicken and waffles and—" She didn't have time to tell the rest of what they were going to have for lunch—all of them being young, healthy, and fast on their feet.

There were twenty-five or thirty people there at Katherine Garrett Norcross' house-party, and most of them had known each other all their lives, and were at least second or third cousins. It was a happy, friendly party, all young people, and the big cool dining-room echoed to gay bursts of laughter. There was no set place to sit down; it depended on what time one arrived where one sat. Tommy made a place for himself up near one end of the long table between Betty Carroll and Anse Garrett. "Move over, Anse," he commanded. "Doggone it, how can I make love to Betty, if you're sticking around all the time?"

"That's right, darlin'," said Betty. "You sit right down and commence. Look across the table first, sugar, and then tell me how much more you love me than that Nancy Moncton—"

"Go ahead, Tommy," said Nancy, who was sitting next to Buck Montgomery, with Ann Martha on the other side of him, "tell her."

"First let Nancy finish about the test," Anse Garrett suggested.

"Why, I've told all there is to tell," Nancy said, "only I did the barrel-roll, and—"

"Nancy," asked Ann Martha, "are you sure you did? I've tried and tried and— Nancy, after lunch, will you go up and do it and let me watch you, close up? I've always—"

"Pass the word down to Bob Randolph that his wife wants to learn the barrel-roll," said Tommy.

Dr. Randolph, a flyer himself, but at the moment with his left wrist in bandages resulting from a sprain received on the hunting-field, looked up and smiled. "If Ann Martha wants to learn the barrel-roll, the best thing she can do is to hop right to it."

"WHERE'S your parachute?" asked Nancy, as Ann Martha settled herself in the cockpit of her plane.

"I left it in Richmond," answered Ann Martha calmly. "Two of the hooks were loose, and I took it down to have it gone over. It wasn't ready when—"

"What? And you flew without it? My goodness gracious, Ann Martha, I never heard of such a thing! Did Bob let you come—"

"He doesn't know it, dearest," said Ann Martha sweetly. "He came by train. Don't be silly, Nancy—what did people do before they made them? I hate to have one strapped on me, anyway."

"You're taking awful chances—and—Ann Martha, you mustn't do the barrel-roll without a—"

"Oh, for Pete's sake," interrupted Ann Martha inelegantly. "Hurry up! Some of the rest will be coming over here. If Bob finds it out I'll never go up. Tell Buck to turn her over, Nancy, quick; I want to get up before— There, the rest are coming!"

Nancy went over to her own plane, announcing to no one in particular as she hooked her 'chute on: "Well, of all the chance-takers, I reckon that Ann Martha Randolph is the limit. I'm going to have mine right on me."

Nancy waited for Ann Martha to take off, her own propeller whirling. She saw the other plane go swiftly down the field; then she saw, as did the rest standing at the edge of the field, that just as the nose lifted, the right wheel of the undercarriage hit something in the field and broke. The plane lurched for a moment with the jar; then Ann Martha proved she was a flyer. Her ship straightened and went up, parts of the wheel still hanging to the axle. Nancy's lovely face went white for a moment; then her lips tightened. She taxied down the field and took off, without a moment's hesitation. She knew, and she knew that Ann Martha knew, that a landing with a broken wheel was impossible—and Ann Martha had no parachute. What she could do up in the air, Nancy didn't stop to figure; all her thought was, to get near Ann Martha and—perhaps Ann Martha could get in her plane in some way or— She dismissed the thought as soon as it came to her.

ANN MARTHA climbed straight up, then straightened out and began flying in wide circles around the field. She knew what had happened—the jar told her plainly. She also knew that a landing was impossible. There was only one thing she could do—find water and try to land on it. If she could bring her plane down, letting the left wheel strike and the wing dip, she might—she had heard of a flyer who did, but— She saw Nancy coming up and swung out in a wider circle. What could Nancy do—what was she trying to signal? She'd better not get so close. . . . . What? Stay up? In a circle? Was that what she meant, waving her hand around? Ann Martha smiled grimly. That was all she could do—stay up—unless she got to water and— She dipped sharply to the right. Nancy was too close! What was Nancy doing now—going down? What for? Well, she'd circle; that's what Nancy wanted her to do. If she did crash, Bob would—would—Ann Martha blinked the tears from her eyes and began to fly carefully, making her circle inside the field limits.

Nancy, as soon as she saw that Ann Martha was doing what she wanted her to, climbed up to the proper height and glided down. It had come to her, what to do—and she was going to do it. She needed Tommy, with his thin tanned face and slow amused drawl, Tommy, who loved her. He would do it. In Nancy's loyal little heart there was no question of whether he could or not. "Tommy *will*." She landed and taxied up almost to where the white-faced group stood—no longer gay and happy. She unhooked her 'chute and carefully made a tight package of it again, climbed out and walked directly up to Tommy Dinwiddie.

"Come on, Tommy," she said quietly, not even seeing the rest. "Ann Martha hasn't a parachute. You come and crawl out on the wing with mine and drop it into her plane for her."

"Wait a minute," said Dr. Randolph, just as quietly. "I'm the one to do that, Nancy."

"You can't, with your wrist," answered Nancy, already half turned back. "If you could—you'd be the one, Bob."

"I'll do 'er for you, Doc," said Tommy cheerfully; he was a little ahead of Nancy.

"All right, Tommy," said Randolph, his face gray. "Good hunting, old boy!" He knew what it meant to crawl out on the wing of a monoplane, what the wind-pressure meant—and he knew that with his sprained wrist he could not do it—and have one hand free to drop anything.

THEY stood there, the pretty Southern girls and the lean, hard-riding, soft-voiced men with them, without a word or a tear, their faces set and their lips tight. Afterwards, perhaps, the girls would cry, but now—it was the code and they were living up to it, all of them. One of them was in deadly danger, and two of their kinfolks had gone to help them; that was all. The only sound came from over at the negro quarters, where the colored people, quick to sense anything wrong, had bunched. Old Sam was openly mourning. "Oh, mah Lord! Dat pretty chile up dar, an' mah Miss Nancy

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and Misto Tommy gwine up to git kilt too. Oh, Lord, does You save 'em an—"

"I'll smack you, doesn't you stop dat bull-bellowin'," said Medora, his two-hundred-sixty-pound wife, who was made of sterner stuff. "Doesn't you see dat Miss Nancy Moncton and Misto Tommy Dinwiddie done gone up to git her? Doesn't dem two do hit, no use callin' on de Lord! Hush yore fool nigger mouth, you hears me?"

TOMMY sat behind Nancy, his face impassive, and only when she had straightened out and was flying above Ann Martha in the same circle did he call: "What do you want me to do, Nance?"

"I'm going to fly right over Ann Martha, a little to the right—at the same speed if I can," Nancy made him understand. "Crawl out on the wing with the 'chute and when you are over her cockpit, drop it in. We'll be over her ten or twelve feet. Don't miss, Tommy."

"I wont," shouted Tommy. "Do I start now?"

The two planes came around the circle, one just over the other. From the ground it looked as if there was only one big distorted plane.

"All right, Tommy," Nancy finally signaled.

Tommy bent down and picked up the folded parachute. It made a compact bundle about eighteen inches long by twelve wide and six thick. As he eased out of the cockpit over on the wing, hugging it close to his stomach, Nancy's control broke for a moment.

"Oh, Tommy—I—I—I love you! I can't—"

"Hold 'er," called Tommy sternly, halfway out. "You sit tight and ride, Nance Moncton!"

Nancy, every ounce of her straining to keep the plane on an even keel, could see Tommy, lying flat on his stomach, the parachute under him, inch his way along the wing, his hands at the edge, going slowly, one over the other. She could see him try to flatten to avoid as much of the air pressure as possible. He would inch along, then wiggle the parachute under him, keeping it covered with his body all the time, then hand over hand, do it again. Now he was at the end of the wing—now his hands were clinging—one of them; the other, was feeling under him. And Ann Martha's plane was below her—she must get out a little so that Tommy could drop the 'chute—she would have to circle and come in on a narrower circle. Not too much, but enough to— Tommy would hold on—she knew it; he was her man, and he couldn't— *Now!*

SHE saw Tommy hold on with one hand, saw the parachute lifted out from under him, saw him lean over the edge, then saw his hand come back empty. Nancy felt as if her heart had stopped beating for a moment. Then she saw Tommy slowly and carefully coming back along the wing—two thousand feet high in the air. Just as slowly as he had gone out, he came back, hand over hand, and as his hand touched the cockpit, Nancy could see from the wide curve she was on, Ann Martha Randolph standing in the cockpit of her plane, holding the parachute-bundle up for her to see.

Tommy got in and sat down. His face looked drained of blood, and his lips were gray, but the smile was there as ever. "Doggone, that was a hard place to hold on to," he announced, mostly to himself. "I hit Ann Martha plumb on the head with that darn' thing. She'll be right fussy at me, I bet you."

Nancy's laugh was a little choked, but she said, likewise mostly to herself: "We'll be down in a minute. I love you, Tommy."

Ann Martha did something that was very hard to do and required a good deal of delicate wiggling. She flew her plane, and little by little, she put the parachute on at

the same time. The fact that it was equipped with snaps and hooks instead of buttons, helped a good deal. Finally it was on, and she took her plane up another thousand feet, then stepped over the side, the rip-cord in her hand.

She was well clear of the plane before she pulled it, and as the parachute opened out, a little breeze caught it, and she floated away on it toward the Chetwode plantation, where she landed without a scratch.

Dr. Randolph watched the parachute for a moment; then he turned to Anse Garrett. "Where's a car, Anse?"

No one offered to go with him. They all felt it would be better if he were alone with Ann Martha while she explained the lack of a parachute. They were aided in this feeling by the expression on Dr. Randolph's face.

Nancy glided down, made a perfect landing, taxied to a full stop, stood up. Then, without a word, her lovely arms went around the neck of Mr. Tommy Dinwiddie, and her now tremulous lips went to his.

After a moment: "Tommy, I—I—you— I reckon I don't want to fly any more! Oh, when I saw you out on that—"

"Go on," scoffed Tommy. "You're just fussed up about Ann Martha. I'm going to get me one of these things, right away."

"What?" Miss Moncton disengaged herself from Mr. Dinwiddie's arms promptly. "I am *not* fussed up about Ann Martha! And you are not to get you one, either. You —you can have mine, Tommy."

"I don't want 'er," answered Tommy. "I'm going to get me one. And don't you ever let me catch you up there without a parachute on you, either. You hear me?"

"Yes sir, Captain, I hear you," said Nancy meekly—but with a smile.

THE THINKIN'EST DOG

(Continued from page 77)

shoved over the sides even if the bridge held the weight. In the flooding creek below they would be lost. Each second that stream was carrying a greater burden. Rocks began to rumble and bumble in the stream bed. Still the sheep swept on behind their crazed leader like—sheep.

Fannie was frantic. The sheep were stampeding to a certain death, headed by the Mahogany Lamb.

Racing, tumbling, she threw herself at the lamb. The space between the flying flock and the end of the bridge was pitifully small. She must stop the leader at all costs.

ACROSS the stream, through the wispy threads of falling rain, there loomed the form of Big Jim, running. He shouted. In an instant he had seen what was happening. He glimpsed the speeding form of Fannie, and ahead of her the bouncing, crazed Mahogany Lamb.

Fannie reached the lamb. The bridge loomed only a few feet ahead. She threw herself at his nose. He shook her off, blatting insanely. They tumbled and rolled, and then the lamb was up again, diving toward the bridge. Like a thunderbolt the dog flew at the head of the lamb. The flock was blindly following this leader. Again Fannie leaped. The lamb swerved a little and then plunged on.

Big Jim reached the bridge—but if one sheep ever started across that bridge, neither he or anyone else could stem the charge.

Then Jim saw something happen. It took only the flick of an eye. But he caught every move. The dog and the lamb, running neck and neck, touched the end of the bridge. They were well out ahead of the body of the flock. Suddenly Fannie flew through the air. The lamb staggered. With a bleat of new terror he lost his footing, staggered, stumbled up—only to be met fiercely by a leaping attack from Fannie.

Over the side of the bridge went the Mahogany Lamb, the crazed leader of an insane charge.

Big Jim came leaping across the log bridge waving his arms, shouting. The flock slowed up, stupidly stared—their leader had vanished. Then the sheep turned and milled away, their fears of roaring thunder lost in the new menace of Big Jim's flailing arms, his hoarse shouting and the roar of the waters which they had caught in that momentary pause after the lamb leader had been driven over the side of the bridge.

Jim turned to find Fannie. He called. Then he heard her excited yelps. He ran to the bridge, looked downstream.

In the middle of the current battled the Mahogany Lamb. On the bank, hesitating only the fraction of a second, danced Fannie. The next instant she leaped.

Fannie's head went under; she came up snorting and pawing frantically toward the lamb through the rushing waters. They went under in a surging rapids, then came out into a smoother place.

Fannie reached the lamb. Her teeth locked over the skin at the back of his neck. For a moment Big Jim stood. And then he ran —down the side of the bank, battling his way through the willow thickets, slipping along the muddy spots and tumbling over loose boulders. He reached a point below the fighting dog. He looked at the flood that would test his best strength. And then he saw the wet head of Fannie as she fought the current.

Big Jim leaped. He went through the chill waters in mighty strides. The water tore at his legs. He caught sight of the lamb and the dog. Fannie was weakening but still fighting. They went out of sight again, sucked under by the rushing current. Big Jim muttered and threw himself into the middle of the stream. He fought forward. The waters caught Fannie and her burden and threw them away from him. He cursed and floundered. They were below him now.

They would be carried downstream, beyond the reach of his arms!

And then the fickle current swirled against a bank and threw the dog and the lamb backward, almost into Big Jim's arms.

The next moment he was stamping up the bank, a limp lamb under one arm, a dog that struggled weakly under the other.

There were tears in the eyes of Big Jim as he got out his own big coat and wrapped Fannie in it. And then he found an old blanket and wrapped it around the lamb.

THE storm raced on. Clear evening came with the glory of a Colorado sunset. Big Jim stooped over the crackling fire and brewed coffee and stew. On the opposite side of the fire lay Fannie. Slowly she got to her feet, walked hesitantly over to the bundle where nestled the Mahogany Lamb. She sniffed a moment at his ears and head where they stuck out of the blanket wrapping. Big Jim suddenly felt his throat tighten, for there was something that reminded him of the evening Fannie had come to him after she had found her puppies gone.

"Never you mind, pup," said Big Jim huskily. "That lamb's goin' to stay with this flock as a marker whether the Boss likes it or not."

Fannie turned toward Big Jim, started a furious wiggling of her body that found its wildest expression in the oscillation of her tail, and approached Big Jim, patting her front paws daintily on the ground. She stopped directly in front of him and grinned happily.

"Doggone!" remarked Big Jim.

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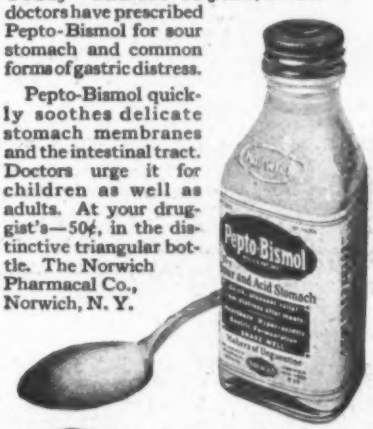

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NOR WERE HER

(Continued

HE left behind him the castle, looming dark on its granite hill; left behind him, presently, the fertile valley, and rode out into the woods; and he sang softly to the neighing stallion, sang softly to the creaking saddle, sang softly to the wind and the proud trees a ballad of the bazaars, pouring into the melody remembrance and longing, the gathered, past nights of passion and riot, the nights of passion and riot yet to come.

Straight toward Kabul he kept, not tarrying by the roadside except once, when he saw a girl of the Ghilzai tribe, with chestnut curls and eyes like shy little fawns in the forest.

To her he said:

"How near I came to missing you!"

He kissed her; nor were her lips unwilling; and he galloped away until, late on the third afternoon, he reached Kabul—always a rowdy, lawless, full-flavored town, but today more noisy than ever, its streets and alleys, its squares and bazaars teeming with humanity, not to mention humanity's wives and children and mothers-in-law and visiting country cousins.

For today—which, as it turned out, was lucky for Mehmet's enterprise—was a great Moslem festival, the day preceding the *Lelet el-Kadr,* the "Night of Honor," the anniversary of the blessed occasion when Allah in His Mercy revealed the Book of the Koran to His messenger Mohammed.

So throngs milled and moiled everywhere; people of half Central Asia's crazy-quilt of races, with here and there men from the farther east and south and north—Chinese, Malays, Hindus, Siberians, come to Kabul to fatten on the holiday trade. All were making merry after the Orient's immemorial fashion, resplendently, extravagantly, blaringly: the men swaggering and strutting, fingering jeweled daggers, cocking immense turbans or shaggy fur caps at a rakish, devil-may-care angle; the women adjusting thin-meshed face-veils which did not need adjusting at all; the little boys seeing if they could shout richer and louder abuse than the other little boys; the little girls rivaling each other in the gay pansy shades of their loose trousers and the consumption of greasy sweetmeats.

THERE were jugglers and knife-twirlers, sword-swallowers, and painted dancing-boys. There were cook-shops and lemonade-stands, toy-booths and merry-go-rounds. There were itinerant dervish preachers chanting the glories of Allah the One, the Prophet Mohammed, and the Forty-seven True Saints. There were platforms where professional gladiators were at the *nucki-ka-kusti:* naked but for their loin-cloths, faces covered by iron masks, and fighting with their fingers to which tiger-claws had been fastened. There were blind beggars, rattling dry sticks and wailing: "The grave is the darkness, O Moslems! Good deeds are the lamps!" There were bear-leaders, ape-leaders, fortune-tellers and story-tellers, bards, buffoons and Punch-and-Judy shows. There were large bell-shaped tents where golden-skinned gipsy girls trilled and quavered their melancholy songs to the accompaniment of tamborines and guitars. There was, of course, a great deal of love-making—the love-making of the Orient, which is frank, direct and a trifle indelicate. There were, too, rows and brawls galore.

"In thy protection, O my head, O my eyes!" moaned a hillman, drunk with hasheesh, whom a policeman, wielding his rhinoceros-hide whip with all his strength, was flogging toward the jail, while the man's wife trailed on behind with loud plaints of: *"Yah gharati, yah dahwati*—O thou my calamity, O thou my shame!"—her balled fists

LIPS UNWILLING

from page 51)

meanwhile ably assisting the policeman's flail.

"O spawn of the Devil the Stoned! O commodity on which money is lost! O especially not wanted!" shrieked a Kalmick woman as she yanked her tiny pert-eyed child from beneath the crimson paper partition of a candy-booth.

The next moment she fondled and kissed her.

"O piece of my soul!" she cooed. "O pride of thy father's house, though only a girl!"

"Owl! Leper! Uncouth and swinish foreigner!" This from a Turkoman disputing the right of way with a Balochi. "May thy countenance be cold, O goat cheese at high noon!"

"Basest of illegitimate hyenas!" was the prompt reply. "Father of seventeen mangy camels! Now, by Allah and by Allah, thou shalt eat fist!"

And a whirlwind of wicked blows, kicking feet, the threat of a drawn dagger—until a grinning, spitting soldier separated the combatants and cuffed them both with cheerful impartiality.

"Hai! hai! hai!" laughed the onlookers.

"Hai! hai!" laughed Mehmet, who by this time had stabled his horse in a caravanserai and was on his way to the palace of the late Prince Shamyl Nadir, which lifted the apex of its wide horseshoe gate fifty feet into the air, its massive walls untwining sinuous arabesques of purple and peacock-green beneath the pigeon-blue glare of the sky, its four towers lovely and pointed and snowy-white.

IN size and splendor it surpassed even the palace of the Amir of the Afghans, since in his day Prince Nadir had been a doughty warrior who had harried India and Russia, Persia and Mongolia, and had brought back enormous loot. Small wonder that his many cousins were jealously watching his widow lest, by her remarriage, the rich inheritance escape them. Small wonder that armed sentinels guarded the gate. For suitors had been known to be reckless; and there was still talk of Mogul Khan, who had once aspired to Habeebah's hand; and if marry she must, let one of her former husband's clan be the lucky man.

Today, though, the gate was open, as Habeebah too was celebrating the *Lelet el-Kadr*. Already the palace grounds were gay with a throng of relatives, while porters were arriving, bringing fruit, vegetables, sweetmeats, quarters of beef and mutton, perfume, incense, flowers—everything needed to tickle palate and nose. In a steady procession they crossed the threshold, the last a tall Tartar balancing an earthen jar of golden, rose-flavored Shiraz wine on his head.

No. Not the last.

Here came still another porter on the run, trying to catch up; a broad-shouldered man, the fringed end of his turban cloth hiding a fine red beard, and carrying a large bundle that rattled and clanked.

"Pots and pans!" he explained to the captain of the guard, who looked up suspiciously; and he hurried through the garden toward the kitchen entrance.

But halfway he stopped in the shelter of of a clump of oak trees. Quickly he undid the bundle—produced a cloak, in color like the amber bloom of grapes; produced, furthermore, a sword and seven daggers; boldly stuck out a peaked, flame-bright beard. And a few minutes later—telling himself, "Brazen does it!"—he stalked haughtily amidst the scented, painted, silken Kabuli dandies, Habeebah's guests, who were promenading among the flower-beds, chattering, gossiping—laughing when they saw Mehmet the Red and swapping amused whispers.

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WHAT IT IS

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If you need assistance we will be glad to help you find a boarding school for your son that is well suited to meet his individual needs. Please write in detail, both about the boy and the type of education desired; your religious affiliation; where you want the school, and what you plan to spend for board and tuition. Address your letter personally to:

The Director, Department of Education

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

230 Park Avenue New York City

"Look at his cloak! Two years behind the fashion!"

"And torn and spotted!"

"Look at his bragging sword!"

"And his daggers—count them—seven!"

"And the way he struts!"

"Who is he?"

"Nobody I know!"

"Oh, I suppose some yokel of a country cousin of Habeebah's—she has so many—come to town to see the sights and fill his belly!"

Mehmet heard. But he bridled his rising temper. Some day he would be back this way; and then, Allah willing, they would be less leaky of tongue when *swish* would go his blade at their quaking throats!

But not today. Today he had other bran to pick.

So he contented himself with peering truculently at the Kabulis, who, nowise abashed, continued their mocking and jeering—then suddenly were quiet as the palace door was flung open and out stepped the Princess' *Kisslar Agassi* or major-domo, a tall man with a red beard that rivaled Mehmet's. He waved an emerald-tipped wand from left to right and from right to left and announced in stentorian accents:

"Here is the Heaven-born—*chok yasha Sultaunut asumaun zaudeh*—here is the Most Excellent Presence!"

And Habeebah came.

She was small and very slight, Mehmet could tell, in spite of the muslin swathings in broad stripes of mauve and silver that covered her from her head to her feet; and he sharply drew in his breath and murmured: "Get Thee in back of me, O Shaitan, O Tempter!" when he saw coal-black ringlets curling about her little ears; saw, between the top seam of her face veil and the triangular droop of her rose-pink, coquettish turban, two almond-shaped eyes like violets drenched in dew.

Ah—black hair, violet eyes!

And he felt desire vaguely stirring, as she walked along—*cling-clong, cling-clong*—the tinkle of her heavy jeweled anklets accentuating the soft thud of her feet that showed tiny and bare and stained crimson with henna, while the Kabulis bowed deeply, with loud, throaty greetings:

"Khoosh amoodé, yah Sultauna katoon!"

"Murhaban, yah haukamut!"

"Salaam rumha, yah dokhtera Shah!"

Again and again they salaamed, more and more deeply—not only because she was the widow of a prince of the blood, but also, and chiefly, because of her wealth; because they were typical town-breds, men of mincing, false urbanity and squalid, puling avarice; because in each and every one, old and young, lean and fat, was the wish:

"If I could be the lucky one! *Wah*, her riches, her great riches!"

So they hated and mistrusted and watched each other; then, all at once, they gathered up their hate and balled it into a single cry of indignation when they saw that here was one, this red-bearded, steel-clanking yokel, who was not salaaming, but was standing bold upright, staring at Habeebah—was now swaggering up to where she had sat down on a heap of cushions.

"BRAZEN does it!" Mehmet told himself again; and he stopped before Habeebah, shielding her with his broad back so that nobody could see what he was doing, and dropped Mogul Khan's signet ring in her palm.

She recognized it immediately. She choked back a startled exclamation. He whispered rapidly. Amazement flared up in her violet eyes, gratitude, understanding; and with a woman's intuitive guile, she played up to him cleverly, declaring for all the world to hear:

"Cousin or not, what manners be these? Begone!"

"But," he replied, no longer in a whisper, "I came here especially to—"

"To eat—and to beg! I know you and your breed—ravenous as wolves, greedy as crows."

"Have pity on me!" he wheedled, with a quirk of his eyelid which she answered in kind.

"Very well." She turned to the *Kisslar Agassi* and said: "Omar!"

"Heaven-born?"

"Let it not be rumored that I drive my own flesh and blood from my door. Take this starved cousin of mine to the small room in back of the audience hall. Give him food and wine—and see to it that he does not get too drunk!"

Then, in an undertone, to Mehmet:

"In half an hour?"

"Yes. And if it should happen that Omar—"

"Let happen to him what may! I do not like him. Day and night he spies on me."

And again in a loud voice, she cried:

"Go away, O certain person! Food? Yes. But no money! Not a single copper coin!"

SHORTLY afterward, preceded by the pompous major-domo, Mehmet disappeared in the palace, while the Kabulis broke into riotous laughter. Ah, the arrogant, clumsy yokel! Habeebah had treated him rightly—Habeebah who, that afternoon, was graciousness herself, who was elated and happy, nor above flirting with this relative or that.

But she thought of Mogul Khan; and since there are the curious tricks of a woman's heart, thought, with a little guilty start, of the other man, Mogul Khan's messenger:

"How strong he seems! How reckless!"

So the minutes passed. There came the booming of the sunset gun from the Mosque of Timur, where, in the west, it peaked its minaret of rosy marble. There came also the muezzin's chant that the Night of Honor, the Night of Prayer, was near; and Habeebah rose and told her guests she was going to the House of God to worship.

A dozen men offered to acompany her. She said no—the *Kisslar Agassi* would take her. Let them go on with their feasting. They were willing. For Omar was in their pay; and here was food, wine, laughter. Here was pleasure as, just then, a famous dancing-girl came into the garden with her gipsies; as the music started with a melting wail of minor harmonies that, presently, swelled ecstatically; as the nautch jerked into a whirling dance—her short, wide skirt sweeping round and round like a great wheel, her little bare, sweat-drenched heels making a hissing sound as they tapped the ground, her anklets and armlets jingling with every movement, a perfume, sweet, pungent, mysterious, hovering about her like a butterfly.

"Hi-i-i-i-ik!" the piercing cries of a hundred throats stabbed out savagely, while the dance grew wilder and swifter—and while Habeebah entered the palace and, waving aside the servants who came running, went straight to the small room in back of the audience hall.

She opened the door. At first, with fear in her heart, she thought that the plan had miscarried.

Why, here, standing up, facing her, impressive and magnificent in his purple robe of office, was the *Kisslar Agassi*—and over there in the corner, was not that the gallant stranger, bound, gagged, unconscious?

A moment later she heard Mehmet's voice:

"I helped myself to Omar's clothes."

"Oh, I was so afraid—I imagined—"

"I know. The half-light—and his beard as long and flame-bright as mine—the which is an arrogance on his part; and had I the time, I would cut his off to the disgrace of his nose!"

He laughed, adding:

"Still, I should be grateful for this same beard of his. For it will make our escape the more easy. Look,"—pointing through the window,—"the sun has set; the shadows are trooping dense and dim; and who will be able to tell that Omar the Red is Mehmet the Red? Come!"

And boldly he preceded Habeebah through the garden. Boldly, in accents as stentorian as the major-domo's, he announced:

"Here is the Heaven-Born—*chok yasha Sultaunut asumaun zaudeh*—here is the Most Excellent Presence!"

THIS time the guests' salaams were perfunctory. They hardly looked up.

They were too busy watching the nautch who was now dancing slowly, her arms stretched out rigidly in front of her, her scarf hanging in limp folds like a useless, wilted thing, supreme abandon in the curve of her young body; her thin, sweet voice quivering an ancient song of the Afghan gipsies, the ancient song whose haunting cadences are heard to this day from Kabul to the walls of Bokhara:

"Baragan beli naukar ban,
Kadahan chkama naukar ban,
Valvalen jigha naukar ban,
Savzen rakh-en naukar ban,
Senag-ghula naukar ban,
Banzubadan naukar ban,
Chitti dandan naukar ban. . . . .

"I am the slave of my fair girl,
I am the slave of her deep-set eyes,
I am the slave of her wavy bodice,
I am the slave of her crimson lips,
I am the slave of her black hair,
I am the slave of her violet eyes."

Mehmet hummed the last two lines under his breath:

"I am the slave of her black hair,
I am the slave of her violet eyes. . . . ."

He sighed.

"Allah," he thought, "is it not my queer Fate that each day I should be wishing a new girl's hands warm upon my heart?"

And desire rose in him, and heaven knows what he would have told her if, just then, Habeebah had not clutched his arm and cried exultingly:

"Free I am! Free! And so grateful to you. And Mogul Khan, too, will be grateful!"

He shrugged his shoulders. Oh, yes—Mogul Khan, his friend . . . . And when Habeebah asked him if they were leaving town at once, he replied:

"No. Nor tomorrow."

"But—"

"Your cousins will be combing the highways with steel, will be riding down every road that leads to the south. We shall remain in Kabul until the way is clear."

"But the danger—"

"No danger. I know this town."

They turned the corner. Rapidly they walked through streets that grew steadily more narrow and crooked, with a glimpse of smoky sky above the roof-tops revealing scarcely three yards of breadth, the roadway ankle deep in squidgy, sticky slime, beggars and roughs slinking and pushing past; until they came to a spider's web of alleys, a maze of ramshackle houses, once gayly painted, but wiped by the hands of time and wind and water into a blurred palette. A place it was where bibbing and brawling were the order of the day; where vice ran freely in and out of a hundred doors; where the pungent smell of opium rose nightly in morose, dreamy spirals; where recklessness dwelt side by side with shame, and shame—for those who knew the countersign—with safety; a place where Mehmet was evidently well-known and well-liked.

For in a cul-de-sac that was empty of

life, he stopped in front of a house. He brought down the knocker—*bangl bangl bangl*—three times, like a signal; and shortly afterward the door opened to disclose a Tartar who was holding in his right hand a flickering lamp.

He surveyed his visitors with suspicion, then smiled ironically as he recognized Mehmet and said:

"*Wah*—back in town, and with another woman? Come in! You want a room, I take it?"

"A suite of rooms. The best you have. And—silence!"

"Of course. Am I not your friend?"

"Friendship, too, needs oiling," commented Mehmet; and he dropped a couple of gold-pieces into the other's grimy, greedy palm and was ushered into a neat apartment at the back of the house.

He made Habeebah comfortable, heaped up cushions, lit the ever-ready samovar, turned to go. But she said:

"I am nervous. Do not leave me."

He did not have to be asked twice. He sat down near her; and not long later, hearing silvery laughter, the Tartar winked at a friend with whom he was drinking and remarked:

"By the Prophet, it is our Mehmet who has a way with the women! Speaking to her of love, I wager!"

But he was mistaken. Mehmet was speaking—braggingly, if truthfully, of strife, how the sword trade was his own trade, how he had crossed blades with this man and that and the other, had defeated this man and that and the other; and—was it not like a woman?—it was Habeebah who exclaimed suddenly:

"Enough of this! Tell me about yourself!"

"But—I *have* told you!"

"Yes. That you wounded a Persian and vanquished a Manchu and robbed a Turkoman! I want to know—"

"What?"

The violet eyes smiled. Through the face veil came gliding words:

"I remember the way the Tartar welcomed you. 'Back in town,' did he not say? 'And with another woman?'"

Mehmet inclined his head.

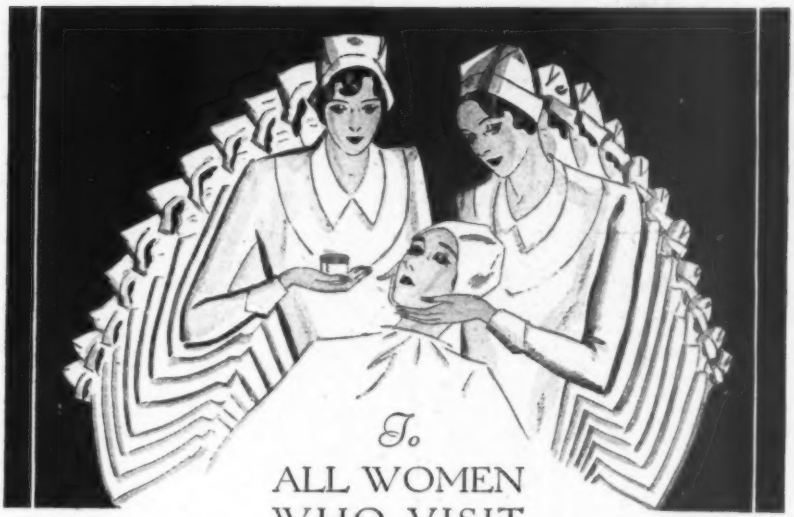
"Another woman!" he echoed with a sigh that was not altogether hypocritical. "Ah—it is woman who, all my life, has been my crown of roses and my crown of thorns!"

And he needed little urging to relate how once he had fallen in love with a brown-eyed Persian girl and, since this falling in and out of love was a trick of his, had run away that same afternoon with her blue-eyed twin sister; how he had eloped with a grand Indian maharajah's fourth and prettiest wife, quite forgetting that, in the shadow of the Mosque of Silver Spears, the blacksmith's young widow was waiting to keep her tryst with him—various other tales, far into the night.

EAGERLY Habeebah listened. She had always lived a sheltered life, behind stout palace walls, behind the face veil so slight in the telling and so enormous in the feeling; aware, every minute, that this veil was about her, like a sodden, stifling blanket, weighing upon her soul and brain, and beyond its pitiless, medieval gauze fabric dim souls, dim lives, dim fancies flitting, whispering to her in subtle undertones, calling out to her to dare it—to be free. And here, today, in this bold stranger's words, was freedom—aye, freedom of heart and body, opening up before her like a flower, like a pit crammed to the brim with strange, motley, glorious things! And childishly, she begged:

"Tell me more! Please!"

"Tomorrow!" he promised—and he did, the next day and the next, sitting near her, staring at her.



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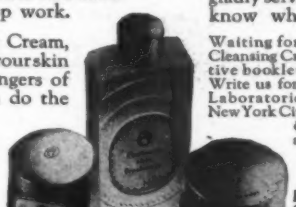

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So small she was, so slight; and above the top seam of her veil, the eyes—soft, heavy-lidded, violet-blue, eyes to stir the heart with the wonder and sweetness of hidden mysteries. And the thought of the Afridi girl, his first love, returned to him. He remembered how, hand in hand, they had wandered through the woods, through the magic hollows in below the thick-sown pines, resting beside a wild little mountain brook that spilled like silver down a stair. How red her lips had been, how white and generous her arms—and he felt desire, felt impetuous yearning leap full-fledged into his blood.

Again and again he fought with himself. Again and again, thinking, "There is Mogul Khan, my friend!" he conquered himself.

And then—on that last day when, by devious means, he had found out that Habeebah's relatives, who had left Kabul enraged, had come back baffled, it was Eve, not Adam, who spoke the first word—and also the last.

It came about this way:

SHE had begged him for more tales about his life. He had done so, blending—may the Lord forgive him!—falsehood and truth, his imagination soaring riotously as he related how the last time he had been in Pekin the Empress of Yellow China herself had implored him to remain.

"But I could not live in a cage, though it be of gold," he went on. "I am free. As free as the storm which—so my mother told me, and she the most truthful woman in the Afghan hills—was my father. I left Pekin, and, somewhere in Mongolia, I met a girl who—"

"Oh," interrupted Habeebah, "are you not the lucky man?"

"Lucky?"

"Because, always, you follow the tune your fancy pipes!"

"You are wrong."

"Why?"

"It is the lucky man, the happy man, who sees each evening the same dear face by his fireside, who has each night the same dear arms as a pillow. But"— and he almost believed what he told her— "what happiness is there in the crooked, mazed paths of life—in never knowing whose lips you will kiss on the morrow? By the Prophet, I wish I might find the one who will show me the last way, the final way—the way that is not love for a week, nor love for a month, but love until death!"

Their eyes met, held each other. It was very quiet in the little room and growing dark. Evening had come. They had not lit the lamp. But the moon rays trembled through the window with silver and gold; and he saw that her narrow hands, plucking at her robe, were as unquiet as butterflies; and he heard her low voice:

"Some day you may find her."

"I have found her already. But she is not for me."

"Why not?"

"She loves another," he whispered.

And then Eve asked a soft question:

"Has she, belike, black hair and violet eyes?"

He spoke no word. He walked up to her. He was about to take her in his arms, when suddenly she exclaimed:

"No, no!"

"I love you!"

"No, no!" she repeated, fighting more with herself than with him.

BUT when he would not listen, again tried to fold her to his breast, all at once she tore off her veil. She stood there facing him—her features still beautiful, marble-white, with a short, straight nose, a rounded chin, but wrinkled, old. . . .

"Old!" she cried, with a queer, rather hard laugh. "Old—look at me! You—so young and keen and lusty!"

He bowed his head. He said, a catch in his voice:

"Praised be the Lord Allah!"

"Because," she demanded, with that same queer hard laugh, "you saw me as I am—old, old—before you kissed me?"

"No!" he replied; and he spoke the truth. "Because the Lord has shielded me from a very great sin—a sin against my friend Mogul Khan, who trusts me."

"Yes," she murmured, "you are right." She dropped on her knees. She sobbed as if her heart would break. "Come, Mehmet! Let us pray to Allah!"

Side by side they prostrated themselves. Their voices blended:

"Against the wrath of the night when she spreadeth her veils—against the bitter errors of the day when they are manifested—against the snares and wiles of the Devil the Stoned—I betake me for refuge to Thee, O Allah, O Lord of Daybreak."

The prayer ended. Silence dropped. A little self-consciously, a little shamefacedly, Mehmet rose.

Then he laughed his old, hearty laugh.

"We travel within the hour," he said. "The roads are clear and Mogul Khan will be impatient."

So, within the hour, they left.

The streets were deserted. Night had come. It lay over the town with a mantle of purple and silver. It dimmed the roof tops to delicate gray. It twinkled with a lone, nostalgic spot of gold on the pointed dome of Habeebah's palace.

The houses and bazaars were shuttered until the morning. Not a blind quivered. Not a glimmer stabbed through the wooden gratings. There was not a sound—only, as they rode through Kabul's southern gate, a sleepy sentinel's challenge:

"Who goes there?"

"A merchant and his wife."

"Travel in peace!"

AND in peace they traveled, in friendship, making speedy progress across the hills, reaching the castle on the seventh day.

She rushed into Mogul Khan's arms.

"I love you!" she cried. "I love you!"

"And I love you, O moon of delight." He smiled; continued jestingly: "And yet—I have been afraid—"

"Of what?"

"That you might lose your heart to Mehmet the Red."

She looked at him. Clear and brave came her voice:

"I did—almost!"

He smiled again, this fat, elderly, ungainly man. He kissed her.

"Almost!" he echoed, and added: "But it is a word which has no meaning at all among decent folk!"

He turned to Mehmet.

"Stay with us, O hero!" he invited hospitably. "Stay a day, a week, a year, a lifetime. I am old, and you are young—and I have no son."

"Not I!" laughed Mehmet. "I would make as bad a son as I would a husband. For—*wah!*—I have played at seventy-seven things and tired of them all and finished nothing. And if I be tinkering above an anvil, I would be dreaming of herding cattle up there in the northern steppes; and if I be driving cattle, perhaps I would be dreaming of climbing a tall, tall mast on one of those ships in the south the Hindu traders speak of. And if I be kissing a red-haired girl, I would be dreaming of a brown-haired crusher of hearts and—"

He interrupted himself.

"By the honor of my nose," he exclaimed, "that reminds me! For there is this brown-haired girl of the Babari to whom I have to whisper certain words!"

And boldly he left the castle, taking the road toward the Babari hills, fingering his sword, saying to himself:

"Brazen does it!"

HIT AND RUN

(Continued from page 55)

"What is he saying?" inquires Chérie.

"Probably telling Norfleet," I replies, "that that was the wrong kind of ball to pitch to the batter."

"Was it?" asks Jennie.

The Pommefrites get a man on in their half of the first, and Emerson goes to the coaching line to do his stuff. With none down, he sends the runner off to second for a steal. There's a pitch-out, and the baby's caught flat-footed yards and meters from the bag.

For no reason at all, except perhaps to show that there's a scrappy hawk-eye on the job now, Breeze howls like a timber wolf bereft of its young and makes a dash for the umps. They slash away at each other with violent verbs and other hot parts of speech, the whole Pommefrite pay-roll scrambling onto the diamond to beat drums and blow the loud bassoon for the new marster. Chérie turns to me with a questioning frown.

"What it is that has arrived?" she wants to know.

"Just a little argument," says I, "over the debenture clause in the Farm Relief bill. Better look lucky, mascot," I adds, as the Salmon second-sacker slaps his glove to the ground and lunges at Emerson.

"*Quelle* game!" sighs Chérie.

However, the row's washed up without any casualties, and Breeze returns to his spot on the coaching lines. The bozo has about as much business there as a snake has in a shoe-shop, but there's nothing to stop a guy from throwing a monkey-wrench into his own machinery. What little say I might have, I'm saving for a very rainy Thursday.

There's no further scoring in the next three innings. Long Jim hasn't enough on the ball to dent a spider web, but what he lacks in arm he makes up in bean. The vet lets 'em hit 'em when a bingle doesn't mean a thing, and heaves to weakness when it does.

In the fifth stanza, though, he goes wet on a guess and grooves one for Hornley, the chappy who'd pinked the pecan sign in the first inning. This time the batter sends the ball shopping for soup, the pill flattening against our announcement of Pommefrite's Canned Consommé—A Gift to Your Gastric Juices. Heat and Help Yourself.

"Apparently," I remarks, "this bucko is out collecting a banquet for himself. He's already got the soup and nuts. He'll probably get the entrée and the roast on his next two ups."

BREEZE'S guess that a home run would have to be in a hurry to reach his outfield signs is shown up badly in the innings that follow. By the eighth a total of seven players have made the grocery grade, the targets ranging from Pommefrite's Potted Pig's-Feet (The Palate's Pal) to Pommefrite's Caspian Caviar—The Toast to Your Taste. Luckily four of our own hands are included in the sharpshooters, and we enter the ninth all even.

"Well," says Emerson, strolling over to the barrier, "I've got the boys on their toes, what?"

"You sure have," I returns, "and business is great. We've disposed of more goods today than we have for a month. All we need with this kind of distribution is more volume."

"Still got your pockets lined with fish-hooks, eh?" sneers Breeze. "The advertising we're getting is worth at least ten times what we're handing out. It's bread cast upon the waters, feller, and it'll return ere many days."

"Lots of the stuff we send out does," says I, "but I doubt if you'll get any cancellations on this business."

"Forget it," growls Emerson. "How are you girls enjoying the game?"

"I love her," answers Chérie, who's been chewing the rag about rags with Jennie the last five innings and not even looking at the field. "You win him, not?"

"Not yet," says Breeze, "but watch me coach a couple of runs across the old pan!"

"Go to it," I tells him, "but please don't coach any more stock off our shelves."

Schneider's Salmons are unable to do anything in their part of the final session, and it looks very much like extra innings when two outs are registered against us on six pitched balls, and Norfleet comes to bat. Norfleet, however, surprises by slamming one down the first base-line for a single. For a bird with legs, it'd have been a triple.

The next man up gets himself hit with an inshoot; another's walked; and the bags are crowded to the saturation point. Emerson stops hopping and whooping long enough to whisper something to the last lad on. Even from where I'm sitting I can see the look of surprise on the runner's pan, but he finally nods assent, and on the first heave from the box thuds away from the initial sack.

"Judas H. Priest!" I gasps to the girls. "He's out there stealing second with the bases full!"

"Ah, *oui?*" murmurs Chérie, and resumes her conversation with Jennie. "I do not like the apricot so much. The shade of cerise is much more what you call be-going—"

"Becoming," corrects the Frau.

DESPITE the dumb-David management of Emerson, the Pommefrite Products get off on a winning streak. We take the Sunday game from the Sun-Tanned Salmons, and the following week-end bag two in a row from Goldfarb's Picnic Crispies, pushing them out of first place and ourselves into the upper division.

"It is because I am the mascot, not?" inquires Chérie.

"It must be that," says I. "It's certainly not the handling the team's getting."

"I suppose," barks Breeze, "you could do a better job."

"I could," I comes back, "merely by staying home and reading the tabloids while a game was on. I've been hanging my head in shame ever since you ordered Huntley to steal second with the bases full."

"I've told you a hundred times," shouts Emerson, "that I was trying to engineer a triple steal."

"Yeh," says I, "but you haven't told me even once why you didn't take the other two runners into your confidence."

"For why he should?" demands Chérie indignantly. "I do not give my secrets to my servants. For why should Breeze?"

"She's right," chimes in the Missus. "It never pays to get too intimate with those who are working for us. If Breeze had a good idea, I can see no reason whatever why he should have shared it with the help."

"Of course," mumbles Breeze, "but you girls don't—"

"*Mais oui,*" cuts in Chérie. "I know you have the big heart, but it is enough that you give to the men moneys. It is not necessary that you give to them what you have in the big head."

"Passing lightly by your big head," says I, "and merely contemplating your big heart for the nonce, we've got to begin soft-pedaling on the prize packages we've been handing out. Do you know how much the fence-busters set us back for in the last couple of weeks?"

"Petty cash," comes back Emerson, "leaves me cold."

"Yeh!" I yelps. "Well, it's likely to leave you out in the cold if you don't watch your step. We gave away two hundred bucks' worth of stuff, free, grateful and for nothing,

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"Listen," says I to Breeze as he passes the stand. "Better get together with Goldie and send in a regular pitcher."

"Not me," he scowls. "Don't worry. I'll be all right just as soon as I settle down."

"Sure," I comes back; "but we're likely to be all wrong when we settle up. Better talk to Goldie. He's probably ready to call it a day."

"But I'm not," yelps Emerson. "No matter what he does or what happens, I intend to pitch all nine innings."

"Aren't you going to take any time out to trim the Christmas tree?" I asks, sarcastic.

"You do very nice," says Chérie, patting her husband. "You hit the sticks much more often times than the fat mans."

With that load of comfort, Breeze reascends the mound, to be jarred again by a fusillade of placed hits that rock the fences and shake the stock off our shelves. Everybody seems to aim for the caviar sign, and nearly everybody seems to connect with it. Emerson escapes from the second stanza with eight runs, while Goldfarb's nicked for nine.

By the fifth inning the players on both sides are so arm- and leg-weary from throwing 'em in and running 'em out that they practically lie down on the job. The oldsters especially strike feebly at anything that comes along, merely crawl down the base paths, and stop only such flies as would brain 'em if they weren't caught. Breeze and Goldie, however, stick to their lasts without a whimper, though it's apparent even from the stands that each puny pitch is a torture. Neither one seeks quarter or is prepared to give it.

The sixth spasm opens with the score tied at 38 to 38. Goldfarb's the first of the Crispies up. He waits for a good one and then lunges desperately into a low dribble. Caught at the end of the bat, the ball sails straight for the caviar sign.

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"Listen," says I to Breeze as he passes the stand. "Better get together with Goldie and send in a regular pitcher."

"Not me," he scowls. "Don't worry. I'll be all right just as soon as I settle down."

"Sure," I comes back; "but we're likely to be all wrong when we settle up. Better talk to Goldie. He's probably ready to call it a day."

"But I'm not," yelps Emerson. "No matter what he does or what happens, I intend to pitch all nine innings."

"Aren't you going to take any time out to trim the Christmas tree?" I asks, sarcastic.

"You do very nice," says Chérie, patting her husband. "You hit the sticks much more often times than the fat mans."

With that load of comfort, Breeze reascends the mound, to be jarred again by a fusillade of placed hits that rock the fences and shake the stock off our shelves. Everybody seems to aim for the caviar sign, and nearly everybody seems to connect with it. Emerson escapes from the second stanza with eight runs, while Goldfarb's nicked for nine.

By the fifth inning the players on both sides are so arm- and leg-weary from throwing 'em in and running 'em out that they practically lie down on the job. The oldsters especially strike feebly at anything that comes along, merely crawl down the base paths, and stop only such flies as would brain 'em if they weren't caught. Breeze and Goldie, however, stick to their lasts without a whimper, though it's apparent even from the stands that each puny pitch is a torture. Neither one seeks quarter or is prepared to give it.

The sixth spasm opens with the score tied at 38 to 38. Goldfarb's the first of the Crispies up. He waits for a good one and then lunges desperately into a low dribble. Caught at the end of the bat, the ball sails straight for the caviar sign.

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field fence has absorbed all the pummeling it can stand. As the pill strikes it, there's a ripping, splintering sound, and the entire length of wall collapses into the field with a crash. That's the end of the ball-game. The hysterical fans flood out of the stands, and with the girls hanging to me, I follow 'em onto the diamond.

Still at the plate, apparently dazed by the wreckage he'd created, is Goldfarb. I'm about to say something to him, when Breeze comes rushing in from the pitcher's box. Without a word he pulls back his ungloved fist.

"What's the idea?" I gasps, and grabs him.

"Nobody," howls Breeze, "can come into my ball-yard and bust it up."

"Well," says I, "you ought to thank the bozo for washing up the game instead of slugging him. Another inning of this pogrom, and they'd have had to haul you off the field with a dolly."

"Yeah?" snarls Emerson. "As a matter of fact, I've just been warming up. From now on, I'll stand 'em on their heads! Get this mob off the diamond," he yelps to the umps, "and let's play ball."

"No use, boss," horns in Norfleet.

"Why?" snaps Breeze.

"You've taught them a caviar taste," explains Long Jim, grinning. "It's nothing to them to shoot at shelled pecans and potted pig's feet, now. No caviar, no baseball. The boys are through."

IS THE WORLD WORSE FOR WOMEN?

(Continued from page 70)

woman has proven to him that she is as strong as he is, all things being equal, why should he annoy himself to dance attendance on her?

The other day the head of one of our largest business concerns told me that, born and reared in the South, he used to arise when a woman entered a car or room as instinctively as he breathed. "Since the day the equal franchise bill was passed," he added, "I have never relinquished my seat in the subway to any woman unless she was old or unless she carried a child in her arms."

This is an interesting commentary. One argues therefrom that chivalry is not inborn in man, for if it were, no amount of equal rights could eradicate it. It must therefore be a byproduct of civilization, of viewpoint and standards. Now and then the modern woman must wonder what it would seem like to have her hand kissed instead of her back thumped, and to be asked anxiously if the draft isn't too much for her, and how on earth can she walk in those littie silly adorable slippers?

THE foregoing is, of course, merely figurative, but it is interesting to comment, in passing, that the average size of a woman's foot has increased. The days when a slipper was measured by a good cigar-length have gone. A toast drunk out of the modern dancing shoe would prove a fair-sized drink. Women stand on their own feet now. They have put their feet down—firmly and foursquare. And therefore the feet have had to adapt themselves to wear and tear, to the demands made upon them. They have learned to stride side by side with men; they have forgotten how to mince. And they have had to grow. You can't stride far, both figuratively and literally, on size two-A. And few men are going to fall down and worship at an outsize in good, sturdy, square-toed brogues. As long as little feet faltered and grew weary, a man was willing—nay, eager—to become a footstool.

Now women have pay envelopes. They have careers. But I cannot see that they have gained more than they have lost. Speaking in broad generalities, their careers have so far been unimportant. For one woman who comes out on the very pinnacle, a thousand fail and ten thousand remain obscure and mediocre, wresting a bare living from life, and eventually succumbing to, or eagerly seeking, marriage—and remaining, if discontented, at least materially satisfied that the personal struggle is over—and that they may, with honor, let George do it. I cannot see that either in trades, professions or politics the average woman has accomplished much—not as much, certainly, as the pillars, pioneers and advancers of the feminist movement promised us.

It will be argued that when they have had as much time as men already have had they will accomplish as much. That remains to be seen. Men have never been held back by women, or never for long; women will continue to be held back by men. Biologically women are handicapped, and as long as they remain women they will be handicapped, and no one can dispute it.

Personally, as a woman, I rejoice, if perhaps only theoretically, when I see any member of my sex take a step ahead in the interest of what is known as progress. But I sometimes wonder what price she is paying. I sometimes wonder if it *is* progress. I regard her, as she selects her frosted cake, and I watch her endeavor to eat it, too. I have no doubt that she will succeed in eating it—in time. But will she experience gastric disturbances?

Whatever the individual may feel or think or believe about marriage, reproduction and the continuation of the race, if he or she is sane and universal-minded, he or she will admit that, faulty as the institution of marriage is, we have as yet no working substitute; that reproduction of the species is the only way in which the race can survive; and that whether or not it is worth while for the race to continue, it looks very much as if it were going to do so.

There are certain forces too strong for all the philosophers, pessimists, radicals, psychologists or what have you. All the modernism on earth will never eliminate from earth and from the marvelous body and intricate mind and groping heart of mankind the basic hungers—self-protection, sex, the need for food and drink. Therefore we must conclude that with these hungers centering as they do in home-building and mating—in the cave to which one brings one's chosen mate and one's trophies and one's dinner-pail—the cornerstone of all progress is the hearthstone.

Women may have been crushed beneath the hearthstone; they may have had their personalities ironed out of them under its weight; but there is no evidence that when women submitted to that burden they were more unhappy than they now are. Perhaps they were *as* unhappy and as restless, but they lived and bore their children and died, and we can not recall them to ask them what form their unhappiness took. But I do not think it could have been more poignant than the unhappiness of the successful woman of today.

What does she want? Does she know? She thinks she wants her career; she thinks she wants her man and her children. Sometimes she thinks she wants all three. Sometimes she gets all three—and finds herself torn and disseminated and scattered to four opposing winds.

WHAT do men want? Ask them. They wont tell you. Perhaps they don't know, either. But I think they do. Still, they are the conservative and the reticent sex. They are rebelliously adaptable. They conform. They have their revenges.

Whatever men and women want, they

don't appear to want the same thing; and until they do want the same thing, which under present conditions, or indeed under any given conditions, appears unlikely to me, sex-antagonism will keep on growing between them.

It is not a question of superiority. It is a waste of time to debate on the superiority of one sex against the other. Each is superior—in his or her sphere. It is when those spheres start to overlap that things become confused and issues clouded.

Root and branch, through the centuries, the rebellion of woman has grown, and has now flowered into what is, so far, its fullest perfection of blossom and fruit. And already the disillusionment has set in.

And if the fruit of that disillusionment, of which women have already eaten, does not set the teeth of the next generation on edge, then I am very much mistaken. I probably am, anyway.

After the disillusionment—what? Will the pendulum swing back? Or is it too late? I think that it is too late and I think that if the transition keeps on in its present direction, a new Diogenes will have to take his lantern in his hand and search, not for an honest man, but for a genuinely happy marriage.

As a woman it is not a question of which side, individually, I am upon, but how I feel, as a whole, toward this curious problem of modern civilization. I have tried to view it with as complete detachment as possible. "But," says a man at this point, "women are not capable of detachment!" And so there we are, back at the beginning again! Perhaps it is not so much a question of woman's capabilities but of what man thinks of her capabilities—and the fact that the woman *he* finds most capable is she who is capable of subordinating herself to him.

It's a man's world, after all!

THE SOUL SAVER

(Continued from page 42)

men's budgets somebody had worked out. He realized perfectly that we might as well try to buy a yacht on our summer allowance as stay on at the regular Lodge rates. Even, the point was, if we had had any of it left! Counting, as we were, on getting our bread and butter from Aunt Mary, and maybe a little jam now and then from Bill and Vance West, it had seemed really sensible to invest practically our whole summer's allowance in clothes. We had left Minneapolis with just enough to keep us in gas until fall. Johnny B. had probably counted on that too.

"Well," said Lacy sharply, "haven't you any other friends up here you could stay with?"

"Not," said I, "barnacled as I am with a girl friend. Besides, if we did stay with any of them and got in later than nine-thirty at night, they'd burn up the cables trying to get in touch with my family."

"There's only one thing for us to do," she summed it up: "wire the parents for money." I nodded. I could just catch my family before the boat sailed.

Then we looked at each other and looked away again, and I realized we were both thinking of the same thing—Johnny B.'s disgusted remarks about wiring home for money.

"That's out," she sighed, and I nodded again. More and more I began to see that a boy friend one had to live up to was far from an unmixed blessing.

JOHNNY B. came back from the phone. "Of course you understand," he said, "that I am making you the same proposition that I did in regard to Chicago. Waiting tables in a summer hotel is far removed from factory work in Chicago. However, in spite of the fact that you—shall we say, changed your minds in regard to Chicago, if you will stay here, through the summer and show some intelligent reaction to the experience, I shall be glad, as I said before, to lift the *F* I have given you to at least a *C*."

"You really needn't bother," Lacy told him loftily. "Perhaps you know that my father is a trustee of the college? Once I set the case properly before President Wayne, I'm awfully afraid that you'll give us a make-up exam—and like it!"

"Like the paper you hand in? Oh, come now, Miss Warren!" Sometimes I was almost sorry for Lacy, he hated her so. "You couldn't possibly pass the make-up examination I would give you."

With a sudden, disarming smile, Lacy looked up at him and said: "Seriously, now, Mr. Burton, man to man, why do you insist upon being so violently disagreeable?"

Johnny B. looked inexpressibly pained. "Disagreeable? My dear Miss Warren, I'm so sorry. Surely you understand that I am only doing my duty as I see it? It is really a sacrifice on the part of the Lodge to hire untrained, hopelessly inefficient help such as you will be. But one of my strongest convictions is that every social-minded employer ought to be willing to do his bit toward making useful members of society out of dead wood."

"Is that all?" Lacy asked with an icy quiet.

"No. You are superficially, flashily attractive, in a purely physical way. Some otherwise fine young man might be tricked by his senses into marrying you, thus ruining his life. Making you fit members of society means, incidentally, making you fit to marry! . . . . Now run along, girls," he briskly dismissed the kindergarten. "Jump into your aprons, and report to the dining-room."

Lacy looked at him, positively quivering with fury.

"You—you soul-saver!" she said insultingly.

"I do what I can." He took his bow modestly. "Unfortunately, so much depends upon how much there is to save."

His story—and I realized that he'd probably stick to it for a long time—was that he was running a summer hotel for the sole purpose of making two female nonentities fit to marry—all for the sake of society! I thought it sounded quite fishy, even for a young man with ideals and a noble brow. The obvious question was, fit for whom to marry? But Lacy was still blind.

We went into another huddle, back at the cottage, which ended in a reconnoitering excursion to the kitchen. Mollie, the cook, beamed upon me and said, "Well, if it aint the Malone brat!" but turned to granite at the mention of food. It seemed Johnny B. had been out there not ten minutes ago laying down the law to her about handing out supplies from the kitchen.

We slunk away, trailed by a sizzle and smell of bacon that made us weak in the knees, early as it was.

TEN minutes later we were dolled up in starchy white, with cute little bands of embroidery around our heads, doing a little sing-song that went like this: "Oranges-or-grapefruit, oatmeal-or-bran-flakes, bacon-or-sausage, wheat-cakes-or-toast, one-or-two-eggs-any-style, coffee-cocoa-tea-or-milk."

Now, suppose you have eight people, and one of them wants an orange, bran flakes, bacon and one three-minute egg, dry toast and coffee. And the next one wants grapefruit, oatmeal, sausage and two eggs straight

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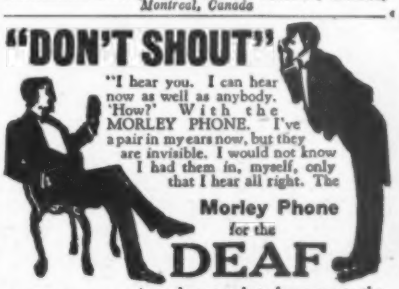

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up, buttered toast and cocoa. And the next one wants—well, figure it out for yourself!

If I remembered that one person wanted buttered toast instead of dry, I forgot he wanted his bacon crisp, and had to make an extra trip to the kitchen to get it fried some more. If, by a herculean strain on my memory, I remembered that three people wanted bran flakes and two wanted oatmeal and three didn't want any cereal at all, then I forgot that the fat man wanted an extra order of cream and had to make an extra trip after that. If anybody bawled me out, I got so flustered I dashed out to the kitchen through the wrong door and knocked another girl's tray onto the floor; and if anybody gave me a kind word, I was so touched I all but groveled at their feet.

It was sort of fun at first, but when my last person had sent me on the last extra trip after an extra pat of butter, and had eaten it and departed, the powder was off my nose and the bloom was off the morning, and there was an echoing emptiness in my stomach.

After gulping down some breakfast,—it seemed the other girls had been eating while we were losing our conversational bout with Johnny B.,—we were assigned two one-room cottages apiece, and spent the rest of the morning sweeping, mopping, dusting, and scrubbing bathrooms, with Miss Kinder dropping in every fifteen minutes to see that we didn't skimp any corners. We finished with only ten minutes to get ready for lunch, though the other girls were already coming back from a swim.

Just before the doors opened for lunch, I came upon Lacy in a corner of the dining-room trying to memorize the choice of meats—baked fish, breaded veal cutlets, and roast leg of lamb. She was muttering with glazed eyes: "Baked lamb, breaded veal cutlets, roast leg of fish—baked lamb, breaded veal cutlets, roast leg of fish."

Another two hours and a half of dashing back and forth from the blistering heat of the kitchen to the cool breezes of the dining-room, trying to serve three tables at once—to the accompaniment of audible, peevish remarks about how it certainly seemed funny that you had to wait twenty minutes for your soup, when lots of people who came in after you did were already eating dessert!

WHEN it was all over, we had to take everything off our tables, change the linen and set our tables for dinner. And when Lacy and I got through with ours, after everybody else, it developed we had got hold of the wrong kind of tablecloths and had to make another trip upstairs to the linen closet and do it all over again.

Sometime around three or three-thirty we staggered down to the cottage, which looked like the very lap of luxury by that time, though suffocatingly hot, and flopped on the bed.

"We'd feel—better—if we took a swim," I mumbled.

"Too far," Lacy moaned, and I agreed. It must have been nearly half a block across the lawn down to the lake. That was the last we knew until somebody came in and shook us awake and said it was time for dinner.

Dinner was a nightmare. My head-band kept slipping down over my eyes, pulling a hunk of hair with it. I dropped three butter-plates, butter side down. I insulted an old lady to the point of apoplexy because I brought her coffee with her dinner instead of waiting till dessert. And I tripped over somebody's pair of crutches, thus knocking over a water-bottle.

The only bright spot in the evening was when Johnny B. and Miss Kinder came in late, hesitated at my table, and then sat down at Lacy's instead. I really hadn't had time all day to notice how Lacy was getting along, except that the other girls were already calling her the Duchess behind her back. But when Johnny B. and Miss Kinder finally got up to leave, I heard him bawling her out with an air of quiet enjoyment:

"Be a little more careful about serving from the left, Lacy. Remember to keep the water-glasses filled. And for heaven's sake try to make less noise with your dishes! Otherwise you're getting along as nicely as could be expected."

"Some day," I said to myself, "that young man is going to get a bowl of good hot soup down his neck."

About eight-thirty we tottered down to the cottage, and collapsed limply on the door-step. I had a bump on my head from a collision with the pantry shelf. The back of one hand was scalded with coffee, and both of them were rough and cracked from the scrubbing. My feet hurt; every time I moved, I discovered a million new screeching muscles. And you remember the Spartan boy with a fox gnawing at his vitals? Well, that same fox had gnawed its way right across the middle of my back.

SUDDENLY we heard a terrible racket and a hearty *ki-yi* booming out above it, and a decrepit old flivver tore around the driveway from the Lodge—Bill and Vance West, fresh, rosy-cheeked youngsters out of our dim past. Bill jumped out and came bounding merrily toward us.

"Say, you old bums," he yelled, "what's the idea of all the beauty sleep? Can't you even answer a telephone? I called up this afternoon, and whoever I talked to said you couldn't be disturbed."

"Bill, why the devil didn't you tell me it was that red-headed little hoofer I met at the dance?" Vance West was pumping my hand, beaming with relief. "Dragged me all the way over here, thinking it was a blind date," he explained. "All that torture for nothing!"

"Yes, torture!" I thought to myself. "A lot you know about torture, Mamma's little tenderfoot!" It was nearly dark, and they hadn't seemed to notice our aprons.

"Come on," Bill was urging. "Hop in the old bus—we're having a dance for you."

"Dance?" I shuddered.

"Dance?" said Lacy dimly. "Dance?"

"You do it to music," I explained gently.

The boys hadn't even heard us. "Got a surprise for you," Bill kept bubbling.

"Shut up, Bill. Don't tell 'em. A surprise is a surprise."

"Aw, well, might as well tell 'em now."

"Oh, go ahead. All together now!"

So they said in excited chorus: "We're going to have a marathon!"

"A *marathon!*" Lacy and I leaned palely against a tree.

"Boy, we're going to show this lake a thing or two! Got an orchestra, hired for as long as we want 'em. Going to be a real marathon, this is—no shuffling around. Got to dance every minute. Dance thirty minutes, rest five minutes. Not a chaperon on tap anywhere. Cots for the ladies to rest on, whistles, and everything. Just like a professional one, only more so. We've been laying even bets that you two will still be going strong when the sun comes up!"

"We can't go," we announced with what strength we could muster.

"You can't—" They stared with dropped jaws.

"What's all this?" Johnny B. sauntered up and shook hands with the boys, in his best faculty-on-vacation manner. "Taking the girls out on a party?"

The boys explained.

"Just what the girls need," he said heartily, "—a little recreation and exercise. Unless,"—he turned and gave us a measuring glance,—"they're too tired?"

Lacy and I looked at each other. It was obvious that he was ready to pounce on the slightest indisposition and call it a whine. For two cents I'd have let somebody else finish melting my dear iceberg. But we wearily pulled ourselves together. "Of course not," we lied bravely. "We were only joking. We'd love to go."

The first two hours weren't so bad. The new evening dress I had bought in Minneapolis, and the drive around the lake, and the lights and the music and the people, made a new woman out of me.

To my shocked surprise, Johnny B. turned up just as things were getting under way. He seemed about as appropriate at a dance as my new party dress would have at a labor-problems class. Nobody else seemed to notice it, though. He looked marvelous in a tux, and really created quite a stir. And he turned out to be a fairly good dancer, with only a suggestion of the pump-handle.

"You're taking your reputation in your two hands," I warned him. "This party will have been a drunken orgy by the time the news gets halfway around the lake."

"Is it really as dry as it seems," he inquired, "or am I being left out?"

I assured him the boys would do right by him if there was anything to do with, which I doubted.

"I had rather supposed," he offered casually, "that tonight would put Lacy well on her way to both her goals."

I DECIDED to let him have the truth. "Listen," I said, "cross my heart and hope to die, Lacy Warren doesn't like even ginger ale!"

He positively beamed upon me, turning more human every minute. "Cross my heart and hope to die," he said confidentially, "I half suspected it all the time. Thanks a lot for telling me."

Apparently, little Phyllis having done her good deed for the day, things were going to take a turn for the better. Then Lacy danced past us and said, "What! Dancing with a waitress?" and Johnny B. said kindly: "Oh, I'm not proud!"

Gosh! A man doesn't have to be a porcupine to conceal his affections!

He spent most of the evening looking on, which meant that every time Lacy and I danced past him we had to look particularly fresh and radiant.

A huge living-room and front porch were cleared for dancing, and there was a row of cots on a side porch. Vance West was busy all the time acting as master of ceremonies, with a megaphone, and a whistle that sounded like a locomotive. There were a lot of extra men, however, and Lacy and I never got around the room more than twice with the same partner, which is pleasant, but not so awfully restful. The marathon was for women only, and every girl had a balloon tied to her wrist with her number painted on it. There was a gorgeous Spanish shawl draped on the piano that was to be first prize.

There weren't enough cots to go around,

If you are reading "The Soul Saver" here, you'll be glad to know that the light-hearted and optimistic girls of that story stumble into a wonderful chance to take revenge upon "Johnny B.," and many unexpected and fascinating things happen. Be sure to look for

"Lacy and the Law"

by Hilda Mauck

In this magazine next month.

and every time the music stopped, there was a mad stampede for the side porch, each girl's partner trying to batter his way through the crowd, his girl under his arm, in time to get her a cot. Whenever a couple on the floor slowed down, Vance bawled them out through the megaphone. "Hey, you with Miss 13, step on the gas or the young lady loses her amateur standing! Ladies and gentlemen, let me remind you once more, this is a professionally staged marathon for amateurs only!" If the orchestra quieted down to a few slow, sentimental strains, "Hey, where did you learn to play music—in the middle of a graveyard? Come on—whoop 'er up!"

BY midnight I'd have sold my soul for a good languorous waltz. By one o'clock the floor wasn't as crowded, and everything seemed louder and brighter, but a little dim, if you know what I mean. By two o'clock everything and everybody were all mixed up together, swimming around and around in one bright awful mess. I never knew who my partner was, and half the time, I didn't know when the music stopped—just went where I was led, and lay down, and got up, and danced. And danced.

The only landmark I could keep track of was Johnny B., standing on the edge of the floor, looking worried. And the only thing I was absolutely sure of was that as long as Johnny B. stood there, I had to keep on dancing, and that as soon as this was all over, I was going to tie a piece of lead to him and drop him into the lake. . . . .

Once, sometime between two o'clock and morning, I missed him, and had a dizzy time locating him. I realized finally that he was dancing with Lacy, and that Lacy and I were the only girls left on the floor. He was talking his head off about something, but she was staring palely into space, doing the same thing I was—just dancing.

Then suddenly, just as everything was beginning to settle down and look normal to me, she swayed and crumpled down to the floor.

I was scared. My partner propped me up for a second; then I snapped out of it, perfectly clear-headed again. She was half lying on the floor, but Johnny B., gone completely to pieces, was kneeling beside her and had her tight in his arms, groaning: "Oh, my God, Lacy, I've killed you! It's all my fault, Lacy! Lacy, look at me! Oh, my God, Lacy, wake up!"

Human? Why, the man was in love!

And by that time there was something in Lacy's angelic repose— I looked her over carefully. Dead or alive, she knew where she was, and was thoroughly enjoying it!

Gradually she showed signs of coming to, and I sheepishly but firmly faced the facts. *Cherchez la femme* was right, but I'd picked the wrong one! From the minute Lacy had mentioned spending the summer with Bill, the truth had left a trail as plain as a paved highway.

Finally, her head still against his shoulder, she opened her eyes and looked at Johnny B., then around the circle of his arms.

"Do I get—overtime—for this?" she murmured fastidiously.

Johnny B. dumped her into Bill's anxious arms, and returned to the glacial period.

"No, only an apology," he said coolly. "I thought for a moment you were dead, and lost my head wondering how we could hush the thing up."

"Why hush?" she questioned. "Might have made the front page. 'Beautiful Co-ed Collapses in Fraternity Marathon.'"

"Not at all," said Johnny B. "'Minnesota Waitress Dies in Drunken Orgy.' With pictures of Sunset Lodge—front, side and kitchen views—and X marking the dining-room where the deceased slung hash! My dear girl, keeping a thing like that out of the papers would have cost the Lodge a season's profits."

"Well, may the best woman win," I said piously to myself, "—and Heaven help her!"

HOLLYWOOD—HOLLYWOODN'T

(Continued from page 45)

hearsal, are letter-perfect in their parts. It is eleven A. M. Two hours have already been devoted to arranging the "set" to meet the respective requirements of director, cameras and Sound Department.

The situation is as follows:

Hermione Leaderpence, the extremely patrician daughter of a patrician house, and her patrician mother are entertaining in their patrician home, a young poet of patrician profile, who is incidentally affianced to the patrician *Miss Leaderpence,* and who is something one would never dream of saying about a person in real life—"scion of a great house."

There is to be polite, but meaningful-as-to-plot, chatter over clear soup, the scene finally to rise to its climax as the butler enters with the fish soufflé. It is upon the dip of her spoon into the platter of fish soufflé which the butler holds before her, that *Miss Leaderpence* is to utter the line upon which hinges the dénouement of the steadily mounting situation.

Six cameras, encased in their sound-proof booths, are set and ready to record the scene which has taken days of rehearsal before its arrival at the sound stage. The Sound Department has signaled its readiness.

The three members of the luncheon party, Klieg lights blazing upon them, are seated about the luncheon table.

DIRECTOR *(shirt-sleeved and perspiring)*: Ready!

VOICE-FROM-NOWHERE: All right with the Sound Department.

DIRECTOR: Cameras?

MUFFLED-VOICE-FROM-SOUNDPROOF-CAMERA BOOTHS: O. K.

DIRECTOR: Interlock!

(An electric bell clangs for silence. The magic word has been spoken. Quiet falls over the lot.)

A YOUNG fellow in shirt-sleeves tiptoes onto the middle of the set, faces camera, claps his hands lightly and tiptoes off.

The director, who heretofore has issued his mighty spoken word constantly through the shooting of a picture, finds himself relegated to the silent sidelines. *Miss Leaderpence,* her mother and the poet are now cast adrift into this strange sea of silence, there to enact their scene without aid, or sink. There is no going back, no retreating. Where formerly the director could speak through the grinding of the cameras, now the microphones are at work, recording every sound. The scene moves forward. . . . .

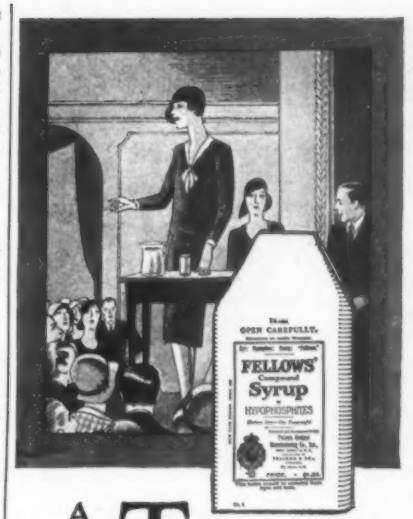
Miss Leaderpence, watchful of her esses, which she has been warned are too resonant, says her polite chitter, which has to do with her finding a beautiful fluted sea-shell that morning.

Mother Leaderpence, mindful of warnings against her tendency to drop her chin and muff her tones, says her polite chatter.

The poet, fearful of a certain rusty middle-register which rehearsals have revealed, replies in chitter-chatter. A butler, careful of the thud of his footfalls, removes the soup course and reappears with a platter of fluffy fish soufflé.

Not a sound on the vast stage except the carefully rehearsed lines and action of the players.

The six cameras in the six sound-proof booths grind and record. The Sound De-



A TONIC
for the
"Inferiority Complex"

TO men and women who overwork and worry, there comes a time when nerves rebel, when physical energy wanes, when enthusiasm and "love-of-living" fade. Mental depression is then pronounced as endurance and vigor grow less. Even a dangerous "inferiority complex" may develop.

Since this feeling of inability is a mental state, medicines cannot help directly. Yet scores of doctors have recorded clinical experience in which FELLOWS' Syrup has been of marked service. Replenishing the body's vital mineral elements, it has quickened appetite, eased nerves, and restored the chemical balance of the blood. Thus it has induced a feeling of well-being and health which has increased the patient's confidence in his physical power and mental ability. Such are the rewards of taking this fine old tonic; the reasons why physicians in 58 countries regularly prescribe it.

FELLOWS' Laxative Tablets, a vegetable compound, are mild and effective.

TONIC

FELLOWS' SYRUP

A marvelous laxative Science puts it in *Chewing Gum Form...*

used now the world over

EVERY day over a million Feen-a-mints are sold to ex-users of pills and salts—to men and women everywhere who have come to trust this marvelous *cleansing* method of relieving constipation.

Chew it like delicious mint gum. By chewing you release a tasteless new laxative—naturally, gradually. This laxative is not absorbed by the system, like ordinary laxatives, but passes unchanged from the body after its work is done. There is no drugging of the system or habit-forming after-effect. Laxative action is gentle, thorough and refreshing.

Keep Feen-a-mint on hand for the entire family. Children especially enjoy its flavor. You cannot find a druggist who does not sell Feen-a-mint—with full approval, too!

FEEN-A-MINT

The chewing laxative

HEALTH PRODUCTS CORPORATION R-10
113 N. 13th St., Newark, N. J.
Please send free samples and free copy of "The Mysterious 35 Feet."

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Address_____

partment functions from its glass balcony. The director, powerless to interfere, grips the arms of his folding canvas chair, and watches his scene steer its perilous course between the two mediums of camera and microphone.

The butler pauses with the platter of fish soufflé held out before *Miss Leaderpence,* who dips in and begins to read the meaningful and portentous line upon which hinges plot and circumstance, while the poet raises wine to his lips and *Mrs. Leaderpence* nibbles at her soda biscuit.

"What a perfect fish soufflé!" says *Miss Leaderpence,* rightly, lightly, and in just the tones one would reckon would shake the foundations of that little party to its depths. "What a perfect fish soufflé!"

The director relaxes his grip of the arms of his chair. She has hurdled her climactic line superbly. The scene cannot fail. . . . .

Lud! The Sound Department has broken through and is telephoning from the glass cage:

"Sorry, sir. You can't have *Mrs. Leaderpence* eat a soda cracker during the fish soufflé speech. The chewing of the cracker makes a noise, and blurs the line."

MRS. LEADERPENCE: Really now, Mr. Sound Department, I do know how to eat a soda cracker.

SOUND DEPARTMENT: No offense, Mrs. Leaderpence, but the microphone—

DIRECTOR: ! ! ! ! ! ! X X X X X X ! ! ! ! ! ! X Y Z ! ! ! RE-TAKE.

FORTY minutes, while the scene is rehearsed, the cameras re-focus and the Sound Department makes ready for a fresh get-away.

SOUND DEPARTMENT: And while we are on the retake, sir, I think you had better not have the butler enter with the fish soufflé until after *Mrs. Leaderpence's Town Topics* speech. The sound of the swinging door musses her tones.

A snip of a boy up in a glass cage, redirecting the direction of the director!

DIRECTOR: Very well. All ready for the retake. Butler, don't enter until immediately after *Mrs. Leaderpence's Town Topic* speech. *Miss Leaderpence,* don't let your spoon click when you put it on your saucer. Don't mind eating your soda cracker damp, Mrs. Leaderpence. Just imagine that you have "dunked" it in your coffee.

(Laughter.)

Ready! All right with the Sound Department up there?

SOUND DEPARTMENT: O. K.

DIRECTOR: Interlock!

Electric bell clangs. Silence. The group of three sits breathless, and with lifted diaphragms, at the luncheon-table. The youth in shirt-sleeves tiptoes into the middle of set, faces camera, claps his hands softly in the mysterious code, and tiptoes off. The faint whirr of the cameras in their booths. . . . .

Miss Leaderpence, lifting a spoonful of the broth to her lips, reads her line of chitter.

Mrs. Leaderpence, munching discreetly her dampened soda cracker, replies with her line of chatter.

Poet, mindful of his middle register, reads half of his speech of chitter-chatter when—Sound Department suddenly bellows down through the telephone which connects glass balcony with stage! "Stop! There is a scratching sound on the set."

DIRECTOR: ! ! ! ! ! ! X X X X X X ! ! ! ! ! ! X Y Z ! ! !

ELECTRICIAN (stepping forward): Sorry, sir, but a bulb spluttering out on this Klieg light is what must have made the interfering sound.

DIRECTOR: ! ! ! ! ! ! X X X X X X ! ! ! ! ! ! X Y Z ! ! ! Retake.

AFTER another forty minutes:

DIRECTOR: Ready?

VOICE-FROM-NOWHERE: Cameras?

MUFFLED-VOICE-FROM-SOUNDPROOF-CAMERA BOOTHS: O. K.

DIRECTOR: Interlock.

The young fellow in his short-sleeves tiptoes out into middle of set, and so forth and so forth.

MISS LEADERPENCE: Chitter.

MRS. LEADERPENCE: Chatter.

POET: Chitter-chatter.

(And so on through the fish soufflé speech.)

DIRECTOR: At last. Fine. O. K. with me Well done, Miss G.

Sound Department *(telephoning down)*: Better hear the play-back on that.

DIRECTOR: Very well. Members of this scene will adjourn to projection-room to hear play-back.

IN a small bare room adjoining the sound-stage, the director and his three performers stand, while the lines that have just been spoken come to them, apparently from the northeast corner of the ceiling, word by word.

DIRECTOR *(at its conclusion and with an ominous sort of calm)*: We will have to retake. When Miss G. says "sea-shells" it sounds like "she-sells."

(Forty minutes later.)

DIRECTOR: Ready?

VOICE-FROM-NOWHERE: All right with the Sound Department.

Chitter. Chatter. Chitter-chatter. Butler removes bouillon cups and solemnly departs for fish soufflé.

Suddenly the distracted figure of the property man bursts onto the scene.

PROPERTY MAN: My God, there is no more fish soufflé!

(Blank, ear-splitting silence.)

DIRECTOR: ! ! ! ! ! ! X X X X X X ! ! ! ! ! ! X Y Z ! ! !

PROPERTY MAN: But sir, I had three sets of fish soufflé.

DIRECTOR: ! ! ! ! ! ! X X X X X X ! ! ! ! ! ! X Y Z ! ! !

(It is now five o'clock. The scene which when completed is to run one minute on the screen has not yet been taken.)

DIRECTOR *(ominous quiet in his voice)*: That is all for today. We begin with this scene tomorrow at nine. It may interest you to know, Mr. ! ! ! ! ! ! ! of a Property Man, that your failure to supply sufficient fish soufflé ! ! ! X X X ! ! ! X Y Z has cost just about one thousand dollars in delay ! ! ! X X X ! ! !

So endeth the tragedy of the scene of the Fish Soufflé, a rather typical one these pioneering days of the talking picture.

TO behold a huddle of actors and actresses standing in the small bare room near the sound stage immediately after the taking of a scene and listening to the play-back, is at once as painful and stressful a scene as is conceivable.

Careers are made or smashed by the play-back.

Will my voice photograph well? Old actors with the hope of come-back in their eyes cast anxious glances director-ward as the merciless record of their intonations comes through. Yesterday's queens of the silent screen sit prayerfully, as the play-back records the quality, or lack of quality, of their voices.

Generally speaking, and for reasons too technical to attempt to record here, the male voice impresses itself more successfully into the sound track than the lighter soprano tones. But, as yet, in these early stages of the development of the various inventions, the success with which a voice records itself is largely a matter of chance. There are of course certain fundamental requirements. Diction, voice-placement, articulation. But timbre of voice, even when of an excellent quality, sometimes records to no purpose at all.

Paradoxically, while the director has in

some ways been shorn of his omniscience, he is, as never before, the eagle who holds the situation beneath the spread of his wings. Indeed, now he is the two-headed eagle. A man who must know not only the technique of the silent drama, but to whom stage- and voice-technique must either belong by intuition, or former stage-experience.

The stage-director without motion-picture background, when let loose upon the sound stage, is at even greater odds than the silent-picture director let loose upon the talking stage.

Many directors from the New York stage who have arrived upon the golden Hollywood scene with the look of Messiah in their eyes, have succeeded in performing little more than the mediocre act of jerking the roomy unities of the scene down to the narrow dimensions of the drama—an experiment which has proved so disastrous that one of the fundamental rules which has sprung out of the series of catastrophes visited upon talking pictures by visiting stage directors, is to make a movie first and then make it talk.

There is, up to the moment, no outstanding example of a stage director producing an outstanding talking picture.

The hope of the situation, in these formative stages, seems to rest upon the shoulders of men who were preëminent in the making of silent pictures and who have also had experience in the theater—men of parts and accomplishment like William de Mille, Herbert Brenon, and the like.

YES, uneasy lies the head that wears a movie crown these days. Even so authentic an artist as Baclanova cannot hope forever to go on being introduced in every picture as "my Russian wife" in order to help account for that accent. Nor can Vilma Banky continue playing immigrant Hungarian girls to the end of time for that same reason.

Verily, uneasy lies the head that wears a movie crown, or the tongue that carries the burr of an accent.

Behold the tragedy of the American screen losing a man like Jannings, who has returned to his own land, there to feed the German microphones his native tongue.

If you would know how cruel and exacting a taskmaster is that small black microphone which dangles into the center of sound-stage sets these days, compare the accomplishment and success of legitimate actresses who have gone Hollywood—Ruth Chatterton, Jeanne Eagels, Ina Claire—with some of the erstwhile grand ladies of the silent screen who have been forced to find their voices. Their diction marks the difference between the Squawkies and the Talkies.

Yes, strange times have fallen upon the motion-picture world, and with them have come crashing down strange times upon the street called Broadway.

Daily the Los Angeles newspapers print long lists of stage recruits to Hollywood. Daily one or another of the New York newspapers carries loud denials from the theatrical managers that the talking picture has put the final nail into the coffin of the speaking drama.

There is always room for the good play!

Yes, but what about the ten bad plays, to the one good?

May they rest in peace!

Well and good, but what about the actors and actresses? Hollywood is their only salvation.

Yes, to hear Hollywood tell it.

LOOK at them: Ina Claire, Lenore Ulric, Jack Barrymore, Fannie Brice, Dudley Diggs, Nugents, Jr. and Sr., William Collier, Peggy Wood, Ruth Chatterton, Jeanne Eagels, Marie Dressler, Laurette Taylor, Lionel Barrymore, *et al.*

Yes, but it wont last!

Whether or no (in the opinion of this historian the permanence of the talking picture is not even controversial), there is little doubt that for the moment, at least, the speaking drama is in the process of becoming more and more a precious art—entertainment for the few.

As Gibbons sums up his reasons for the decline and fall of the Holy Roman Empire, forces as natural and inevitable to the situation as rain and wind upon a mountain are at work. The talking picture has supplied the one dimension needed to clench the competitive pressure the cinema has long been bringing to bear upon the theater.

What is there that will justify your small-town theater-goer in an expenditure of three dollars and thirty cents to see a third road company in "The Letter," let us say, when for sixty cents or less he can see and hear the talking cinema version of the original company, with Jeanne Eagels, and the others?

There would seem to be precious little choice between "Broadway Melody" at less than a dollar, or a second company of a two-year-old Broadway success at three dollars and thirty cents.

Even so outstanding a stage success as "Strange Interlude," now touring the country with all the prestige of its novelty and snobbery appeal, is for the precious few, compared to audiences commandeered by the successful talking picture.

Imagine how quickly a talking version of "Strange Interlude" would crush the life out of the road companies.

The road-show, which has been in the act of preparing to curl up and die, even during the years of the silent picture, is now rattling in its throat and plucking at the bed-sheets. Why pay "six-sixty" for a second or third edition of the Ziegfeld Follies when you can see the singing-talking-picture version of the original company for sixty cents or less?

Well may you ask, why see the road company?

There are precious few left to see!

WHAT then, you want to know, is this triumphant talking picture going to contribute toward lifting the motion picture out of its slough of mediocrity. Will it mean better pictures? More intelligent pictures?

One hopes so, passionately. But after all, what has the situation to lose?

The general average of screen entertainment in this country, even keeping certain splendid high-water marks in mind, is of such a low order, its standards of such poor and tawdry stuff, that it is almost impossible for them to become any worse.

In the main, there is only room for change in one direction.

Improvement!

Genevieve Forbes Herrick

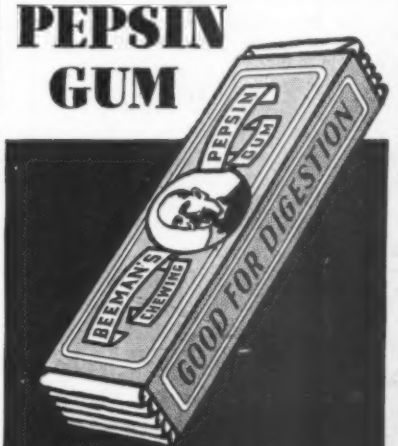
has won the title of the cleverest and best interviewer and reporter of all the girls working on newspapers. Now she is telling in fiction some of the stories she couldn't tell in "fact" stories; and she tells you the first in our next issue when a girl met the first man she had to call "His Majesty."

Read "Her First 'His Majesty'"

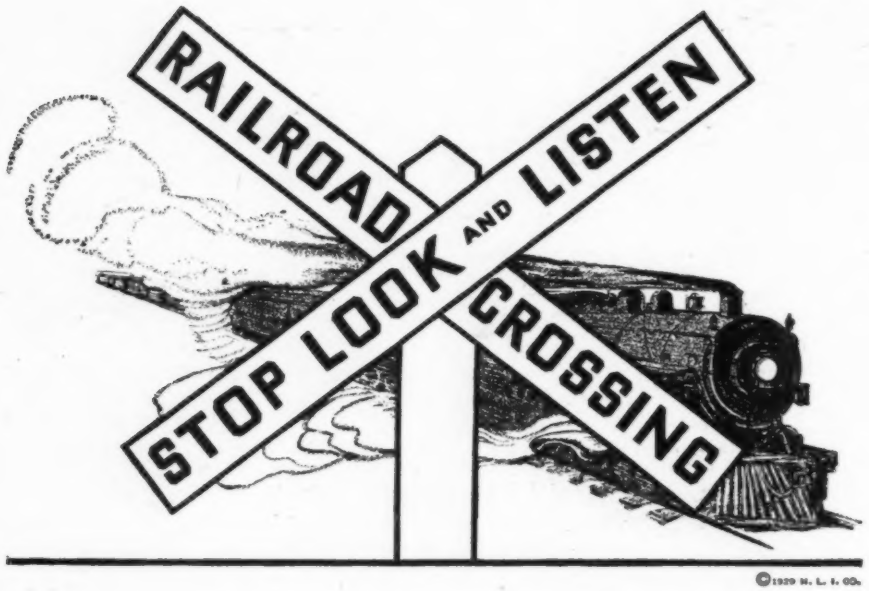
What price *quick lunch?*

GUARD against indigestion, as millions now do, with a stick of Beeman's Pepsin Gum after meals. Perfected over 30 years ago by Dr. Beeman, this delicious gum is today a favorite with those who buy chewing gum as an aid to digestion. And everybody loves that keen, refreshing flavor and wonderfully smooth quality. Try it today!

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



aids digestion



THE warning signs, "Stop, Look and Listen", have become merely a part of the roadside landscape to many an automobile driver. Heedlessly he passes ten, twenty—perhaps fifty of them—safely. At the fifty-first comes the crash.

Last year 8,383 persons were killed outright or injured in automobile accidents at grade crossings in the United States. There are about 235,000 grade crossings in the country; more than 93% of them are unprotected.

With millions of new automobiles on the roads each year, accidents at grade crossings are increasing at an alarming rate, for the reason that most of the States have no organized program for protecting motor traffic which must cross railroad tracks.

New York, under wise leadership, has shown how to solve the problem. Before the Empire State adopted her present plan, but 10 crossings a year, on an average, were done away with. This year, the first in which the railroads, the State and communities have cooperated—the railroads paying 50% of the cost, the State 49% and communities 1%—85 death-traps are marked for immediate removal. Next year New York hopes to eliminate 150 more of its worst danger spots.

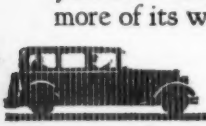
Other States are becoming aroused to this terrible and needless destruction of life and property and are taking steps to prevent it. Canada, too, is taking action.

It will require many years to complete the work. It is estimated that it will ultimately cost twelve billions of dollars. But what railroads and States and communities ought to do is to begin at once with those grade crossings which should be abolished first.

Grade crossings are dangerous not only to automobilists and pedestrians, but to people who are traveling on trains. The first section of a limited train struck an automobile and killed two persons. The train stopped and the second section plunged into it, killing thirty-two passengers in the first section.

Wherever the law provides facilities for eliminating grade crossings, citizens should see that public officials perform their duty and abolish these death traps. Wherever the laws must be amended, people should meet the issue squarely and urge prompt action by legislative bodies.

There is danger at every grade crossing. Get rid of them. Copy of New York's program mailed free on request. Address, Department 109-R



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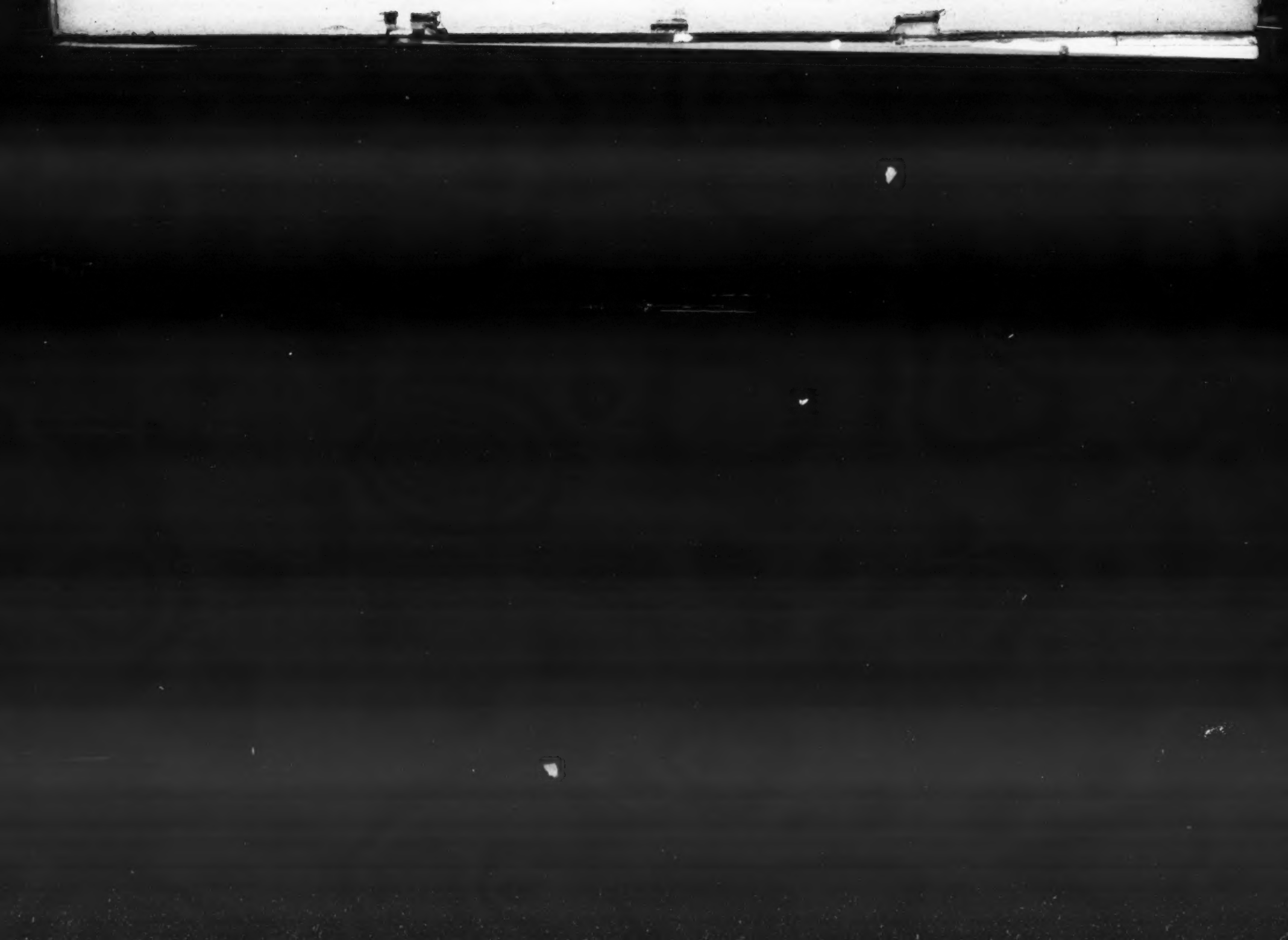

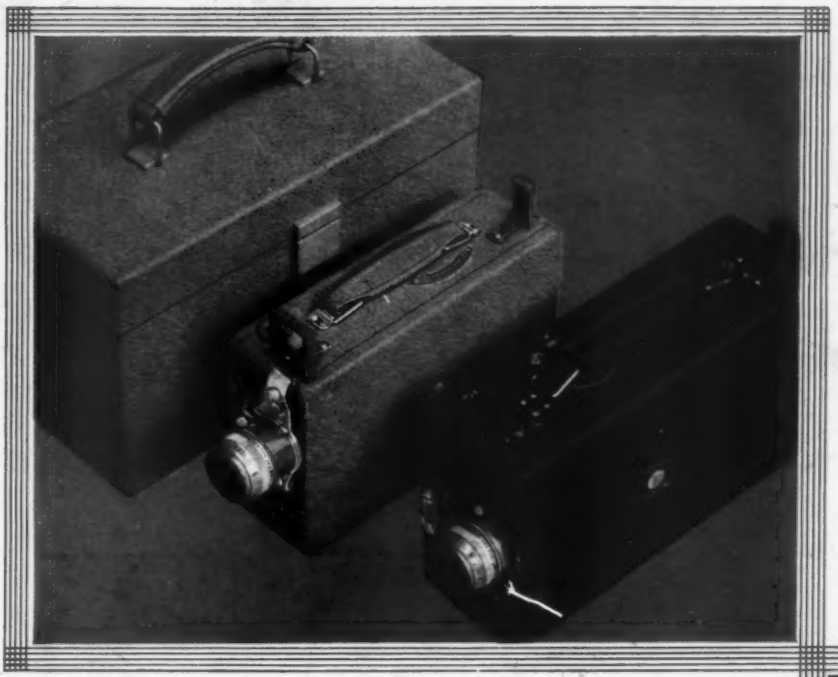

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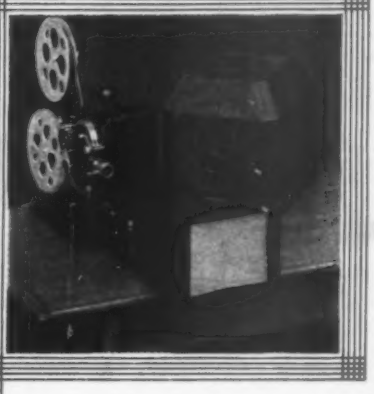
New Ciné-Kodak equipment big step forward . . . greatly adds to convenience of taking and showing . . . latest Ciné-Kodaks in smart colors with handy cases to match . . . improved Kodascope in handsome walnut case . . . and new cabinet, splendid piece of living room furniture in modern mode, provides storage space for every item of equipment.



YOU'VE seen advertisements pointing out the ability of home movies to record today's high spots for tomorrow's enjoyment. You've seen home movie films, marveled at their excellence, decided that some day you, too, would make some.

But have you seen the new Ciné-Kodak equipment now creating a sensation in home movie circles, equipment that has become the center of interest in Ciné-Kodak stores the country over?

First to excite admiration have been the Ciné-Kodaks. Once they were made only in sober black; today you see them in many colors. And a new model (the B B.) has just been added, a model that meets the constantly growing demand for a light, compact camera with a lens fast enough to take Kodacolor full-color pictures.

Cases show a radical advance... in beauty and convenience, too. With exteriors of colored leather, to match the camera covering, and interiors lined with rayon-felt to harmonize with both, they are smart as next year's fashions. With compartments for extra film, Kodacolor attachments, lens for telephoto effects, they are as convenient as the pockets in your coat.

Projection also has reached a higher level of convenience, as an inspection of the Library Kodascope quickly demonstrates. Enclosed in a walnut case of up-to-the-minute design, it is good-looking enough to be given a permanent place in any room. To use it, you merely lift the cover off. Pictures may be shown in normal size on your regular screen or in miniature, brilliantly clear, on the small extension screen.

Finally, there is the new cabinet, a splendid piece of living-room furniture of modern design, providing storage space for all home movie accessories. The Kodascope rests on top of it. Ciné-Kodak, screen, films, etc., go inside. All you need for both taking and showing pictures is thus concentrated at a single spot. Deny yourself no longer the enjoyment of home movies. Easy to take and show from the beginning, they are now easier than ever. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Ciné-Kodak... *simplest of home movie cameras*

Like the Saline Springs of Europe
Sal Hepatica *helps 7 common ills of life!*

IT may seem strange that one preparation can be so efficacious for so many ailments, but if you stop to consider the reason, it is as simple as a-b-c.

Like the great saline springs of the Continent, Sal Hepatica is beneficial for a host of ills. For in taking the "cure"—or in drinking Sal Hepatica—you correct stoppage and relieve acidity. You flush away the poisons of waste which are usually the cause of life's 7 common ills: constipation, bad complexions, colds, headaches, rheumatism, indigestion and auto-intoxication.

These poisons are set up when the food we eat is not properly digested and promptly eliminated. They affect different people in different ways—and they are the real cause of most common ills.

Sal Hepatica flushes away systemic poisons by stimulating the release of the natural secretions of water in the intestines.

In Europe the people of fashion and wealth make regular rendezvous to the famous saline cure stations, where they restore themselves to good health and rejuvenate their constitutions by daily drinking of the saline waters. Physicians everywhere—both here and abroad—have for years recommended this healthful practice.

In its contents and in the benefits it brings, Sal Hepatica is very similar to these natural spring waters. It is a delicate blend of the same health-giving salines which are found so efficacious in the relief of many everyday ills.

Sal Hepatica is refreshing to the palate—prompt in action. The best time to take it is upon arising—or about half an hour before any meal.

Keep Sal Hepatica always on hand—and use it at the first sign of digestive disorders or of sluggish elimination. It will help keep you physically fit—internally clean—and free of the disease-producing poisons of waste.

Send for our booklet that tells you more fully how Sal Hepatica helps to relieve life's common ills.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. J109
71 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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